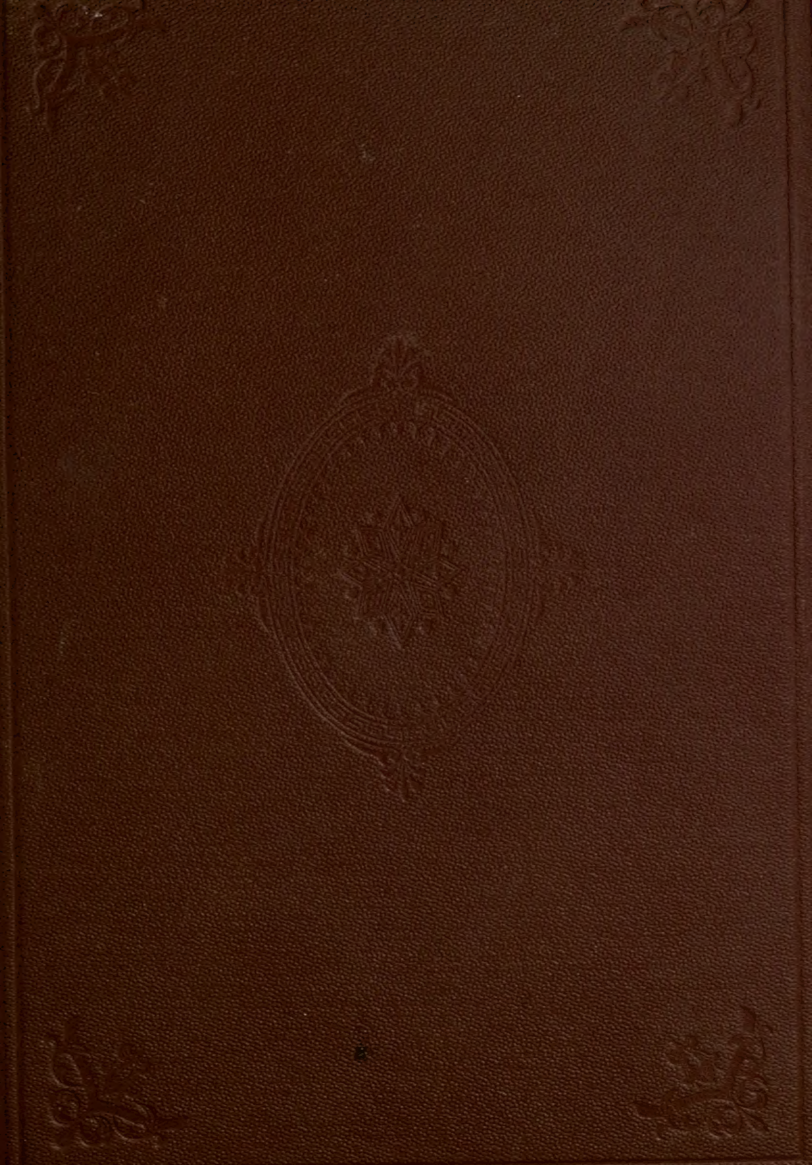

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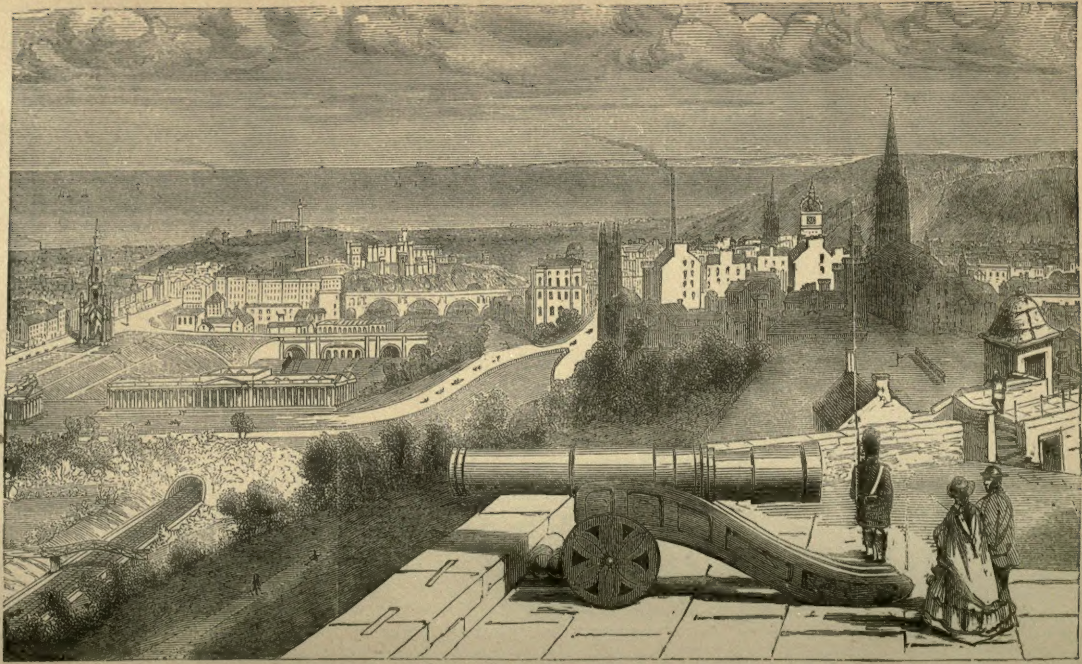

VIEW OF EDINBURGH FROM THE CASTLE.—SEE NO. 32.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. VI.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS
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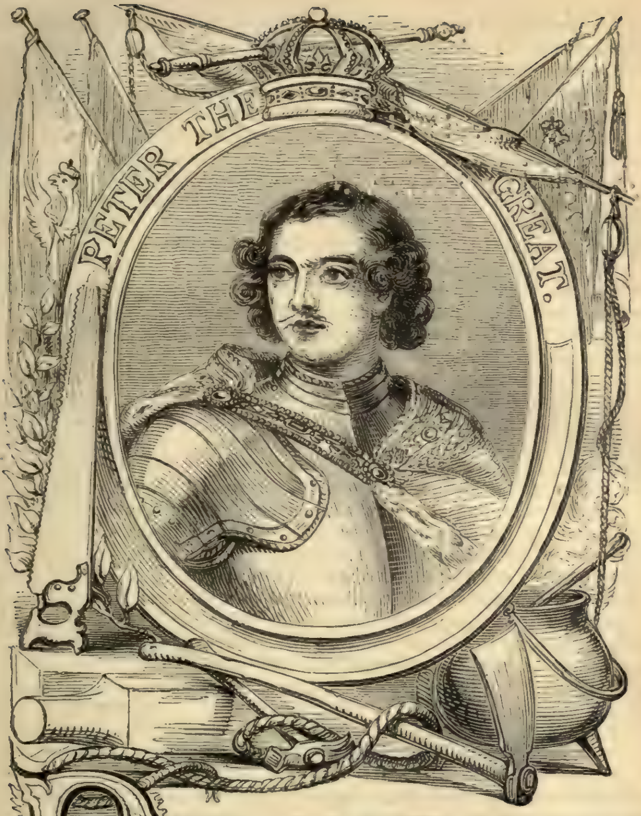
PETER THE GREAT.

PETER, Czar, or Emperor, of Russia, usually styled THE GREAT, was one of the most remarkable persons in the history of modern times. A sketch of his life may therefore prove interesting, as furnishing an example of what may be accomplished for the benefit of mankind by one enterprising mind. But first as regards the country over which it was his fortune to rule.

Russia is a territory of vast extent in the northern part of Europe and Asia. Presenting every variety of climate, this extensive region, which is really an aggregation of various countries, was inhabited in the seventeenth century by a barbarous people, having little intercourse with the more civilised nations of the earth. The degree of advancement in knowledge or social usages was very much that of Turkey in recent times. The Russian people knew little or nothing of the useful arts, were rude in manners, dressed in cumbrous garments, and the men wore long beards, according to the ancient Asiatic custom. There was scarcely any kind of school-learning or education; even the priests were grossly ignorant and superstitious.

At the period to which we refer—the middle of the seventeenth century, or about the time of the Commonwealth in England—the Russian people might have been divided into four classes: the Bojars or noblemen, who estimated their wealth by the number of serfs or slaves upon their estates; those wretched serfs, of course by far the most numerous body of all; the military, a turbulent set, especially the privileged corps called the Strelitzes;* the fourth class, and one which often took part in the factions of the time, were the priesthood, the established religion being a form of the Greek Church. The monarchy was absolute, the will of the sovereign being law; but it was not, as Poland was, an elective monarchy. The male issue, however, of the ancient sovereigns failing, and several pretenders to the throne having miserably perished, the chief Bojars assembled a council, at which they elected a youth, named Michael Romanoff, to be czar. He was the son of a powerful nobleman, and related, by the mother's side, to the ancient czars. This took place in 1613, at the period when his father was detained a prisoner by the Poles, with whom the Russians were at war. An exchange of prisoners, however, was soon after effected; and it is thought that, during the life of the old man, he governed, though in his son's name. It is not our purpose to enter into the wars or troubles of this reign. Michael Romanoff made no alteration in the state, either to the improvement or corruption of the administration. He died in 1645, and was succeeded by his son, Alexis Michaelowitz (or son of Michael), who ascended the throne by hereditary right.

Alexis, who was the father of Peter the Great, appears to have been more enlightened than any of his predecessors. He introduced manufactures of silk and linen; and, though unable to keep them up, he had the merit of their first establishment. He endeavoured to form something like a code of laws, imperfect though they were; and he peopled the deserts about the Volga and the Kama with Polish and Tartar families, whom he had taken prisoners in his wars, employing them in agriculture. Before his reign, prisoners of war were the slaves of those to whose lot they fell. But he had little time to perfect his plans, being snatched away by a sudden death in 1676, at the age of forty-six. Alexis had been twice married. By his first wife, the daughter of the Bojar Meloslauski, he left two sons, and either four or six daughters. By his second wife, who was the daughter of the Bojar Nariskin, and who survived him, he left Peter and the Princess Nathalia, the former having been born at Moscow on the 9th of June 1672. Alexis had caused his eldest son, Theodore (or, as the Russians spell it, Feodor), to be acknowledged his successor a year before his death, and he ascended the throne at the age of fifteen : this prince inherited his father's abilities and disposition, but was of a sickly, feeble constitution. The second son was Ivan, or John, who was miserably infirm, being almost blind and deaf, and subject to convulsions. Of the six daughters, we need only mention Sophia, who was less remarkable for her great talents than for the mischievous use she made of them.

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* The Strelitzes (in Russian, *Stryelzi*, that is, Arquebusiers) were embodied by Ivan, 'the Terrible,' in the second half of the sixteenth century. They formed the first standing army in Russia, and continued to be a privileged body—a kind of Prætorian Guard. They numbered at one time as many as from 40,000 to 50,000 men, had a special quarter of Moscow to themselves, and took an active part in all the insurrections and revolutions that distracted Russia, until they were crushed and broken up by Peter the Great.

Peter was but four years old at the time of his father's death, and was for a while little regarded. But the czars married without regard to birth, and had likewise the power of choosing a successor; and, conscious that his brother Ivan was incapacitated by his infirmities for governing, Theodore, on his deathbed, nominated his younger brother Peter heir to the crown. This occurred when Peter was in his tenth year, but not before his promising abilities had aroused the jealousy of his sister Sophia. Probably from the difficulty of finding suitable husbands for them, it had been the custom for the daughters of the czars to retire into a monastery; but this designing princess had no such inclination; and on the death of Theodore, she found herself almost the natural guardian of two brothers, one of whom was, from his infirmities, incapable of governing; and the other, on account of his youth, she believed it possible to depose. In a word, she aimed at sovereignty, although pretending to advocate the claim of Ivan, and representing that she desired only to hold the reins for him.

A succession of revolts was the consequence of her stratagems and intrigues; and the most savage cruelties were perpetrated by all parties. Sophia evidently sought some pretence for deposing Peter, and accordingly she employed emissaries to stir up the soldiery against the Nariskin family, especially the two uncles of Peter, spreading a report that one of them had put on the imperial robes, and had attempted to strangle Prince Ivan; adding, moreover, that the late czar, Theodore, had been poisoned at their instigation by a Dutch physician. Finally, she made out a list of forty noblemen, whom she denounced as enemies to the state, and deserving of death. The mutineers began by attacking two nobles, named Dolgoruki and Matheof, whom they threw out of the palace windows. These unfortunates were received by the Strelitzes on the points of their spears, and speedily despatched, their dead bodies being afterwards dragged into the great square. Soon after this, meeting with Athanasius Nariskin, brother to the young czarina, and one of the uncles of Peter, they murdered him in like manner; and breaking open the doors of a church where some of the proscribed had taken refuge, they dragged them from the altar, and stabbed them to death. But it would be a horrible task to narrate the atrocities which followed—the murder of the innocent physician and of the other Nariskins, and the dreadful tortures by the knout* and other forms which were practised on the wretched victims.

Finally, Sophia succeeded in associating the name of her imbecile brother in the sovereignty; the two princes, Ivan and Peter, being proclaimed joint czars in 1682, and herself denominated co-regent with them. She then publicly approved of the outrages which had been committed, and rewarded the perpetrators of them, confiscating, for this purpose, the estates of the proscribed; and so completely did she enjoy all the honours of a sovereign, that her bust was engraven on the public coin. She signed all dispatches, held the first place in the council, and exercised unlimited power. But new insurrections broke out; and finally, she was induced to strengthen her authority by admitting to her councils her favourite and lover, Prince Basil Galitzin, whom she created generalissimo, minister of state, and lord-keeper. This new minister was a man of distinguished abilities, and had received a much better education than the rest of his countrymen. One of his prudent measures was to distribute the most mutinous of the Strelitzes among different regiments, situated at distant parts of the empire.

While Galitzin was engaged with the army, Sophia governed and acted at Moscow as if altogether independent of her brothers the czars. A circumstance, however, soon took place which put an end to her intrigues and interference. In 1689, Peter's marriage with Eudoxia Federowna Lapuchin, effected through the influence of his prudent mother, withdrew him in a great measure from those dissipating vices which Sophia had done all in her power to encourage, and thus gave him a new hold on the affections of the people. Sophia having desired to be present, as regent, at a religious celebration at which czars themselves were commonly present, Peter opposed it in vain; and a few faithful Strelitzes having betrayed to him her intention to assassinate him, with his wife, mother, and sister, he took refuge with them for a while in the convent of the Trinity. Here he summoned to his aid General Gordon, a Scotchman, who, with all the other foreign officers, immediately hastened to Peter. The young czar soon found himself surrounded by numerous friends; and these, animated by his personal bravery, and encouraged by his affable and generous demeanour, quickly put him in a position to resist the machinations of his sister. He accordingly compelled Sophia to take the veil, while Galitzin and a few others were banished to Siberia. Peter now hastened to Moscow, into which he made a solemn entrance, and in sight of all the people embraced Ivan, who left the whole of the power in the more able hands of his brother. From this instant he began to reign in reality as Peter I., although the name of the infirm Ivan remained as joint czar till his death in 1696.

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* *Knout*, or more properly *knut*, is the Russian word for 'whip,' and the name for what was long the chief judicial punishment in Russia. The instrument is described as consisting of plaited thongs of hide interwoven with wire; and the strokes were applied to the bare back, the victim being bound to two stakes. A hundred lashes was equivalent to a sentence of death; but in many cases death ensued from the infliction of a much less number. From the earliest times down to the middle of the eighteenth century, the knout was the common punishment for all kinds of offences; and the highest dignitaries, and even women of rank, were subjected to it. After the time of Catharine II., it was mostly confined to common criminals, such as murderers, incendiaries, and the like, who, after undergoing the infliction, were sent to Siberia. Under the Emperor Nicholas, the murderous knout was set aside, and the *pleti*, or strap, substituted for it.

THE CZAR TRAVELS.

One of the most cruel wrongs Sophia had committed on her brother was that of keeping him in ignorance, and surrounding him, at the very age when character is formed, with every temptation to excess and dissipation. It cannot be supposed that he escaped the contamination of such lures; but most truly has it been said, that 'his virtues were all his own, his vices those of his education and country.' He early evinced one quality of a great mind—the comprehension of his own ignorance, joined to the most ardent thirst for knowledge. His, too, was that faculty inseparable from the man born to be a great ruler—that quick and certain appreciation of the character and talents of others, which always enabled him to know the fit instrument with which to work out his plans. Thus, happening to dine one day at the house of the Danish minister, he was struck with the manners and conversation of the private secretary, at once perceiving the superiority of his mind. This was a youthful Genevese, named Lefort, who had been educated for a mercantile profession; but being of an adventurous disposition, and early displaying decided military talents, had enlisted as a volunteer, and served in the Low Countries. After encountering several dangers, and having a narrow escape of transportation to Siberia, though for what offence we cannot discover, he found his way to Moscow, and obtained employment in the capacity we have mentioned.

Lefort had received the advantages of a European education, and possessed great powers of observation. It was he who explained to the czar the wonderful superiority of the trained and disciplined troops of Western Europe over the wild soldiery of Russia; and now it was that Peter conceived the daring plan of annihilating the Strelitzes, who had so often been instrumental in setting up and deposing monarchs. But his measures were at present cautious and secret. Soon after his friendship—for it deserved the name—with his young adviser, the czar formed a regiment on the European system, to which he appointed Lefort colonel; and, to give his people a lesson of subordination, he entered himself as drummer! Indeed, as we shall see, it was his custom to aim at the root of all knowledge, and thoroughly master the subjects he took in hand; and he knew that he could not more thoroughly acquire a knowledge of military affairs than by passing through all the gradations of the profession.

It was through the same individual that Peter became acquainted with another person, who, in the sequel, exercised scarcely less influence in the empire than Lefort himself. This was Menchikoff, a youth of the very humblest origin, who sought his fortune in Moscow at the age of fourteen, and became apprentice to a pastry-cook. He used to hawk cakes and pies about the streets, recommending them in a kind of song of his own composing. It was while engaged in this occupation that he attracted the attention of Lefort, who entered into conversation with him, and, pleased with his ready wit, brought him to the czar. On Peter he must have made an equally favourable impression, for we find him mentioned as a royal page soon afterwards.

About the same time that Peter organised the body-guard under Lefort's direction, he commenced building some vessels, with which he purposed sailing down the Don, and attacking Azov, which was then in the hands of the Turks. A reference to the map of Europe will shew the importance of this place, which is in fact the key to the Black Sea; and nothing proves more completely the genius of Peter the Great than the intuitive knowledge he possessed of the importance of maritime power, and the wants of his vast empire. Hemmed in by enemies—for in those days neighbouring states were commonly such—the Black Sea commanded by the Turks, and the Baltic by the Swedes, he felt that his country could never be great till seaports were wrested from them. Former czars had issued edicts forbidding their subjects to travel beyond the empire. Peter saw that the great difficulty was, not to keep people in, but for anybody to get out; and he knew there was no better method of enlightening the ignorant, and of removing prejudices, than to encourage the influx of civilised strangers, and to afford facilities for his own people to travel in other countries. We are the last who would find merit in the exploits of mere military heroes or conquering rulers, but it is impossible to withhold our admiration from the youthful czar at this period of his career. The Ottoman empire was then one of the most powerful states in the world. A very few years before, Vienna had been besieged by 200,000 Turks, and the Emperor Leopold compelled to flee from his capital; and Sweden was a country greatly superior in the scale of civilisation, possessing disciplined and experienced troops—soon to have Charles XII., the most warlike monarch in Europe, at their head. But it was not from any love of 'the game of war' that Peter contemplated aggressions on his neighbours, but as the necessary *means* to a great *end.* He could not humanise his people without seaports; so seaports he was determined to have.

It is said that, in his childhood, Peter I. had an absurd dread of water; indeed to such an extent, that crossing a river would throw him into convulsions. A story is told of his having narrowly escaped drowning when about five years old, the fright received on that occasion being the origin of this future antipathy; but, for our own part, we have very little faith in the tradition of the czar's 'hydrophobia.' He was subject all his life to epileptic fits; and as his brothers had been afflicted with something very similar, they were most probably hereditary. Perhaps the story of his dread of water was invented to heighten the wonder of his achievements on that element. At all events, if it ever existed, it must early have been conquered; for in his boyhood he appears to have amused himself by paddling about the river Yausa, which passes through Moscow, in a little Dutch skiff, which had attracted him, from being so superior to the flat-bottomed boats with which alone he was acquainted. Even when he had never seen the ocean, and was five hundred miles distant from the sea, he comprehended the wants of his vast unwieldy empire, and resolved that it should become a maritime power.

Accordingly, in 1695, he sailed down the Don, and attacked Azov; but this first campaign was unsuccessful, chiefly in consequence of the desertion of an artillery officer named Jacob, who spiked the Russian cannon, turned Mohammedan, and, going over to the Turks, defended the town against his former master. The czar, however, was not likely to be discouraged by a single failure. He renewed his attack the following year; and as the death of his brother Ivan just at this time had thrown into his treasury the income which had maintained the dignity of the nominal czar, he had the means of strengthening and supplying his forces in a more efficient manner. The new ship-yard at Woronetz, on the Don, furnished him in the summer of 1696 with a fleet of twenty-three galleys, two galeases, and four fire-ships, with which he defeated the Turkish fleet off Azov. All relief by sea being now cut off, he pushed the siege with renewed vigour, and in two months (July 29) the Russians entered Azov. To secure the possession of this key to the Black Sea, he enlarged and strengthened the forts, constructed a harbour capable of admitting heavy vessels, and gave orders for fifty-five war-ships to be built, at the same time keeping in view the construction of a canal whereby to connect the Don and the Volga.

A year or two before these events, Peter had divorced himself from his wife, whom he had married in his boyhood—a wife chosen for him, not a partner of his own choice. Many reasons have been assigned for this step; but the true one appears to be, that she was a woman of mean intellect, a slave of superstition and bigotry, the mere creature of the priests, and that, consequently, she opposed herself to all his plans of reformation; for the priests, knowing that their power would melt away before the torch of knowledge, lost no opportunity of vilifying the czar, and thwarting his schemes if possible. Peter certainly committed an error of judgment in leaving his son Alexis under her care, as the result proved; on the other hand, if this was done out of kindness and consideration to the mother, it reveals a more feeling heart than historians generally allow him to have possessed.

A desirable seaport acquired, and an unsuitable wife got rid of, Peter's next step was to send a number of young Russians to finish their education in Italy, Germany, and Holland. Hitherto, Russia had been without an official representative in any of the states of Europe; but the czar fitted out a splendid embassy to the States-general of Holland, of which Lefort and Menchikoff were the principal plenipotentiaries, Peter himself accompanying them, though simply as an *attaché* to the mission. The ease and security with which he left his vast empire to the government of deputies, prove how firmly established was his power. Passing through Riga, on his way to Holland, he sought permission to visit the fortifications; but was refused by the Swedish governor—an indignity which Peter resolved to punish by and by. Proceeding through Prussia, he was received by the king with great respect, and with all the pomp and circumstances of royalty. Here Peter separated himself from the embassy, and proceeded to Holland, travelling privately, and as fast as possible. He arrived at Amsterdam fifteen days before his ambassadors, and engaged a small apartment in the dockyard belonging to the Admiralty. He soon afterwards adopted the habit of a Dutch skipper, and in that dress proceeded to Saardam, where he enrolled himself as a journeyman carpenter, under the name of Peter Michaeloff, in the employment of a ship-builder named Calf! Here he lived in a little shingle-hut for seven weeks, made his own bed, and prepared his own food, corresponded with his ministers at home, and laboured at the same time in ship-building.

Such was the manner in which Peter the Great proposed to acquire the art of ship-building; as willing to work as a carpenter for this purpose, as he had been for another to do a drummer's duty in his model regiment. Truly does one of his earliest biographers remark, 'that many sovereigns have laid down their authority from weariness of the cares and troubles of empire, but he alone quitted his dominions in order to study the art of governing them.' What a picture the apprentice-emperor presents; and what a meeting must that have been which accidentally took place between him and the Duke of Marlborough at Saardam! For the English noble was well aware that, in the workman Peter Michaeloff, he beheld the undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe, the autocrat who had the power of life and death over all its inhabitants; in short, the Czar of Muscovy. Peter was at this time (1697) twenty-five years of age, and is described as a large, powerful man, with bold and regular features, dark-brown hair, that fell in natural curls about his neck, and a dark, keen eye, which glanced from one object to another with singular rapidity. He was dressed on that occasion in a red woollen shirt and duck trousers, and a sailor's hat, and was seated, with an adze in his hand, upon a rough log of timber which lay upon the ground. He was conversing with great earnestness and much gesticulation with some strangers, his countenance displaying, by its strong and varying expression, the interest he took in their discourse. The soldier-duke—it is easy to imagine the contrast of costume and character—approached, and opened a slight conversation by some remarks on the art of ship-building. While they were thus engaged, a stranger in a foreign costume appeared, bearing an enormous letter in his hand; the journeyman started up, and snatching the packet, tore off the seals, and eagerly perused it, while the stately Marlborough walked away unregarded!

Who can tell what this very dispatch contained! Most probably the life or death, freedom or slavery, fame or fortune, of one or many of his subjects hung upon the word of that 'foreign journeyman.' It was while handling the compass and the adze at Saardam that the confirmation was brought him of the double, or rather rival, nomination of Augustus, elector of Saxony, and the Prince of Conti, to the vacant throne of Poland; and Peter, already assuming the right to be a king-maker, promised to assist Augustus with thirty thousand troops. Meanwhile his army was gaining fresh victories near Azov; but Peter had a nobler ambition than the desire of military glory. He continued to improve himself in different arts, passing frequently from Saardam to Amsterdam to hear lectures on anatomy; and he made himself capable of performing several operations in surgery. He also mastered the Dutch language, and made considerable progress in mathematics, civil engineering, and the science of fortification; besides visiting every literary, charitable, or scientific institution, and the paper-mills, saw-mills, and all manufacturing establishments, which he examined carefully, with the intention of introducing similar works into his own empire. 'What is that?' was his constant exclamation at beholding anything new; nor would his inquiring mind rest for a moment till he obtained an explanation. We can fancy the astonishment of the quiet lethargic Hollanders at this energetic prince, who, though choosing to work as a carpenter, took no pains to conceal his rank; flying about the country with an activity of mind and body equally incomprehensible to them, and seeking knowledge with more ardour and avidity than other princes had ever sought even pleasure.

Peter spent about nine months in the Netherlands, during which time a sixty-gun ship was completed from his own draught and model, and at much of the carpentry of which he worked with his own hand. This vessel, said to be an admirable specimen of naval architecture, he sent to Archangel—for as yet the czar had not a seaport on the Baltic. He then crossed over to England, where he was received with great attention by William III., who deputed the Marquis of Caermarthen to attend him, and devote himself to his service. Peter's chief object was to examine the dockyards and maritime establishments of England as he had done those of Holland; but though he still preserved his *incognito*, he no longer worked as a journeyman. Yet, according to an old writer, 'he would often take up the tools and work with them; and he frequently conversed with the builders, who shewed him their draughts, and the method of laying down, by proportion, any ship or vessel.' At first he lodged in York Buildings, while in London; and the last house next the river, on the east side of Buckingham Street, near the Strand, is said to have been inhabited by him; but afterwards, that he might be near the sea, he occupied a house belonging to the celebrated John Evelyn at Deptford. He was frequently heard to declare that if he were not Czar of Russia, he would like to be Admiral of England.

Under the date of January 30, 1698, we find in Evelyn's Diary as follows: 'The Czar of Muscovy being come to England, and having a mind to see the building of ships, hired my house, Saye's Court, and made it his court and palace, new-furnished by the king.' And just about this time Mr Evelyn's servant writes to his master thus: 'There is a house full of people, and right nasty. The czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock, and at six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The king is expected there this day: the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The king pays for all he has.'

Though the czar did not now carry his enthusiasm so far as to work as a carpenter, yet his fondness for sailing and managing boats was as eager here as in Holland. Sir Anthony Deane and the Marquis of Caermarthen were almost daily with him on the Thames, sometimes in a sailing yacht, and at others rowing in boats—an exercise in which both the czar and the marquis are said to have excelled. The Navy Board received directions from the Admiralty to hire two vessels, to be at the command of the czar whenever he should think proper to sail on the Thames, to improve himself in seamanship. In addition to these, the king made him a present of the *Royal Transport*, with orders to have such alterations and accommodations made in her as his czarish majesty might desire; and also to change her masts, rigging, sails, &c. in such a way as he might think proper, to improve her sailing qualities. But his great delight was to get into a small decked boat belonging to the dockyard, and taking only Menchikoff, and three or four others of his suite, to work the vessel with them, he being the helmsman. By this practice he said he should be able to teach them how to command ships when they got home. Having finished their day's work, they used to resort to a tavern in Great Tower Street, close to Tower Hill, to smoke their pipes, and to drink beer and brandy. The landlord had the Czar of Muscovy's head painted, and put up for his sign, which continued till the year 1808, when some one took a fancy to the old sign, and offered the then occupier of the house to paint him a new one for it. A copy was accordingly made from the original, which maintained its station, as the sign of the *Czar of Muscovy*, until the house was rebuilt.

While in England, Peter also directed his attention to engineering; and, what is curious, received a doctorate from the university of Oxford. He took into his service upwards of five hundred persons —officers, engineers, cannoneers, surgeons, &c.; in particular, a body of skilful engineers and artificers, whom he despatched to Russia, for the purpose of carrying out a great project which he had already arranged in his own far-seeing mind. This was to open a communication, by locks and canals, between the rivers Volga and Don and the Caspian Sea. And it may convey an idea of the ignorance and superstition with which Peter had to contend, that this noble scheme raised an outcry among the priests and nobles, who declared it was 'a piece of impiety to turn the streams one way which Providence had directed another.' Ferguson, the celebrated engineer and geometrician, entered into his service, and was the first person who brought arithmetic into use in the exchequer of Russia. Previously, they had made use only of the Tartar method of reckoning, by balls strung upon a wire.

In the end of 1698, Peter returned to Holland on his way home; and on taking leave of King William, he presented him with a ruby of the value of £10,000, drawing it from his waistcoat pocket, 'wrapped up in a bit of brown paper.' It was truly a royal present, though not given after a very royal fashion; but Peter had a great contempt for forms and ceremonies, and William III. was far too sensible a man to stand very greatly upon them. Peter also, in return for the attentions bestowed on him by the Marquis of Caermarthen, conferred on that nobleman the right to license every hogshead of tobacco exported to Russia, and to charge five shillings for each license. This must have brought a large revenue, for an English company had thought it worth while to pay £15,000 for the monopoly of the exportation. While in London, his attention was forcibly attracted to the magnificent building of Greenwich

Hospital, which, until he had visited it, and seen the old pensioners, he had some difficulty in believing to be anything but a royal palace. King William having asked him one day how he liked his hospital for decayed seamen, the czar answered: 'If I were the adviser of your majesty, I would counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and convert St James's into a hospital.'

INSURRECTION AT MOSCOW—NARVA.

From Holland, Peter travelled to Vienna, most probably to have an interview with the Emperor of Germany, who was no doubt very glad to obtain an ally against his old enemies, the Turks. He was received with great pomp; but, in the midst of the festivities which marked his arrival, news reached him that an insurrection of the Strelitzes had broken out in Moscow, though it had already been quelled by the energy and decision of General Gordon, whom he had left in authority. This intelligence, however, induced him to give up a visit to Italy, which he had intended; and travelling with his usual speed, he hastened back to his capital. Although the rebels had been crushed, their punishment was reserved for the czar himself, and he resolved that it should be signal. This was the third time that his reign had been imperilled by their insubordination, and he saw no safety but in utterly breaking their power. A commission was appointed to try them; and for weeks the cord, the axe, and the wheel were furnished with numerous victims daily. Peter attended the trials and executions in person, and refused to listen to the intercession even of the Patriarch; on one occasion, it is said, he stood so close to the block that one of the victims, with courageous resignation, said to him: 'Make room, sire; that is my place.' Peter, it should be remembered, lived in an age when the laws of even the most civilised countries were cruelly sanguinary, and in a half-savage country, where human life was still less regarded. He was also by constitution ferocious in his anger, and remorseless in sacrificing whatever stood in the way of his projects. Still, it does not appear that he loved bloodshed for its own sake; his aversion to war, except as a means to his great ends, which seems to have surprised an English clergyman with whom he conversed when he visited Oxford, is a proof to the contrary. And therefore the accounts that make him and his chief officers play the part of executioners, slaying the victims with their own hands like butchers, are, it may be hoped, exaggerations of a transaction which naturally excited great attention at the time. As the czar was convinced that the Princess Sophia had instigated the rising, in the hope of recovering her authority during her brother's absence, he caused a number of gallowses to be erected before the windows of the convent where she lived, and thereon hanged a hundred and thirty of the conspirators, some of them holding in their hands copies of the supplication which she had addressed to him on their behalf. Those of the Strelitzes that were pardoned were sent to Siberia and Astrakhan.

In 1699, Peter experienced a severe loss in the death of his friend and counsellor, General Lefort, on whom he bestowed funeral honours similar to those awarded to former sovereigns. He himself assisted in the procession, marching after the captains as a lieutenant, which rank he held in Lefort's regiment. It was also about this time that he lost his able general, Gordon, whose soldierly qualities had been so essential to him in the reformation of his army. Menchikoff, who had risen from obscurity by his talents and activity, now became the favourite and counsellor of Peter. The Strelitzes—those instruments of insurrection and turbulence—were now supplanted by twenty-seven new regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, who, within three months, were disciplined and brought into marching order. Nothing but merit and length of service was regarded in the appointment of officers. Besides the reconstitution of the military, Peter now devoted himself with incessant activity to the internal regulation of his empire, which assumed by degrees the appearance of a new creation.

It was now that the czar turned his attention to changing the inconvenient costume of his people. To do this, he began by levying a tax upon long beards and petticoats; patterns of close-bodied coats being hung up in public places. But so attached were they to old customs, that his revenue was increased, instead of their dress being altered. His next proceeding savours somewhat of the ludicrous. He stationed tailors and barbers at each of the gates of Moscow, whose duty it was to cut the beard and whiskers of every man who entered, and 'to cut his petticoats all round about.' In the process of the latter mutilation, the victim was made to kneel down, when his garments were clipped on a level with the ground. An anecdote is told which has something almost affecting, in the proof it affords of the earnestness with which these poor people clung to their unclean and inconvenient habits. The czar on one occasion met an old man coming from the barber, and addressed him, saying that he looked like a young man, now he had lost his beard; upon which the man put his hand into his bosom, and drew forth the beard which had been cut off, telling the czar he should preserve it, in order to have it put into his coffin, that he might be able to produce it to St Nicholas in the other world!

About this time the czar altered the commencement of the year from the 1st of September to the 1st of January—a proceeding which gave almost equal offence to his people, who thought he was undertaking to change the course of the sun. He next instituted assemblies for the encouragement of social intercourse between the sexes, that people might have a reasonable opportunity of forming suitable marriages. Hitherto, wives had been sought in the Asiatic manner —the bride being given away or sold by her parents, without being previously seen by the intended bridegroom. And while all these social and moral reformations were going on, Peter was building a fleet on the Don, connecting that river with the Volga, and planning to wrest a sea-coast territory from a warlike nation, on which to build a new metropolis—St Petersburg.

Hitherto, the capital of Russia had been Moscow, which, being inland, was ill adapted for commerce. With a view to remedy this defect, Peter fixed on a site for his new capital at the mouth of the river Neva, and adjoining the Gulf of Finland. Unfortunately, the land in that quarter was not his own; it belonged to Sweden. But in those days that was a light matter. The laws of morality were so far established, that, in private life, and as between man and man, some regard was paid to the difference between mine and thine. But nations and their kings still acted on Rob Roy's principle:

> 'That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.'

How could the barbarian Peter be expected to be more honest than his civilised neighbours? 'The Most Christian King,' Louis XIV. of France, had just recently seized, by surprise and in time of peace, the rich province of Alsace, belonging to the Emperor of Germany; and the czar found several neighbouring princes ready to league with him in wresting from Sweden, each that portion of her territories which he specially coveted. Accordingly, Peter, in 1700, entered into a political alliance with Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, and the king of Denmark. These three potentates combining against the youthful Charles of Sweden—who at the age of eighteen was the greatest general in Europe—the czar determined to take from him the provinces of Ingria and Carelia; Augustus desired to regain Esthonia and Livonia, ceded by Poland to Charles XI.; and Denmark wished to regain Holstein and Slesvig. Peter invaded Ingria at the head of 60,000 men; and, desirous to find some pretext for his aggressions, could choose no better one than that his ambassadors had been charged exorbitant prices for provisions while passing through that province on their way to Holland; though he also reminded them that he himself had been insulted by being refused a sight of the citadel of Riga!

In the end of September, Peter laid siege to Narva, a fortified town on the river Narova, just at the time that Charles was engaged with the Danes, and putting an end to the war in Denmark. This, however, was accomplished in a few weeks; and then, at the head of only 9000 troops, he came to the relief of Narva. Peter, probably astonished that the place had held out so long, but never doubting of ultimate success, left the army encamped before Narva to meet a body of nearly 30,000 men, whom he had sent for. The reason of this proceeding cannot be easily explained; for certainly the presence of the czar was most required with the main body, already 60,000 strong, at the scene of action. Probably he went forth to meet the reinforcement only from the restlessness of mind and impatience of delay which were part of his character. It was a false step, however. During his absence, on the 30th of November, Charles came up to Narva, and taking advantage of a tremendous snow-storm, which beat directly in the faces of the Russians, fell upon them, and with his 9000 men completely routed or captured an army of nearly seven times the number. The prisoners taken were nearly 40,000; and the inconvenience of the long petticoats was at last discovered, since they hindered a great number from—running away! Never was a more ignominious defeat, though the czar bore it with the greatest philosophy. 'I know very well,' he said, 'that the Swedes will have the advantage of us for a considerable time; but they will teach us at length to beat them.'

On the occasion of this defeat, the priests composed a prayer to St Nicholas, which was publicly offered up. It besought his assistance against those 'terrible, insolent, furious, dreadful, invincible destroyers,' who had fallen upon them 'like lions and bears deprived of their young—frightening, wounding, and killing them by thousands'—and declaring that such calamities could only have befallen them from 'witchcraft and sorcery.' Peter, however, did not wait for the help of St Nicholas. He entered into negotiations with the kings of Denmark and Poland to assist him with troops, and to keep up the quarrel with Charles XII.; at the same time he melted the church and convent bells of Moscow to found cannon, and made every preparation for his intended campaign in the ensuing spring. But, amid all his preparations for war, Peter never lost sight of those projects which were to bring forth their fruits in peace. At this period he was founding hospitals and schools, erecting linen and paper factories, and importing sheep from Saxony, gathering together smiths, braziers, and artificers of every description, and having the mines of Siberia explored for ore.

CATHARINE—ST PETERSBURG—NARVA TAKEN.

It is not our purpose to detail the battles and sieges which took place in the course of the following year or two, although we must mention one of them more particularly, as it was the occasion of introducing to Peter a person who henceforth took part in his fortunes. Marienburg was a little town on the confines of Ingria and Livonia, which, besieged by Peter's army, surrendered at discretion. Either through accident or design, the Swedes who defended it set fire to the magazine, which so incensed the Russians, that they destroyed the town, and carried away all the inhabitants. Among the prisoners was a young girl of about sixteen years of age, a Livonian by birth, who had been brought up from charity in the house of a Lutheran minister. There is no reason to suppose she had occupied any higher station than that of servant in his family; but it is said that she had been married to a Swedish soldier, who fell in the siege, the very day before it took place. This widowed orphan was taken to the camp of one of the Russian generals. Precisely how or when Peter first saw her, can never be known; but the best authenticated and most likely story is, that while engaged in handing round dried fruits and liqueurs at the house, or in the tent of Prince Menchikoff, the Livonian slave, known only by the name of Martha, first attracted the attention of the czar. According to his invariable custom, when pleased by the manners or countenance of any one, he entered into conversation with her, and soon discovered that she possessed a mind of more than ordinary intelligence. To this she joined, as events proved, a cheerful and lively disposition, a kind heart, and an amiable temper. No doubt Peter had penetration enough to see that she was precisely the woman who could share his enthusiasm, sympathise in his plans, and be, in short, the wife he wanted. The meanness, or indeed obscurity of her birth was no obstacle to him; he had absolute power to raise her to the loftiest condition in his empire; and, accordingly, by the name of Catharine, which she now adopted, he married her at first privately, but a few years afterwards with the state and ceremony of public nuptials. Thus was chosen the partner of his throne, and his successor upon it.

It was soon after these events (1700) that the death of 'the Patriarch,' or supreme head of the Russian Church, afforded the czar an opportunity of beginning some wholesome reforms in that quarter. He had thought it necessary to commence his military career by fulfilling the humblest duties of a soldier, and we have seen that he set about learning the art of ship-building by working with his own hands; but when he boldly annihilated the office of Patriarch, and placed himself, without any preparatory steps, at the head of the church, he probably thought there was nothing the priests could teach him which he desired to learn. Certainly a set of men who believed that sanctity dwelt in a beard, and who were in the habit of placing letters of introduction to their patron saint in the hands of deceased persons when laid in their coffins, were not likely to meet with much respect from a great reformer like Peter I.: and the few whose glimmer of intelligence raised them above the gross superstition and corruption of the mass, must have experienced all the temptations of self-interest to oppose themselves to the projects of the czar; for they must have known that the nation once enlightened, their power would be gone.

The printing-press, which Peter had introduced, vomited forth libels of various sorts upon him; and he was denounced as Antichrist by the priests. A few, however, defended him from this charge, but only because 'the number six hundred and sixty-six was not to be found in his name, and he had not the sign of the beast.'

It was about this time that the czar took an excellent opportunity of shewing that new customs are generally better than old ones. On the occasion of the marriage of one of his sisters, he invited the principal Bojars and ladies of Moscow to celebrate it, requiring them to appear dressed after the ancient fashion. The dinner was served in the manner of the sixteenth century. By an ancient superstition, it was forbidden to kindle a fire on a wedding-day; accordingly, though it was winter, no fire was permitted. Formerly, the Russians never drank wine, so none was provided; and when the guests murmured at any of the unpleasant arrangements, Peter replied : 'These were the customs of your ancestors, and you say old customs are the best.' A practical lesson of more force than wordy arguments, and one that might afford a useful hint in much more recent times.

Having obtained the provinces he required, Peter set about building St Petersburg; in the execution of which work he overcame difficulties which would have discouraged any other man. The spot he fixed on was a miserable morass, half under water, without wood, or clay, or stones, or building materials of any kind; with a barren soil, and a climate of almost polar severity. The resolution to build a large city in this situation has always been spoken of as an act of extreme rashness; for, to its other disadvantages, it was liable to be flooded by the waters of the gulf on the prevalence of a south-west wind, more particularly if the wind should blow at a time when the ice of the Neva was breaking up by the spring thaws.

Whether Peter was aware of all these disadvantages, is not clearly ascertained. It is only certain that, notwithstanding every drawback, he continued the building of St Petersburg, which, under his marvellous energies, soon became a splendid city, adapted for commerce with all the world. What he began, his successors have finished; and St Petersburg now vies in grandeur with any city in Europe. Although seldom seriously injured by flooding, as was anticipated, it has on divers occasions been exposed to great alarm, and the safety of the inhabitants has been endangered. Indeed, inundations are so frequent in many of the low parts, that water is as much dreaded in St Petersburg as fire in many other cities; accordingly, precautions have been taken to guard as much as possible against any such calamity. When an inundation is anticipated, a cannon is fired from the Admiralty, and signal-flags hoisted on the steeples, and the alarm-gun is repeated every hour until the danger appears at an end. When the river rises so high as to lay the lowest streets under water, the alarm-gun is fired every quarter of an hour; and in proportion as the peril increases, the cannons are more frequently fired, until minute-guns are understood to be a cry of despair, summoning boats to the assistance of the drowning people.

The highest inundation of which there is any record occurred on the 17th of November 1824; and in every street there is a painted mark, shewing the height to which the waters rose. The Russians speak with a shudder of the sufferings which took place on that occasion. The rise of the river was at first gradual and stealthy; but, impelled by a furious west wind, it soon came streaming through the streets, lifting some of the carts and equipages from the ground, but drowning many horses, which were unable to extricate themselves from the heavier vehicles to which they were attached. A description is given of the trees in the public squares being as much crowded with human beings as they had ever been seen with sparrows; and a story is told of a gardener who, having been engaged in clipping some trees on an acclivity, had not observed the rise of the water until it was too late for him to seek any other refuge than the roof of a garden pavilion. But here he was joined by such a host of rats and mice, that he was in no small danger of being devoured by them. Fortunately, however, a dog and a cat sought refuge in the same spot, and, with such powerful allies, he remained in safety all night. The river subsided to its accustomed channel the next day; but dreadful as the loss of life and property had been, the worst effects had still to follow. Many houses fell in from the injury they had received, and it was long before the damp could be expelled from those which remained. Almost universal sickness was the consequence, and a fearful mortality from the epidemics which raged for weeks afterwards.

To return, however, to Peter. His chief antagonist was Charles XII. of Sweden, one of the greatest soldiers of his age. Charles had evidently nothing more dignified in his nature than might belong to a gladiator or a prize-fighter. He lived as if men came into the world to fight, and for nothing else. He had no idea of such a condition as peace. He laughed at all social and domestic ties, and made a jest of the severest trials of human affections. He had not a heart capable of love or friendship himself, and despised all those who had. He was simply destructive; no fertilising or humanising influences followed his career; and when, at a later period, his absence on a disastrous expedition had been protracted for years, and his neglected and impoverished subjects besought him to return home, his answer was, that he would send 'one of his boots to govern them'—a sorry jest, but one that sufficiently shewed his nature.

Peter, on the other hand, never encouraged war, except for the furtherance of some great object. While fighting battles, he was at the same time planning cities, founding hospitals and scholastic institutions, forming canals, building bridges, and travelling about to superintend everything himself, under all circumstances and in all seasons; and by such means undermining his constitution, and sowing the seeds of disease, which carried him off in the prime of life. In his early years, his habits were intemperate, it is true; but though he is reported to have said: 'I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself,' he *did*, it is said, reform some of those pernicious habits which had been systematically inculcated by the machinations of the infamous Sophia, and in the latter part of his life lived abstemiously. Peter was a creator, constructer, and reformer among his people, and well deserved the title of Great.

While Charles was busy elsewhere, Peter took the opportunity of again attacking Narva. He laid siege to it by sea and by land, although a large body of his troops were still in Poland, others defending the works at St Petersburg, and another detachment before Dorpat. But after several assaults on one side, and a most determined resistance on the other, Narva was at length taken, the czar being among the first to enter the city sword in hand. His behaviour on this occasion must have gained him the respect and even the affection of his new subjects. The besiegers had forced their way into the town, where they pillaged and exercised all the cruelties so common with an infuriate soldiery. Peter ran from street to street, rescued several women from the brutal soldiers, and endeavoured by every means to put an end to violence and slaughter, killing with his own hand two of the ruffians who had refused to obey his orders. He entered the town-hall, whither the citizens had run in crowds for shelter, and, laying his reeking sword upon the table, he exclaimed: 'This sword is not stained with the blood of your fellow-citizens, but with that of my own soldiers, which I have spilt to save your lives!'

BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

As soon as Peter had acquired the provinces he wished, he became anxious for peace; but violence always suggests reprisals; and Charles was by no means inclined to lose a portion of his territory without further fighting. He, in fact, determined on undertaking an inroad into Russia, and dictating a treaty of peace at Moscow. Peter, who knew the nature of the Russian territory and population, was not alarmed at this decision of his rival. His clear intellect perceived the difficulties which the rigorous climate and vast extent of country to be traversed must present to an invading army, and he took measures quietly to increase these impediments. The army of Charles ravaged the country wherever they went, and put to death, without remorse, hundreds of the peasantry, whom they suspected of concealing from them grain or other provisions. It may convey some idea of the demoralising influence of war, and the strange distorted notions which prevailed, to mention that the chaplain of the king of Sweden praises these executions as acts of justice on the part of his master!

The czar, with his army, retreated slowly before the advancing enemy—thus drawing them on, step by step, into the heart of a barren country, until the northern monarchs and their followers were lost to the world among the wildernesses of ancient Scythia. But the circumstances of the czar were very different from those of the invader. He was at home, knew even the wilderness, and was in safe and convenient communication with his own cities and magazines. His hundred thousand men were well provided, and before the snows of winter set in, were in comfortable quarters. About this time, Mazeppa, the Hetman of the Cossacks, deserted from Peter to Charles, and so far changed the purpose of the latter, that instead of proceeding direct to Moscow, he resolved first to reduce the Ukraine, which is a fertile territory lying between ancient Poland and Moldavia, and was then, as now, belonging to Russia. Some of the Swedish officers implored their king to halt, and go into the best quarters they could find for the winter. But no; he would go on; and after the loss of thousands of his men from cold, hunger, disease, and misery of all sorts, he laid siege to Pultowa, a town of the Ukraine, in the month of June 1709, with the remnant of 80,000 men, now numbering less than 20,000!

On the 26th of June the czar came up to assist his besieged town; by a feint, which deceived the Swedes, he succeeded in throwing 2000 men into the place; and a few days afterwards the famous battle of Pultowa took place, at which the Swedish army was completely routed and destroyed. Both sovereigns appeared in the front of the battle, although Charles, having received a wound a few days before, which had broken the bones of his foot, was carried about in a litter, to give directions; and the litter being shattered by a cannon-ball, he was then supported on the pikes of his soldiers, several of whom fell in this dangerous service. However, when all was over, desperation lent him strength; for he was able to make his escape on horseback. In its results, this battle was one of the most important ever fought in Europe. Had the czar fallen, there can be no question his people would have sunk back into the barbarism from which he was striving to draw them, and Denmark, Poland, and Russia must have received laws from the brutal Swede. By the mercy of Providence, these horrors were averted; and henceforth Charles became an object of pity rather than dread.

After the battle, Peter invited the Swedish officers taken prisoners to dinner, and drank to their health as 'his masters in the art of war.' His prophetic words at Narva were now verified: the Swedes had indeed taught the Russians to beat them. However, the greater part of these 'masters'—officers, subalterns, and privates—were sent to Siberia; for Charles had refused an exchange of prisoners previous to the battle, and now Peter would not grant it. Meanwhile, Charles escaped to Bender, and took refuge among the Turks. By his emissaries he represented to the sultan the growing power of Russia, revived in him the desire to recover Azov, and to expel the Russians from the Black Sea; and finally succeeded in bringing about a declaration of war from Turkey against the czar. The Turks commenced hostilities by imprisoning the Muscovite ambassador, upon which Peter levied an army, and marched to the frontier of Turkey at the head of 40,000 men. Before setting out, however, he made a public proclamation of his previous marriage with Catharine, who insisted upon accompanying him in this campaign.

It is a singular circumstance that, in this expedition, Peter fell into an error almost identical with that which had led to the overthrow of his rival. Charles had trusted to the representations of the double traitor Mazeppa, who promised to supply him with food and men; and Peter allowed himself to be led into a hostile and barren country, relying on the faithless Hospodar of Moldavia, who had promised him similar assistance. On reviewing the coincidence, one cannot help fancying that perhaps, after all, there might be less of stratagem on the part of the czar than chance movements, which led the Swede on to his ruin, or surely he would not have been blind to the consequences of conduct so similar. To be brief: when Peter had crossed the river Pruth, he found himself, near Jassy, hemmed in between an army of Turks and another of Tartars, with a rapid river rolling between him and his dominions, with scarcely any provisions, and without perceiving the means of procuring them; and in this manner were the 40,000 Russians surrounded by enemies whose numbers were said to amount to 200,000. Still they fought desperately; a sort of protracted battle going on for three days, during which time 18,000 men were lost. The situation of the czar was dreadful. One can imagine the agony of mind he must have endured at the thought of perhaps himself being paraded as a captive at Constantinople: yet retreat was impossible; and escape from death or capture seemed equally hopeless.

In this hour of torture and distress, the czar shut himself up in his tent, either to take counsel of himself, or to hide his deep mortification. He gave strict orders that no one should disturb him; but the wife who had shared his perils, and knew his heart, ventured to transgress these commands, and made her way to his side. She found him in terrible convulsions—an attack of the fits to which he was subject having been brought on by the agony of his mind. Catharine, who possessed an extraordinary power of calming him on these occasions, applied the usual remedies; and, assuming a cheerful manner, described the idea which had suggested itself to her mind as a means of escaping the threatened ruin.

Certainly this idea was so simple and natural a thing, under the circumstances, that the only marvel is, that it had not occurred to Peter himself and his entire staff. She proposed that a negotiation should be attempted; and to comply with the custom of approaching the grand vizier with presents, she stripped herself of her jewels, and ransacked the camp for every article of value that might make a suitable offering. It is not likely that, on this military tour, she had encumbered herself with any costly ornaments, and two black foxes' skins are the only articles we find specially mentioned.

She it was who chose the officer she considered most intelligent and trustworthy for the important mission to the vizier, and she it was who gave him his instructions. Some hours having elapsed after his departure, it was feared that he had been killed, or was detained a prisoner; and a council of war was held, at which we find Catharine was present. At this council it was resolved that, if the Turks refused to enter into a treaty of peace, rather than lay down their arms and throw themselves on their mercy, the Russians would risk their lives by attempting to cut their way through the enemy. During the interval, Peter, despairing of any favourable results from the mission, wrote to the senate in Moscow: 'If I fall into the hands of the enemy, consider me no longer as your sovereign, and obey no commands which shall proceed from the place of my confinement, though it should be signed by my own hand. If I perish, choose the worthiest among you to succeed me.'

The return of the messenger, however, prevented these desperate measures, for he brought the intelligence that an honourable treaty had been agreed to by the vizier. The partisans of Charles XII. have always upbraided what they call the cowardice of the Turkish governor on this occasion; but, in consenting to put an end to the war, he would seem to have better consulted the interests of his country than if he had sacrificed fresh troops in opposing the czar, and driving the Russian army to desperation. Hostilities were suspended immediately; and soon afterwards articles were signed, by which Azov was surrendered to the Turks, the czar excluded from the Black Sea, the Russian army withdrawn beyond the Danube, and the promise given of a free passage to Charles XII. through Russia to his own dominions. Much as this seems for Peter to have sacrificed, that Catharine's services were considered extraordinary, is proved beyond question; and several years afterwards, on the occasion of her being crowned empress, Peter again publicly acknowledged them, referring to that 'desperate occasion' in these words: 'She signalised herself in a particular manner by a courage and presence of mind superior to her sex, which is well known to all our army, and to the whole Russian empire.'

The fury of Charles on hearing of this treaty knew no bounds. He sought the Turkish camp, and insulted the vizier to his face, who retorted only by some bitter sarcasms on his own prostrate condition. He refused to take advantage of his right to return home; and still nourishing the insane hope of being able to attack Moscow, he lingered at Bender till 1714, when the Turks, heartily tired of their troublesome guest, sent an army to dislodge him, and he made his way to Sweden in the disguise of a courier.

Of Charles XII. of Sweden we need only further say, that he fell from a chance ball, which entered his temple, and killed him on the spot, on the 11th of December 1718, while conducting the siege of Fredrickshald, a small town in Norway—just in time, according to some historians, to prevent a union with his old opponent, the czar, to disturb the government of Great Britain. If the mere existence of such a scourge as Charles XII. were not in itself too grave a subject for mirth, one might be amused at the acknowledgments of his panegyrist Voltaire, who, in summing up his character, alludes to his great qualities, of which he says: 'One alone would have been enough to immortalise any other prince;' and yet admits that they caused the misery of his country—and that his 'firmness, become obstinacy, led to the sufferings of his army in the Ukraine, and its detention in Turkey; that his liberality degenerated into profusion, and ruined Sweden; that his justice sometimes'—we should say very often—'approached to cruelty; and that the maintenance of his authority verged upon tyranny.' Moreover, that he 'gained empires to give them away.' Yes; for the mere pleasure, to him, of fighting and slaughtering! What a pity he was not born a butcher instead of a king! If an admirer acknowledges thus much, what is the truth likely to have been?

Meanwhile, Peter had been going on with his mighty reforms, notwithstanding the opposition of the ignorant and superstitious priesthood, who worked on the people by every means in their power. They taught them that all these alterations were in direct opposition to the will of Heaven; and, by means of juggling tricks, persuaded them that the pictures of the saints wept at their transgressions.

In 1715–16, Peter indulged himself by making a second tour in Europe, taking Catharine with him. He visited Saardam, where, eighteen years before, he had worked as a ship-builder, and where he was now received with every demonstration of honour and regard. It is related that he shewed the czarina, with much interest, the little cabin in which he had worked and lived. There were some political reasons which detained Peter for nearly three months in Holland. He was nearer the centre of intelligence than at home concerning the purposes of other powers, some of whom were plotting against him. However, after conducting a correspondence, and drawing up a treaty with France, he returned to St Petersburg, travelling by way of Berlin.

TRIAL AND DEATH OF ALEXIS.

We come now to a dark and mysterious passage in the life of Peter the Great. Alexis, Peter's son by his divorced wife, appears to have possessed naturally an inferior intellect, joined to that species of low cunning which often belongs to it, without any moral qualities to counterbalance such defects; and unfortunately his mistaken education had but confirmed him in his vices and follies. We have already mentioned that, on his marriage being dissolved, Peter allowed his son to remain with his mother. The consequence was, that from an early age he was placed under the control of the priests, who not only instilled into his mind their own superstitious notions, but taught him that the changes in the government and manners of the people effected by the czar were acts offensive to God. It is impossible to help sympathising with Peter in the disappointment he must have felt at finding his only son a stupid, and yet mischievous and profligate creature; for the only son which Catharine brought him died a mere infant. Remembering that the Russian succession was vested in the will of the autocrat, who was supposed to have a perfect right to bequeath the sovereignty to whomsoever he pleased, every candid reader will acknowledge that Peter was quite justified in disinheriting his unworthy son, whose first act, on gaining the reins of government, would have been to undo, to the best of his ability, the great works of his predecessor. But it is impossible to justify the extreme severity of the czar, although we can comprehend the excuses which might be offered for it. Not that historians do offer them, for they seem, almost without exception, to dwell on the darkest side of the question, almost without remembering the provocatives to his wrath. The simple truth is a deep enough tragedy.

When Alexis was about twenty years of age, which appears to have been as soon as Peter discovered the mischief that was done, he tried to repair it, by placing a different order of persons about him, and sending him to travel. When he came back, he married him to an amiable and intelligent princess of the House of Brunswick, who died in less than four years, literally of a broken heart, from the neglect, cruelty, and profligacy of her brutal husband. After her death, Peter wrote a letter to his son, which concluded with these words: 'I will still wait a little time to see if you will correct yourself; if not, know that I will cut you off from the succession as we lop off a useless member. Don't imagine that I mean only to frighten you; don't rely upon your being my only son; for if I spare not my own life for my country and the good of my people, how shall I spare you? I would rather leave my kingdom to a foreigner who deserves it, than to my own son who makes himself unworthy of it.' And in a subsequent letter, Peter said: 'Take your choice—either make yourself worthy of the throne, or embrace a monastic state.'

But Alexis seemed not at all inclined to do either; although, during fits of pretended penitence, he was willing to do anything. There is no doubt, however, that the terror of the czar was, that even if his son entered a monastery, he might still at his death be placed at the head of that party who were opposed to reform, and so recover the throne. It seems to us that this dread of future ruin to the country is the true explanation of Peter's severity; for, taking into account the barbarism of the times, and the sanguinary laws all over Europe, we can find no evidence of a cruel disposition in the history of Peter the Great.

Before the czar set out for Germany and France, he visited his son, who was then on a bed of sickness. On this occasion, Alexis solemnly promised that, if he recovered, he would embrace a monastic life; but his father was no sooner out of Russia, than the prince became suddenly well, and entered upon his former life of riot and dissipation. Some intelligence of what was occurring at home reached the czar, and he wrote a peremptory letter to his son, desiring him either to enter a monastery without delay, or join him at Copenhagen. Upon this, Alexis declared his intention of going to Copenhagen, and drew money from Menchikoff for his travelling expenses. But, apparently frightened at the thought of meeting his father—and really it is easy to fancy the incensed czar an object of great terror to the culprit—he proceeded to Vienna, there to concoct some treasonable schemes with the Emperor of Germany, who, however, alarmed at the probable consequences, got rid of him; and from Vienna he turned his steps to Naples. His plan seems to have been to get out of his father's way as far as possible, and wait the chances of life and death that might place him in some new position. But Peter I., either as a sovereign or a father, was not a personage to be treated in this manner. Accordingly, we find him despatching two messengers to Naples, to bring Alexis back to Moscow by fair means or foul. There is evidence that he accompanied them, on the solemn assurance of his father's forgiveness; and this deception certainly gives the darkest hue to the trial and condemnation which followed.

As soon as Alexis arrived at Moscow, which was in February 1718, a council was called, at which he was publicly disinherited; and after a long private conference with the czar, the particulars of which never transpired, Alexis was arraigned as a criminal, and tried for conspiring against his father's life and throne by a body of 'ministers and senators, estates military and civil.' Peter was so accustomed to make his own will the law, that in this array of judges there is clear evidence that he wished in some measure to throw the responsibility from his own shoulders, or rather to seem to do so; for no doubt the judges only strove to decide in the manner which should best please their master. After all, the condemnation chiefly rested upon the confession of Alexis himself, and the acknowledgments of his mistress, his companions, and his confessor; and the words of these were wrung from them on the rack. Certainly, Alexis made himself out to be much more guilty than any other evidence proved; and yet the czar's only excuse for revoking his pardon was, that it had been promised 'on condition that he confessed everything.'

There can be no doubt that this weak and vicious young man had been quite ready to lend himself to any plot; or, according to his own words: 'If the rebels had asked me to join them in your lifetime, I should most likely have done so—if they had been strong enough.' And in answer to another question, he said that he 'had accused himself in confession of wishing the death of his father;' but that the priest had replied that God would pardon it, as they all wished it as much.

At last he is found guilty. A council of clergy, who are among those referred to for a sentence, quote from the Bible, and especially Absalom's case, and recommend mercy. But further transgressions are said to have come to light, and the ministers, senators, and generals unanimously condemned him to death, without stating the manner or time of the same, and of course well knowing that the breath of the czar could revoke their edict.

Whether Peter intended to save his son, or really to permit his execution, is among those secrets which history can never pierce. The sentence alone literally terrified Alexis to death! On hearing it read, he fell into a fit, from the effects of which he never recovered, although he regained his senses sufficiently to implore the presence of his father. An interview was granted, at which it is said both father and son shed tears; and finally, after receiving the pardon of the czar, and the consolations of religion, the miserable Alexis breathed his last in prison on the 7th of July.

The most absurd stories were current for a long time, and repeated from mouth to mouth, and copied by one biographer after another. They are still to be found in many otherwise grave authorities. The very number and variety of these tales falsify them all. The czar was accused of poisoning his son (sending openly one messenger after another for the poison); other accounts say that he knouted him to death with his own hand; others, that he cut off his head himself, and had it privately stitched on again. The best argument against such fables is, that if Peter really wished his son's death, he had only to let the so-called 'course of justice' have its way. Besides, the circumstance of his receiving extreme unction, when on the point of death, is a fact authenticated and established.

As may be imagined, Catharine did not escape her share of these accusations; but all the evidence which remains tends to prove that, so far from meriting them, she endeavoured to incline her husband to the side of mercy.

DEATH OF PETER THE GREAT.

We are drawing near the close of the active and eventful life of Peter the Great. We need not dwell upon his Persian campaign, in which, after having found a pretext for a quarrel, because he wanted one, he acquired those sunny provinces to the south of the

Caspian, which compensated for the loss of Azov. 'It is not land I want, but water,' was his frequent exclamation when studying the requirements of his vast empire. The ruler who had first evinced his love of maritime affairs by paddling a skiff upon the Yausa, and who had inherited only a wild and barbarous inland country, was now the master of a respectable navy, the lord of the sunny Caspian and of the icy Baltic.

After his return from Persia in 1722, we find him, as usual after any lengthened absence, instituting examinations for maladministration. The Vice-chancellor Schaffiroff, one of his favourites, was condemned to death; but on the scaffold his punishment was commuted to banishment. Menchikoff was sentenced to pay 200,000 rubles into the exchequer, and was deprived of a great part of his income, and flogged by the emperor's own hand. For the infliction of this punishment Peter used his *dubina*—a cane of thick Spanish reed. Several others were disgraced, or flogged, or heavily fined—thus at once shewing the czar's impartiality, and proving how well he knew the impossibility of reforming the masses while corruption existed in high places.

In July 1724, Peter again conducted a fleet against Sweden, to enforce his claims on Sweden and Denmark in behalf of the Duke of Holstein. Having effected this purpose, he returned to Cronstadt, where he celebrated, by a splendid parade, the creation of his navy, which now consisted of forty-one ships-of-war, with 2106 cannons, and 14,960 seamen. It was on this occasion that he caused the little skiff we have mentioned to be brought from Moscow, and to be consecrated by the name of the *Little Grandsire*—the father of the Russian navy. This little shallop is still preserved at St Petersburg with almost religious veneration.

The last years of this great monarch's life were employed in providing against the inundations to which his new capital was exposed in the autumn, in continuing the Ladoga Canal, and in the erection of an Academy of Sciences. He turned his attention next to the examination and punishment of state criminals; to the promotion of the labours of the legislative body; the establishment of the order of 'Alexander Newsky;' the improvement of the condition of the monks; the banishment of the Capuchins from Russia; and a new commercial treaty with Sweden. He also betrothed his favourite daughter Anna to the Duke of Holstein in 1724, having already placed the crown, with great pomp, upon the head of his wife Catharine on the 18th of the preceding May, in token of his love and gratitude. He likewise provided that an education should be given to the surviving son of the unhappy Alexis, such as would become a future emperor of Russia—his only son by Catharine having died, as before mentioned, when a child, in 1717.

Peter had been for a considerable time in a weak state of health; but he owed the acceleration of his death to an act of humanity.

Late in the autumn of 1724, going to visit the forge and manufactory of arms at Systerbeck, he saw a boat filled with soldiers and sailors stranded, and sent a shallop to assist, but which failed in the attempt. Determined to gain his end, he set out for the spot himself; and as his vessel could not quite reach the spot, he leaped into the water, and waded to the boat, which he aided in getting off. A severe cold followed this dangerous but humane act, and this, in addition to the painful disorder from which he had long been suffering, brought on the most fatal symptoms. These came on so suddenly at last, and his sufferings were so great, that he was unable to make his last wishes perfectly intelligible. There is, however, little or no doubt that he intended to appoint his wife his successor. His words, so far as they could be understood, expressed this; and on the very day of his death she succeeded him without opposition. Catharine watched by his bedside, without quitting him, for the last three nights of his life; and he breathed his last in her arms, February 8, 1725, being only in his fifty-fourth year.

The reader of this brief biography may sum up the character of Peter the Great more satisfactorily than we can do it for him; for different minds will estimate differently his services to his country. That he was a man of powerful and original genius, who did everything himself, and was never the instrument of others, must be conceded on all hands. His ardour was joined with prudence and resolution. His violent passions and sensual excesses were the fruits of the barbarism of his nation, his imperfect education, and uncontrolled power. His services to a people so ignorant and barbarous were of the greatest possible value; indeed, all of good that Russia now enjoys may, without much exaggeration, be ascribed to him. But for him, or such as him, they might have remained till now as rude and powerless as when he found them. Among the Russians, his memory is venerated as it deserves to be. St Petersburg, the city of his love and of his creation—the 'western portal of the empire'—is now a magnificent metropolis, with palaces, arsenals, quays, bridges, academies, and temples, rising one beyond another; albeit that the severity of its climate must for ever be a drawback to its many advantages.

A Russian winter lasts from October till May; and though the temperature is a little more variable at St Petersburg than in Central Russia, in consequence of its vicinity to the sea, the cold is so intense that the river is frozen entirely, and never thaws throughout this period. The houses are heated with stoves, and not for a moment allowed to cool; the rooms have double windows, which in many cases are not opened for seven months in the year; though generally a single pane, called an air-window, is left unfastened, for the purpose of occasional ventilation. We have heard a vivid description of the precautions which are necessary on venturing out of doors, from a lady who had passed some time in Russia. Her feet encased in fur boots, and her whole person enveloped in cloaks so furred and thickly wadded that she could scarcely stand under the weight, she was conducted to her sledge or carriage; her bonnet being of velvet or satin, thickly wadded, and of a shape that tied so close as to leave only eyes, nose, and mouth exposed. From the back of the bonnet hung a thick curtain or cape, to prevent any aperture remaining at the neck; while two, and even three veils were worn to protect the face. She described these veils as freezing together with the breath in a few minutes, until they became as stiff as glass; after which, she said, the face felt comparatively 'warm and comfortable.' Nor are these wraps all, for every interstice of the carriage is filled up with furs and pillows of down.

Of course, in a climate of such severity, notwithstanding the heat and rapidity of vegetation during the short summer, agricultural products are very limited. Rye and barley, and hemp and flax, are cultivated with success; but, with the exception of wild cherries, and an inferior sort of apple, fruit-trees will not thrive in the latitude of St Petersburg.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, and the dislike of the Russian nobility to the new capital—which the poet Pushkin describes as 'a sumptuous city, a poor city, the appearance regular, the firmament of heaven of a pale green, gloom, cold, and granite'—it is still rising into importance and splendour. The successive emperors, who endeavour in many points to imitate their ancestor, have done much for St Petersburg, and are every year adding to its embellishment; having, moreover, completed a magnificent causeway, and more recently a railway, between it and Moscow. One of the chief ornaments of the city is the monument to Peter the Great, first exposed to view on the centennary of his accession to the throne. This is an equestrian statue of the czar by Falconet, representing him at full speed springing up a rock, with his hand extended, and the inscription, 'PETRO PRIMO, CATHARINA SECUNDA, 1782.' Full of expression as this masterpiece is, we can fancy that, amid the busy scenes of the day—that mercantile traffic which he called into existence—or, in the stillness of the night, beneath the starry clearness of a polar sky, the statue of the czar must seem like some yet presiding power, and awaken a thrill of emotion in even a stranger's heart. Yes; for deeds like his stretch their influence into a far future, and win a deathless memory.

PETER'S SUCCESSORS.

Catharine survived her husband only two years; and during her short reign, was chiefly guided in the administration of government by Prince Menchikoff. She was succeeded by Peter II., grandson of Peter the Great, and son of the unfortunate Alexis; and on his death, which took place in 1730, Anne, daughter of Ivan, the brother of Peter the Great, was called to the throne, chiefly by the influence of the Dolgoruki faction; a family who, however, soon lost their power, many of its members being banished to Siberia for their political offences. In 1735, the Persian provinces seized by Peter the Great were restored, although the reverses at the Pruth were retaliated by a war in alliance with Austria against the Turks. Anne expired in 1740, having bequeathed the crown, under a regency, to her grand-nephew, a child of two months old. But the discontent of the Russians at this arrangement, and at the foreign ministers who were imposed upon them, broke out into revolt, and Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great and Catharine, was called to the throne.

A war with Sweden during this reign ended by the acquisition of part of Finland by Russia; and an alliance with Maria Theresa in the war of the Austrian Succession, and the appearance on the Rhine of thirty-six thousand Russian auxiliaries, made Russia for the first time a participator in the politics of Western Europe. This princess died January 1762, sincerely regretted by her subjects, to whom she had endeared herself by the leniency of her administration. Elizabeth was succeeded by her nephew, Peter III., Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, whose first act was to break the Austrian alliance, and conclude a peace with Prussia. He abolished the torture of criminals, and instituted several wise regulations for the protection of commerce; but he displeased his subjects by his innovations with regard to the church and the army, while his consort, Catharine of Anhalt-Zerbst, who had long been at variance with him, fomented these disturbances. After reigning only six months, he was dethroned, in consequence of a conspiracy, and was thrown into prison, where he died a week afterwards—not without suspicion of his death being occasioned by violence. His wife, a woman of masculine understanding, but licentious character, succeeded him on the throne by the title of Catharine II.; and her ambition gave a fresh impulse to Russian policy, which assumed the aggressive character by which it has ever since been distinguished.

When the throne of Poland became vacant, it was a Russian army that dictated the choice of a king, although the country was distracted long afterwards by civil war. The complaints of the Porte of the continual occupation of the country by Russian troops led to a Turkish war, in which the Russians were victorious both by sea and by land. The Porte was compelled to acknowledge the Crim-Tartars independent, and to yield to Russia an extensive tract of country. About this time the first partition of Poland took place, which gave Polotsk and Moghilev to Russia, and laid the foundation of future oppressions. A dangerous conspiracy was also formed by an impostor who personated the deceased Peter III. It was, however, quelled, and he suffered death in 1775. The internal administration was simplified during this reign by the division of the empire into forty-three governments, with separate jurisdictions, and by the gradual promulgation of a new code of laws. Desert places were colonised, and hundreds of new towns built.

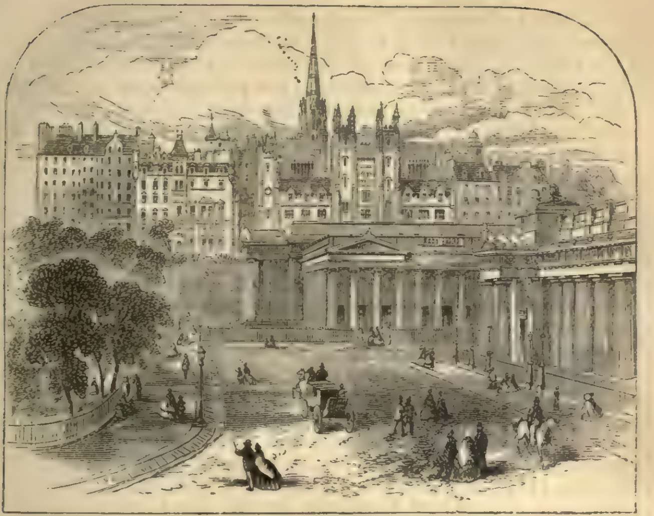
During the greater part of the reign of Catharine, the Russian policy had been opposed to that of England; but the outbreak of the French Revolution changed this disposition, and an alliance and a commercial treaty were concluded between the two powers in 1793; but no hostile part was taken by the empress against France, as her attention was engaged by the second partition of Poland, by which she gained Podolia and the Ukraine, and half Lithuania and Volhynia, besides her former acquisitions. A revolt of the Poles, however, ensued under Kosciusko and Medalinski; but it was quelled with a slaughter of twenty thousand Poles, and the nationality of this unhappy people was extinguished. The third partition now taking place, Russia added Courland and the remainder of Lithuania and Volhynia to her wide-spreading dominions.

Catharine II. having thus succeeded in the favourite object of her policy, died in 1796; and her son Paul, a weak, yet tyrannic prince, ascended the throne. He joined the second grand coalition against France; and the Russian troops under Suvorof and others distinguished themselves in Switzerland and Italy in the campaign of 1799. But soon after this Paul abandoned his allies, and concluded a peace with the First Consul, and put himself at the head of the Convention of the North—a union of the northern powers on the system of an armed neutrality against the maritime supremacy of Great Britain. A war with England seemed inevitable, when Paul was murdered in his palace by a band of conspirators in the year 1801.

He was succeeded by his son Alexander, whose first step was to effect a pacification with England, and disband an army of 45,000 Cossacks, which Paul had assembled with the wild design of attacking India. The Russian relations with France, however, remained peaceful until 1805, when Alexander refused to acknowledge Napoleon Bonaparte as emperor, and, joining with Austria against him, was defeated at the famous battle of Austerlitz. In 1806, the renewed alliance of Turkey with France was made the excuse for occupying Moldavia and Walachia; but the victories of the French led to the celebrated conference between Alexander and Napoleon, and the peace of Tilsit which followed. It is scarcely worth while to narrate the treaties and alliances made and broken during the few following years. In 1812, a final rupture with France took place, and an alliance with England and Sweden was formed. Napoleon marched an army of 500,000 men into Russia; but the disasters of the French belong more to their history than to this. The country was everywhere laid waste, and the conflagration of Moscow deprived the invaders of food and shelter, and compelled their retreat in a winter of unexampled severity even for Russia. Nine-tenths of this vast body perished amid indescribable sufferings.

After the restoration of the Bourbons to the crown of France in 1815, Russia became the head of the 'Holy Alliance' entered into by Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France, for the suppression of revolutionary principles ; and for the remainder of his reign, Alexander occupied himself chiefly with the internal affairs of his vast empire. It was during one of his tours of inspection that Alexander died at a place called Taganrog, on the river Don, December 1825, aged forty-eight. He left no children, and was succeeded by his brother Nicholas, the third son of Paul ; Constantine, the second brother, having previously renounced the succession. After a brief ebullition of reformatory zeal, Nicholas reverted to the ancient policy of the czars—absolute despotism and military rule. Among the events that marked his reign may be mentioned the conversion of the nominal kingdom of Poland into a Russian province, and the subjugation of the tribes of the Caucasus. An insane ambition to add European Turkey to his vast dominions led him into the Crimean War (1853), in which his designs were baffled by England and France. His son, Alexander II., who succeeded him in 1855, has rendered his name illustrious by the abolition of the state of serfdom in which the greater part of the peasantry were held. Throughout the present reign, as well as the last, the policy has been steadily pursued of crushing out the last sparks of national life in the Polish subjects of Russia, and effacing every trace of their once separate political existence—even to their religion and language ; while the irrepressible craving for new territories that seems to be hereditary in the reigning House, has been gratified at the expense of China and of Independent Tartary. Towards the east, the Russian empire, since 1858, extends southward to the Amur, and embraces a coast tract to the south of that river, reaching nearly to the peninsula of Corea. And in Western Turkestan the Russian outposts have, during recent years, been stealthily but steadily advancing towards the Hindu Kush ; and Khiva, Samarcand, and Bokhara are now (1869) virtually Russian towns.

Thus the empire that was in a sense created by Peter the Great now embraces a surface of nearly 8,000,000 square miles, with a population of above 77,000,000.



Mound, from Princes Street.

THE STRANGER'S VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, the capital of Scotland, occupies a picturesque situation on a cluster of eminences, at the distance of a mile and a half south from the Firth of Forth—an arm of the sea, which is here about six miles in breadth. The town has extended almost to the shore of the Firth, and has thus formed a connection with Leith, the ancient port, Newhaven, a fishing village, and Granton, a modern and rising steamboat station. The country around Edinburgh is a happy blending of hill and plain. Closely adjoining, on the east, is the Calton Hill; on the south-east, Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags; at the distance of three miles to the south-west is the range of the Pentland Hills; and within a mile on the north-west is the richly-wooded Corstorphine Hill. The rest of the neighbourhood consists of fine fertile fields, well cultivated, and ornamented with gardens and villas.

Twelve hundred years ago, Edwin, a king of Northumbria (to which this part of Scotland was then attached), built a fort on the rocky height on which the castle now stands, and hence, as is alleged, arose the name Edwinsburgh, or EDINBURGH. By many, however, this origin of the name is considered doubtful. In the Celtic language the name of the city is DUNEDIN. From the castle, a town gradually extended on the top and sides of the ridge, which slopes downwards towards the east. Originally, and for several centuries, the city was confined entirely to this ridge or hill; and at this early period it was nearly surrounded by the waters of a lake. To add to this means of defence, it was environed by walls, of which some few relics, of different eras, still exist. Edinburgh was, therefore, at one time a fortified town, reposing under the shelter of the castle at its western extremity. This, however, did not protect it from aggression. In May 1544, it was attacked by an English army under the Earl of Hertford, who was despatched by Henry VIII. to ravage Scotland, in revenge for the Scots having refused to allow their young queen (Mary) to be allied to his son (Edward VI.). On this occasion, Leith, with part of Edinburgh, was burned; but the attempt to take or injure the castle was unsuccessful. In point of fact, the castle was never captured by absolute assault; but it surrendered, after a siege, on several occasions. The last time it was invested by an army was on the occasion of the city falling into the hands of the Highland army under Prince Charles Stuart in 1745; but this force it successfully resisted. Since that period, now upwards of a century ago, its guns have happily not been fired except for military salutes.

In the twelfth century, David I., a pious and munificent Scottish monarch, founded the abbey of Holyrood, in the low ground eastward from the city; he at the same time empowered the monks or canons of this religious house to found a burgh in a westerly direction up the slope towards Edinburgh; and thus was built the CANONGATE, a suburb now in intimate union with the city—the whole apparently forming one town. In connection with Holyrood there also sprung up a royal palace, which became a favourite place of residence of the Scottish sovereigns. Not, however, until the era of the murder of James I. at Perth, in 1436-7, did Edinburgh become the distinctly recognised capital of the kingdom. Neither Perth nor Scone, Stirling nor Dunfermline, being able to offer security to royalty against the designs of the nobility, Edinburgh and its castle were thence selected as the only places of safety for the royal household, for the sittings of parliament, for the mint, and the functionaries of government. Rising into importance as some other places sunk, Edinburgh became densely crowded with population; and hampered by surrounding walls, within which it was thought necessary to keep for the sake of protection, its houses rose to a great height. Excepting the single open street extending from the castle to Holyrood, every morsel of ground was covered with houses, forming thickly packed *closes* or alleys, descending on each side from the central thoroughfare. Thus originated those lofty edifices which usually surprise strangers. In front, towards the High Street, they range from five to seven stories; but behind, towards the sloping flanks of the hill, they are considerably higher, and rising one above another, produce an exceedingly picturesque effect.

The first thing which the inhabitants seem to have done to emancipate themselves from this confinement, was to drain the morass or lake lying in the hollow on the south; and here were built extensions (now known as the Grassmarket and Cowgate), which were occupied by many of the higher classes. In times much more recent, these extensions spread over the rising ground still more to the south; and with this latter improvement, the citizens remained contented till about the middle of the eighteenth century. The cause for this slow progress was the injury which Edinburgh sustained from the union of Scotland with England in 1707. Until that event, it was the resort of royalty, and of the nobility and commons who constituted the Scottish parliament. Although, by the treaty of union, Scotland retained its peculiar institutions, laws, and courts of judicature—all having their central organisation in Edinburgh—there was sustained a serious loss in the final withdrawal of the sovereign and officers of government. The merging of the Scottish parliament in the British Houses of Lords and Commons was felt to be a fatal blow; and this disaster, as it was thought to be, Edinburgh did not recover from till the country in general took a start, consequent on the failure of the rebellion of 1745, the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions (feudal oppressions) in 1748, and the opening of trade with the American colonies. Agriculture now began to receive attention, Glasgow rose into importance, and Edinburgh, sympathising in the movement, became the seat of various banking institutions, which imparted life and vigour to the arts.

About the year 1760, the necessity for extending the town became pressing. Between the years 1763 and 1769, through the energy of Lord Provost Drummond, a lofty bridge was erected, connecting the old city with the fields on the north, on which the *New Town* was already beginning to be built. Before 1780, the New Town had covered a third of the ground designed for it; and since that period, it has been gradually extending northwards, westwards, and eastwards. Its last principal extension was the opening of a new road eastwards from Princes Street by Waterloo Place, along the face of the Calton Hill, in 1819. In the execution of the North Bridge and New Town, it was found desirable to drain the lake (North Loch) lying in the hollow, which required to be crossed. Unfortunately, the improvers of that day did not stop here, but committed the irremediable and now much-lamented error of throwing the rubbish from the foundations of the new houses into the centre of the valley, so as to form what is termed the *Earthen Mound*—a pile of materials answering the purpose of a bridge.

In proportion as the New Town arose, so did the Old Town suffer a desertion of its more respectable inhabitants. In the present day, it is occupied almost exclusively by the humbler orders and by tradesmen. About the year 1825-6, a series of improvements were planned, and begun to be carried into execution, with a view to rescue the Old Town from what appeared impending ruin. These improvements cost the inhabitants, by general taxation, about £340,000, a large portion of which was spent on buying and pulling down houses; the remainder having been expended in building George IV. Bridge, and in forming an approach from the west

The state of society in old Edinburgh prior to its desertion for the New Town, was somewhat peculiar. Each edifice was inhabited by perhaps ten or twelve families, each family occupying a floor, and the whole ascending to their respective dwellings by a common stone stair. It was customary for certain floors to be appropriated to particular ranks. In the cellar, entered by a flight of steps descending from the street or close, would live a chimney-sweep or cobbler; on the street floor was the shop of a tradesman; the first floor up would be occupied by a nobleman or judge; above whom would be the family of an advocate or a landed gentleman; next, there would be the family of a shopkeeper; and so on to the attics, in which, probably, might have been found an actor, a street-porter, or a sempstress. Thus there was a complete mingling of all ranks under one roof; a plan which, however inconvenient to some of the parties, was not without its social advantages. In the present day, the whole of the ancient tenements are appropriated to the lower, and some few of the middle classes. A number of the floors or *flats* are transformed into taverns; and by the subdivision of dwellings, houses which once were thought to be crowded with ten or twelve families, now contain four times the number. Under a single roof it has been found that as many as three hundred souls are lodged—how incommodiously, and with what deterioration of morals, may easily be conjectured.

The insalubrious and very odious condition of the narrow alleys or closes and wynds diverging from the High Street, suggested a fresh series of City Improvements, which, having been authorised by an act of parliament in 1867, are now approaching completion. By means of these alterations, the cost of which is defrayed by a public rate, several handsome and airy streets will run across and open up the dense masses of building in the Old Town. The entire outlay for these improvements is expected to be about £350,000. Independently of these alterations, a new thoroughfare, called Cockburn Street, has lately been formed on the northern side of the Old Town, by a joint-stock company. The fashion of building houses in floors for distinct families has spread from the Old to the New Town; and hence the piles of building in Edinburgh are generally very much larger than those of London, and, as respects size and appearance, nearly resemble those of Paris and other continental cities. The rent of a floor in respectable parts of the town usually varies from £30 to £70 per annum; while that payable for entire, or, as they are here called, *self-contained* houses, is from £50 to £300, according to size and elegance. The local rates add about twenty per cent. to these charges.

Altogether built of a white and durable sandstone, which retains a clean and fresh appearance for a considerable length of time, the general aspect of the houses is that of great solidity, if not architectural elegance, the design being usually chaste, and the masonry of the first order. It may almost be said that, for the most part, the private excel the public edifices in beauty. The public buildings, however, are, on the whole, above mediocrity. With one or two exceptions, they are from the best classic models, and at least do not violate good taste. The Scott Monument, the work of a native self-taught artist, is without a parallel in the metropolis, and will be viewed with admiration by all strangers as a marvel of art.

Edinburgh is not a manufacturing town—a circumstance arising partly from its situation, and partly from the constitution of its society, which is essentially aristocratic, literary, and professional. The only businesses carried on to a large extent are printing, with the kindred arts; iron-founding, brewing, and coach-building. The largest manufactories of paper in Scotland are situated on the North Esk, within a distance of ten miles. The town has long been distinguished for its banking and life-insurance institutions. The principal profession is that of the law, in connection with the supreme courts. The next in importance is that of education, which has many able professors and teachers. Edinburgh is indeed resorted to by families from all parts of the empire for the sake of its numerous well-conducted schools. Taking a tone from these circumstances, the general society of Edinburgh is usually considered to be of a refined character; and this it seems likely to maintain from its increasing intercourse with the metropolis.

In 1871, the population of Edinburgh, with its suburbs, was 197,500. Estimating at present the population of Edinburgh and Leith together at 260,000, it bears no comparison in point of numbers with that of Glasgow; the rapid increase of which is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of Scotland.

Edinburgh is a royal burgh, dating from the twelfth century. In virtue of recent statutes, it is governed by a municipal corporation, numbering forty-one members, constituting the town-council. This body elects from itself a Lord Provost and six bailies, who form the magistracy. Each member of council is elected for three years. The whole of the police force is under direction of the council. Police-courts are held daily for petty offences and crimes.

The clergy of the Established Church in Edinburgh were formerly supported by stipends derived from a local impost called the annuity-

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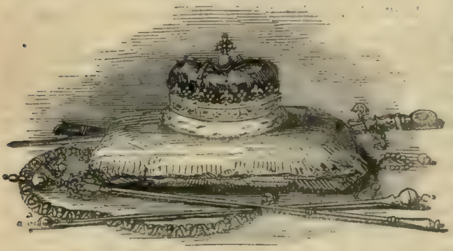
tax. This tax was redeemed in 1870 by payment of £56,500 by the corporation to Ecclesiastical Commissioners appointed to manage the fund for behoof of the ministers of certain parishes. In 1876, the number of churches and chapels in Edinburgh was as follows: Church of Scotland, 33; Free Church, 38; United Presbyterian, 23; other Presbyterians, 4; Scottish Episcopal, 12; English Episcopal, 2; Baptist, 5; Congregationalist, 4; Evangelical Union, 3; Methodist, 3; Roman Catholic, 3; Unitarian, 1; other bodies, including 1 Jews' synagogue, 9; total, 140. Besides all this, there is much in the way of missionary enterprise in certain localities.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE OLD TOWN.

THE CASTLE.—The stranger usually goes first to visit the castle. It may be entered freely; no order is required to see the regalia, which are shewn from noon till three o'clock.

The rock on which the fortress is built rises to a height of 383 feet above the level of the sea, and its battlements, towering above the city, may be seen in some directions for forty and fifty miles. The rock is precipitous on all sides but the east; here it is connected with the town by an open esplanade. The walls are believed not to be more than three hundred years old. The principal buildings, now used as barracks, are at the south-east corner, and among these is an old palace, partly built by Queen Mary in 1565, and partly in 1616. Pretty nearly the whole interest in a visit to the castle pertains to this edifice. Entering by a doorway in a projecting staircase, fronting a quadrangular court, we are conducted into a small vaulted apartment containing the regalia; the different objects being placed on an oval table, securely enclosed within a kind of cage of upright bars. The whole articles shewn are what were in use by the Scottish sovereigns previous to the Union; and hence will be viewed as distinct emblems of the old Scottish nationality. The crown lies on a cushion of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, and is surrounded by the sceptre, the sword with its sheath, and the treasurer's mace. The room is fitted up with crimson hangings, tastefully disposed; the whole lighted up by four lamps. The crown is very elegantly formed, the under part being a golden



diadem, consisting of two circles, chased and adorned with precious stones and pearls. The upper circle is surmounted by crosses fleury, interchanged with fleurs-de-lis, and with small points, terminated by costly pearls. This was the old crown, and the date is unknown, though the era of Bruce has been referred to with much probability. James V. added two concentric arches of gold, crossing and intersecting each other above the circles, and surmounted by a ball or globe, over which rises a cross patée, adorned with diamonds. The cap or tiara of the crown is of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, and adorned with pearls; but this was only substituted by James VII. for the former cap or tiara of purple velvet, which had become much decayed during the concealment of the regalia in the time of the civil war. The sceptre is a slender rod of silver, thirty-two inches in length, chased, and varied in its form. It terminates with three small figures, representing the Virgin Mary, St Andrew, and St James, over whose heads rises a crystal globe. With this sceptre the lord chancellor of Scotland touched the acts of parliament in token of the royal assent. The sword of state is very elegant, both in form and proportion. It was a present from Pope Julius II. to James IV. of Scotland (slain at Flodden); and having been wrought in Italy shortly after the revival of the arts, is a beautiful specimen of sculpture. The handle is of silver, gilded, and the cross or guard is wreathed in imitation of two dolphins. The scabbard is adorned with filigree-work of silver, representing boughs and leaves of oak with acorns; the device of Pope Julius being an oak-tree in fruit. The last monarch who used the crown was Charles II., while in Scotland, previous to the disastrous battle of Worcester. Saved by friends of royalty during the civil war, the regalia were afterwards deposited in a chest in the room in which they are now shewn. In 1817, these interesting relics were taken from their place of deposit, and thus freely exposed to public view.

Leaving the regalia, the stranger next visits, in the same pile of building, but entered by a different door, the room in which Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., on the 19th of June 1566. It is a small irregular-shaped apartment, of about eight feet square, and lighted by a single window, overlooking the precipice beneath. The roof is divided into four compartments, having the figure of a thistle at each corner, and a crown and the initials M. R. in the centre. When George IV. visited the castle in 1822, he was conducted, at his own request, to this little room, so interesting for its historical associations. The portrait of Queen Mary, in the ante-chamber, is a copy by the late Sir J. W. Gordon, from the original by Turino.

Near the above-mentioned edifice is a Half-moon Battery, facing the Old Town, and completely commanding the approaches to the fort. From this battery a time-gun is daily fired at one o'clock P.M. Greenwich time; and in calm weather the report is heard to a distance of more than twenty miles. The gun is fired by means of an electric wire stretching over the city, with but one intermediate support, from the Observatory on the Calton Hill. Farther round to the north, overlooking the Argyll Battery, is the Bomb Battery, whence is obtained a very extensive prospect of the New Town, the environs, the Firth of Forth, and the coast of Fife. On this lofty battery stands an ancient piece of ordnance, called *Mons Meg*, which is considered a kind of national palladium of Scotland. This gun, which is composed of long bars of beat iron, hooped together by a close series of rings, measuring twenty inches in the bore, is supposed to have been fabricated under the auspices of James IV., who, in 1498, employed it at the siege of Norham Castle, on the borders of England. It was rent in 1682, when firing a salute, since which time it has been quite useless. Having been removed to England, and deposited in the Tower of London, it was restored to its old position, at the solicitation of the Scotch, in 1829. It appears to have been customary to fire from it bullets of stone, which were afterwards economically sought for and picked up for future use. Some of these are piled alongside of *Meg*.

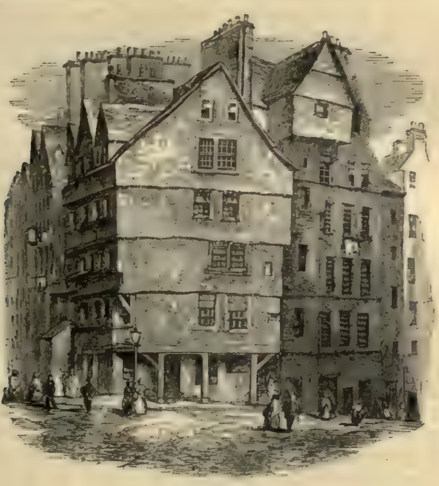
On a rocky protuberance near *Mons Meg* stands a small chapel of great antiquity; it is said to have been founded by Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore. Latterly, it has been repaired, and is in good preservation.

On the western side of the castle are some tall barracks, and also the arsenal or storehouses, in which are contained thirty thousand stand of arms. These and other objects of curiosity are shewn to strangers. Edinburgh Castle is one of the forts enjoined by the treaty of Union to be kept up in Scotland; but, with the range of modern artillery, it would be of little avail for military defence, and, owing to its exposure, it is ill-suited as a site for barracks.

The long line of street extending from the Castle to Holyrood—called at different parts Castle-hill, Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate—embraces various objects of interest. This was the one thoroughfare of ancient Edinburgh; and, as already stated, many of the black and half-dilapidated houses which environ it were formerly inhabited by people of distinction.

CASTLE-HILL.—This esplanade, now trimmed and used for military drills, and on which stand a statue of the Duke of York and a monument to the officers and soldiers of the 78th Highlanders who fell in the Indian Mutiny in 1857-58, was in old times a place of public execution in Edinburgh. In the reign of James VI., many unhappy beings, accused of witchcraft, were here burned at the stake. On the south is a pleasant view of Heriot's Hospital; and on the north, near the entrance to the gardens, is seen an octagonal edifice, which was built in 1754 by Allan Ramsay, author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and other poetical pieces, and whom Burns was so desirous to emulate. In entering Castle-hill Street, we observe, in the wall of the right-hand corner edifice, a bullet, said to have been fired from the castle in repelling the Highland army in 1745—a *striking* memorial of the strife of past times.

ASSEMBLY HALL.—At the point of junction of Castle-hill Street with the Lawnmarket, we have on our right a new church, with a handsome spire, which rises to a height of 240 feet. This edifice, besides being used as a place of public worship, is employed as the hall of meeting of the General Assembly of the Established Church: this meeting takes place annually in May, and being attended by a nobleman commissioned by the crown to represent royalty, a more than usual bustle is occasioned in the town. Over the doorway of the building is the familiar cognisance of the Church of Scotland—the burning bush, with the motto, *Nec tamen consumebatur*—'Nevertheless not consumed.'



Head of West Bow.

On the opposite side of the street is the Assembly Hall of the Free Church, but the principal entrance is from the quadrangle of the Free Church College, at the head of the Mound. This college was erected shortly after the Disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843, for the education of ministers for the seceding or Free Church. The front of the building is towards the New Town; and when looked at from Princes Street, and more especially from Hanover Street, it presents a striking architectural effect, by combining with the spire of the Established Assembly Hall.

WEST BOW—GRASSMARKET.—At the corner opposite this latter edifice is all that remains of the West Bow—a curious old winding alley, which led to the Grassmarket; and down which, as the readers of *Old Mortality* will remember, were hurried bands of unfortunate Covenanters for execution. The wretched Captain Porteous, as is mentioned in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, was also dragged down this narrow thoroughfare to meet his unhappy doom. The Grassmarket is a wide open street, where weekly markets are now held. The Bow has been almost entirely destroyed by modern alterations.

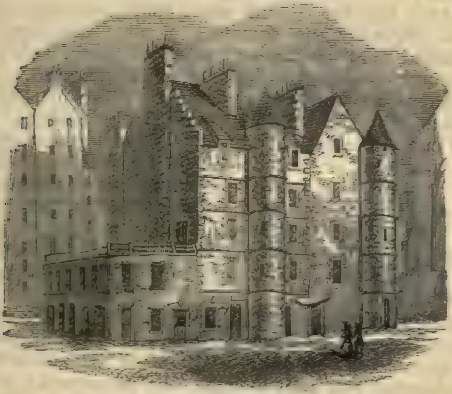
HIGHLAND SOCIETY.—In proceeding down the Lawnmarket, we have occasion to pass, on the right, the new street formed by George IV. Bridge. Going along this a little way, we arrive at the chambers of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. This Society, composed of noblemen and gentlemen interested in improving the condition of the Highlands, was founded by charter in 1787, since which period it has greatly extended its operations, and is at present one of the most important associations in Scotland. Its leading object is the improvement of agriculture, in which it has achieved remarkable results. Just before coming to this point, Victoria Street opens to the right, leading to the Grassmarket. A noble pile of buildings in the old Scotch style, erected recently by Messrs Lawson & Sons at the entrance to Victoria Street, offers a fine specimen of street architecture.

COUNTY HALL.—Returning to the Lawnmarket, we observe, at the entrance to George IV. Bridge, a large public building called the County Hall, in which the courts of the sheriff, and other affairs connected with the county, were till lately conducted. Its architecture is after the purest Grecian models (the Temple of Erechtheus, in particular); but it is nevertheless a somewhat heavy edifice, and far from convenient in its internal arrangements. Everything has been sacrificed to make an elegant front. A new County Hall has been lately erected a short way along the Bridge.

BANK OF SCOTLAND.—At the foot of a short street leading northwards from the Lawnmarket, stands the Bank of Scotland. The building is comparatively modern, but the institution which it accommodates was the first established bank in Scotland, having been incorporated in 1695 by an act of the Scots parliament. Quite recently the building has been greatly extended and completely renovated exteriorly; and viewed from Princes Street, it forms one of the finest architectural features of Edinburgh.

SITE OF OLD TOLBOOTH.—The old County Hall faces an open quadrangular space, on the right of which is the Signet Library; in front is the church of St Giles, and on the left an open street, where once stood the Old Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh—more familiarly, the Heart of Mid-Lothian. It was a gloomy pile of building, four stories in height, and built in 1561, for the accommodation of parliament and the courts of justice—also for the confinement of prisoners. In 1640, it was solely appropriated for prisoners, and continued to be so used till the period of its demolition in 1817. The place of public execution was a low erection of modern date at the west end. The door of entrance, which was situated within a few feet of the north-west corner of the church, was removed, along with the ponderous lock and key, to Abbotsford, where they were prized as curiosities by Sir Walter Scott, and are now to be seen. Near the spot where stood the doorway there is an arrangement in the stones of the causeway resembling a heart.

ST GILES'S CHURCH.—This large and conspicuous edifice, which occupies a prominent situation in the High Street, at the centre of the town, is of unknown antiquity, and it is only known to have existed in the fourteenth century. Until the Reformation, it was a collegiate church, dedicated to St Giles, the patron saint of the town; it was provided with thirty-six altars, and had nearly a hundred clergymen and other attendants. At the Reformation, all this was swept away; its endowments were sequestrated and mis-spent; for some time it was the only parish church in the city, while its ministrations were conducted by John Knox, the eminent Scottish Reformer. The building was afterwards divided by walls, so as to form separate parish churches, with different entrances; and in this condition it remained till a recent period, when it underwent a thorough repair and a new casing with stone. It still consists of several compartments, employed as parish churches; that on the east being called the High Church. It was originally of the usual cruciform shape, and of Gothic architecture, but was never an elegant


Old Tolbooth.

building, and its restorations have not materially improved it. The finest thing about it is the central square turret, the top of which is encircled with open figured stone-work, and from the different corners of the tower spring arches, which, meeting together, produce the appearance of an imperial crown. This elegant object is prominent above the whole of the town, and being 161 feet in height, it may be seen from a great distance. In the tower is a suite of music-bells, which are played daily at one o'clock. The only work of art of any interest within the body of the building is the monument of the Regent Murray (assassinated at Linlithgow on the 23d of January 1569-70). The Choir, or east end, consisting of the High Church, has been lately restored to nearly its original condition, and is worthy of a visit from strangers.

PARLIAMENT SQUARE.—This open space, on the south of the church, was originally the cemetery of St Giles, but afterwards became a paved close or square, environed partly with private and partly with public buildings. Those of a private kind, containing a number of shops, having been destroyed by fire in 1824, their site has since been occupied with handsome public edifices. With the exception of one of them—a bank—all the buildings are appropriated as court-houses and certain offices therewith connected. In the middle of the square is an equestrian statue of Charles II., in a Roman dress. This is one of the oldest *lions* in the city. It was erected in 1685, about two months after the death of the king. The material of which it is composed is lead, bronzed. On the pedestal is a Latin inscription, laudatory of the personage who is commemorated.

At the south-west corner of the square we enter, by a door in the arcade, one of the most interesting edifices in Edinburgh—

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.—This place of assembly for the Scottish parliament was built in 1640. By an exercise of bad taste, the original and picturesque front was altered to the present style early in the present century; and it is only on passing the lobby that we find ourselves introduced to the fine old hall, which formed the principal part of the original edifice.

The hall extends to the length of 122 feet by a breadth of 49, and has a lofty roof of oak, arched and disposed in the same style of open wood-work as that of Westminster Hall, with pendent gilt knobs. It was in this hall that the Scottish parliament sat previous to the Union. This assemblage consisted of but one house—commons, nobility, and dignitaries of the church all being united in one body. The throne of the king stood at the south end, beneath the great window, and was an erection of considerable altitude. Thence, along the sides of the apartment, were the seats of the bishops and nobility, and before these, on each side, were forms, where sat the commissioners of counties and boroughs. In the middle was a long table, at which sat the Lord Clerk Register and his assistants, taking the minutes, and recording the decisions as delivered by the Chancellor. At the upper end of the table lay the regalia, whose presence was indispensable. The bar of the house was at the foot of the table, nearly halfway down the apartment, beyond which there was an area partitioned off for the use of the public, and a small gallery for the same purpose.

The floor is now relieved from all these incumbrances, and affords an open space for the perambulations of advocates and others concerned in the business of the Court of Session; such being the supreme civil court of Scotland. The court-rooms adjoin the hall, which, in the present day, is decorated with statues and pictures of distinguished lawyers of past times. The chief law bodies constitute an organisation called the College of Justice, which was instituted by James V. in 1532. A splendid coloured glass window lately put up at the south end of the hall represents the ceremony of institution. This fine work of art was executed at Munich, and cost five thousand pounds.

The Court of Session consists of thirteen judges, who, for the dispatch of business, constitute two distinct chambers or divisions, to either of which litigants can carry their cases. The presiding judge in the first division is the Lord President, and that of the second division is the Lord-justice Clerk.

The Court of Session, as the highest civil court in Scotland, possesses all those peculiar powers exercised in England by the Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Admiralty, and others, being both a court of law and equity. The judges, on certain occasions, resolve themselves into courts of criminal jurisprudence, constituting the High Court of Justiciary, and the circuits or assizes. They likewise, on occasions, form the Teind Court—a judicature for regulating certain secular matters connected with the Established Church: as the plantation of churches, division of parishes, and allocation of stipends, out of the teind or tithe held by the heritors or landed gentry. All these courts are freely open to the public; and strangers will feel interested in observing the decorous manner in which the business is conducted. If from England, they will, in particular, take some interest in the proceedings of the High Court of Justiciary, in which they will observe that the cases are conducted by a public officer of the crown—the Lord Advocate or one of his deputes; and that the jury consists of 15 persons, who decide by a majority. The Faculty of Advocates is an association of barristers entitled to plead before the supreme courts, and who act as counsel to litigants. The attorneys qualified to conduct cases belong mainly to two bodies—the Writers to the Signet, and the Solicitors before the Supreme Courts. An act passed in 1873, however, assigns this right to 'law-agents,' who do not require to belong to either of these.

THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY.—The library of the Faculty of Advocates is the largest collection of books in Scotland, and to literary men in Edinburgh, by the liberal indulgence of its proprietors, it answers the purpose, to a certain extent, which is effected by the library of the British Museum in London. Like that national institution, it is entitled to a copy of every work published in the United Kingdom. The Advocates' Library has undergone various changes of place, and is yet far from enjoying a proper suite of apartments. On entering by a door from the hall of the Parliament House, one division of the library is reached by descending a stair to the left, while the other division occupies a hall opposite the entrance. The rooms below contain some of the more curious old treasures of literature; and it is understood that it was in these now dingy chambers that that odious tribunal, the Scottish Privy Council, held its sittings on the unhappy objects of regal tyranny in the seventeenth century. In the upper hall, which is only part of a building to be afterwards extended, are the works more immediately in request by the advocates. Among the articles in the collection most prized for their rarity may be mentioned a manuscript Bible of St Jerome's translation, believed to have been written in the eleventh century, and which is known to have been used as the conventual copy of the Scriptures in the abbey of Dunfermline; a complete copy, in two volumes, of the first printed Bible, executed in bold black-letter, by Faust and Gutenberg (probably worth £3000); a set of the Gospels, written in the Tamul language, upon dried weeds or leaves, and arranged in a case; the original Solemn League and Covenant, drawn out in 1580, and bearing a beautiful autograph signature of James VI., besides those of many of his courtiers; a manuscript copy of the Covenant of 1638, bearing the original signatures of all the eminent men of that time; some letters of Mary Queen of Scots; the Wodrow manuscripts; and a few ancient manuscripts of the classics.

THE SIGNET LIBRARY.—The library of the Writers to the Signet occupies a building also connected with the Parliament House, from which it may be entered, the principal doorway, however, being from the open space which is in front of the County Hall. The building exteriorly presents a handsome Grecian façade of two stories; within, it forms an upper and lower apartment, both of which are of elegant appearance, and fitted up as a library. The upper room, approached by a spacious staircase and lobby, is 140 feet long by 42 feet wide, with an elliptical arched ceiling, very richly panelled, and supported by twenty-four fluted columns of the Corinthian order. Between the columns on the south side there are windows, and the room is further lighted by a large cupola in the centre of the ceiling. The books are arranged in presses between and behind the pillars, and a gallery runs along the whole, at the height of twenty feet. The floor is of oak, covered with a rich carpet, and all the furniture is of a splendid description. The whole cost of the room is said to have amounted to nearly £12,000. The lobby and staircase are embellished with busts and portraits of eminent personages connected with the Scottish judicature.

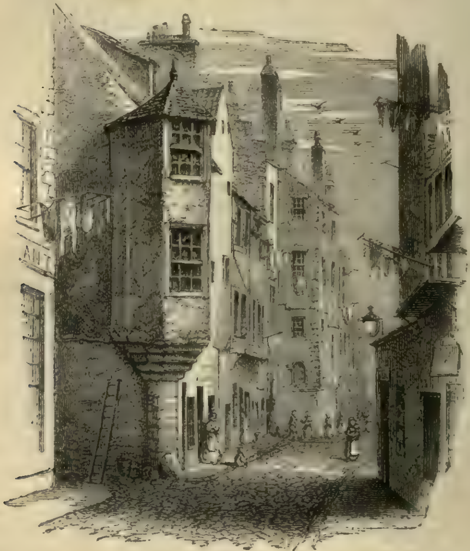
HIGH STREET—CANONGATE.—Passing from the Parliament Square by the north-east entry, the stranger again finds himself in the High Street, and exactly in front of the ROYAL EXCHANGE—a large building, with a central courtyard, employed for the meetings of the town-council and other civic purposes. On the right, in issuing from the Parliament Square, is the POLICE-OFFICE, a building of recent date. A little lower down, near the centre of the street, is the site of the ancient Cross of Edinburgh, removed in 1756. The demolition of this ancient fabric has since been much regretted: Scott alludes to the circumstance in *Marmion:*

'Dun-Edin's cross, a pillared stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet clang.
Oh, be his tomb as lead to lead
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
A minstrel's malison is said.'

The spot is now marked by a circle of stones in the causeway; and here public proclamations are still made. The ancient shaft of the cross has lately been recovered, and erected within the railings of St Giles's Church. Proceeding down the street, we arrive on the right at Hunter Square. The corner building here, facing the High Street, occupies the site of an antique tenement, known as the Black Turnpike, in which Mary Queen of Scots was lodged on her surrender at Carberry Hill, 15th June 1567. On the other side of the opening into Hunter Square stands the Tron Church. Adjoining is the crossing to North and South Bridge Streets. Proceeding eastwards along High Street, we come, on the right, to one of the streets constructed during the recent improvements. It has caused the demolition of one of the most notable of the wynds or closes characteristic of old Edinburgh—viz., Blackfriars Wynd. At the foot of this wynd, with a turret projecting into the Cowgate, stood the palace of James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, 1509, afterwards occupied by his nephew, Cardinal Beaton, and in which King James V. lodged, 1528, preparatory to summoning a parliament. Farther down, we reach the head of the Canongate; but before entering this contracted part of the thoroughfare, we have occasion to see on the left or north side an old edifice, which was at one time the house of JOHN KNOX. A small effigy, in stone, popularly supposed to represent the Reformer, occupies the projecting angle of the building.

A short way farther along on the south side, will be seen St Mary Street, a handsome row of buildings, erected under the authority of the Improvement Act 1867. Midway down St Mary Street is a building for the Catholic Institute, which occupies the site of Boyd's Inn, at which Samuel Johnson alighted on his celebrated tour to the Hebrides, August 17, 1773.

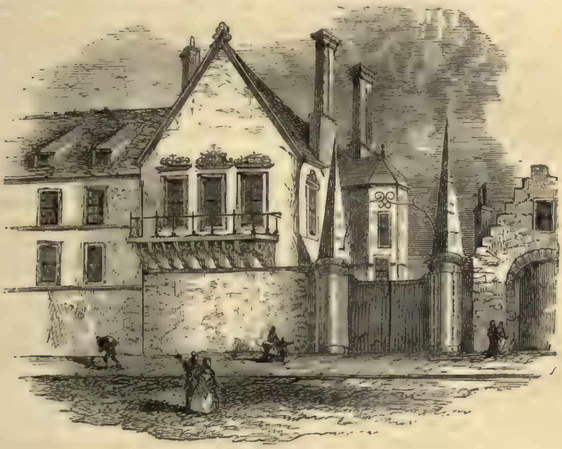
The Canongate will be traversed with melancholy interest. Once the court end of the town, and occupied by persons of distinction, it is now abandoned to the meanest of the mean—several houses are dilapidated, and the street flutters in rags and wretchedness. A considerable way down, on the right, stands Moray House, built in the reign of Charles I., where Oliver Cromwell took up his quarters in 1648. It is now occupied as a training college for teachers of the Free Church. On the left-hand side, nearly opposite, is the old prison of the burgh, distinguished by a picturesque projecting clock, and the church and churchyard. In this obscure cemetery lie the remains of the illustrious Adam Smith, author of the *Wealth of Nations*, also of Robert Fergusson, an unfortunate Scottish poet, over whose remains Robert Burns piously erected a monument. A little farther down, on the south side of the street, stands Queensberry


Cardinal Beaton's House.

House—a large dull edifice, formerly the residence of the Dukes of Queensberry, now a House of Refuge for destitute poor.

At the foot of the Canongate the stranger enters the precinct of Holyrood, and has before him the celebrated

PALACE OF HOLYROOD.—A palace was built here in connection with the abbey founded by David I., and this old structure was considerably renovated by James V. The whole, however, was destroyed by Cromwell, excepting the north-west angle, or that portion fronting the spectator as he approaches from the Canongate. All the rest is comparatively modern, having been built in the reign of Charles II., but in a way to harmonise with the older part then remaining. The architect on this occasion was Sir William Bruce, and the building was executed by Robert Mylne, whose tomb may be seen on the north side of the chapel. The design of the palace by Bruce seems to be much the same as that of Hampton Court. The edifice is of stone, and of a quadrangular figure, with an open court in the centre, surrounded by piazzas. The whole is in a plain Grecian style of architecture.



Moray House.

Having been erected after the Scottish monarchs had removed to England, the palace generally cannot be said ever to have been a royal residence for more than short periods. Of the surviving portion of the older palace a different history can be told. James V. was father of Mary, and when that unfortunate princess landed in Scotland, she was conducted to the palace which her father had erected. The house was of large dimensions, much larger than at present; but Mary selected for her private apartments those which occupied the north-western angle of the building, comprehended chiefly in two turrets. Fortunately, this was the part saved from the outrage of Cromwell's soldiers. Thus, by an accident, Mary's apartments are preserved.

Ascending a stone staircase from the piazza of the court, under the guidance of an ever-ready attendant, we reach these rooms, so full of historical associations, and are naturally surprised to observe how simply the beautiful queen had been accommodated. In the first place, there is a vestibule, where the blood of Rizzio is still shewn upon the floor; though, we allow, it requires a stretch of faith to detect its appearance. Next is her presence-chamber—a room of large dimensions, with a carved oak roof, embellished with ciphers of different kings, queens, and princes, in faded paint and gold. The walls are decked with a great variety of pictures and prints; and some old chairs and other furniture are preserved. Adjacent to this apartment, occupying the front of the tower, is the bed-chamber of Mary, in which her bed is shewn, in a very decayed condition. The only other two apartments are a small dressing-room and a cabinet, in which last she was sitting at supper when Rizzio was assailed by his assassins. Near the door which leads from the bed-chamber into this apartment is shewn a private staircase in the solid wall, communicating with a suite of rooms below, which perhaps were those occupied by Darnley, as it is known he conducted the conspirators by this passage into the presence of his wife. These two small rooms contain a few objects of interest, said to have belonged to the queen's toilet; also some tapestry, wrought by her own hand. Cold and deserted, and with all around having the appearance of age and decay, Mary's apartments cannot fail to inspire melancholy reflections; but to the reader of history, the view of the scene here disclosed will at the same time afford a new pleasure—the satisfaction of seeing the actual spot where events took place which have for centuries been the theme of narratives and discussions. It is but right to add that critical antiquaries, while they allow that the disposition of the rooms is much the same as in the days of Queen Mary, pronounce that the furniture is much more recent, and that the articles shewn as relics of Mary and her court are wholly spurious.

Having seen Queen Mary's apartments, little else in the palace is worth looking at. In a long apartment, in which takes place the election of representative Scottish peers for the House of Lords, are exhibited 'portraits of a hundred and six Scottish monarchs.' Being merely daubs with a fictitious likeness, they are treated with deserved contempt. The other apartments are fitted up principally in a modern style. For the accommodation of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and her royal consort, the interior of the palace was much improved, and the exterior was at the same time much beautified. When George IV. was in Scotland in 1822, he held courts in one of the apartments.

ABBEY OF HOLYROOD.—Partially adhering to the walls of the palace, and now a roofless ruin, this was at one time an exceedingly handsome structure, built in the florid Gothic style. On the occasion of the incursion of the Earl of Hertford in 1544, it received its first great blow, the interior being sacked, and the monks contumeliously scattered. It again suffered from an invasion of the English in 1547, and from that time sunk to the condition of a chapel-royal. In this state it was the scene of Queen Mary's marriage with Darnley, July 29, 1565.

Throughout the seventeenth century, Holyrood Chapel was at different times fitted up by orders of the Stuarts, as an exemplar for worship according to the English ritual; but, as the readers of history know, with no good effect on the Scottish people. At the Revolution, it was despoiled by a mob, and afterwards remained in a dilapidated state for seventy-two years. The roof being then decayed, was taken down, and replaced by a new covering; this was most injudiciously composed of flagstones, the weight of which brought it down, to the damage of the building, in 1768. Since that period, the chapel has been an open ruin. It is now used only as a place of sepulture by some families of note. A few of the ancient tombstones in the floor are interesting.

QUEEN'S PARK—ARTHUR'S SEAT.—Behind the abbey and palace of Holyrood are the open grounds styled the Queen's Park, wherein arise the rugged hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. The park, which includes these hills, extends to about four miles in circumference, and was enclosed by James V. with a stone wall, the greater part of which still exists. Whatever might have been the condition of the grounds in early times, they have for many years been destitute of trees, and suitable only for pasture. The whole grounds are under the charge of Her Majesty's Board of Works, by which various improvements have been lately effected.

As the whole of this interesting royal demesne is open to the public, the stranger should not quit Edinburgh without visiting at least Arthur's Seat, the more lofty and prominent of the two hills. Under the auspices of the late Prince Consort, a remarkably fine carriage-drive was made round Arthur's Seat, about half-way to the summit, and from which there is a magnificent view in all directions. It is called the Queen's Drive. Both hills are of the same mineralogical character—greenstone and trap-tuff ejected by volcanic action, and offer a study to the geologist. Arthur's Seat rises to a height of 700 feet from the meadow at its base, or 822 feet above the level of the sea.

Foot-passengers ascending Arthur's Seat usually proceed by way of St Anthony's Chapel, the ruins of which occupy the summit of a knoll projecting from the northern side of the hill. This religious structure is of considerable antiquity, and it is only by the name that it is known to have been a dependency of the preceptory of St Anthony in Leith. Along with some adjoining cells, it has long been in ruins, little now remaining but a portion of the side-wall; efforts, however, have been made to prevent further demolition. The view from this height is very charming. In the ascending path to the chapel is 'St Anton's Well'—a beautiful spring of clear water, which, proceeding out of the rock, is emptied into a stone basin, and at one time furnished a humble beverage to the recluses above. This little fountain will perhaps be viewed with some further degree of interest by visitors of a poetic turn of mind, on recollecting the allusion to it in the old Scottish lyric:

'Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed—
  The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
St Anton's Well shall be my drink,
  Since my true love 's forsaken me.'

At a short distance, in the low ground, beyond St Margaret's Loch, and near the eastern extremity of the park, is seen Muschet's Cairn—a low hillock of stones, cast by passengers on the spot where a wretch named Muschet had closed a long course of cruelty towards his unfortunate wife by murdering her, with circumstances of uncommon barbarity. This dreary spot, with the surrounding scene, it will be recollected, is graphically described in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The whole precincts of the park, indeed, may, from similar allusions by Scott, be described as classic ground. The valley of Hunter's Bog, between the two hills; the pathway round the brow of Salisbury Crags; and St Leonards, a knoll with a few cottages, at the southern exit from the park, are all points which usually engage the attention of strangers. In a clear day, the view from the top of Arthur's Seat is extensive and grand—embracing a stretch of sea and land from Ben Ledi in the west to the Bass in the east, and from the Lammermuir Hills in the south to the Lomond Hills in Fife in the north. This wide circumference, taking in the larger portion of the Lothians and shores of the Firth of Forth, contains the bulk of the historical district of Scotland—that with which the principal events were connected from the invasion of the Romans till the battle of Prestonpans. The view towards the south, either from the summit of the hill or the new road half-way up, embraces Duddingston Loch and village at its base, and about a mile beyond, Craigmillar Castle, which was for a time inhabited by Mary Queen of Scots.

Holyrood House and its park, in virtue of an ancient privilege, form a legalised sanctuary for debtors. A small number of individuals, who have found it necessary to protect their persons for a time from the grasp of the law, are constantly to be found residing here, in the humble abodes which surround the palace. Refugees have liberty to leave the sanctuary from twelve o'clock on Saturday night for the space of twenty-four hours. This is the only remaining sanctuary in the British Islands.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE SOUTH SIDE.

Proceeding along South Bridge Street from the High Street, the stranger will have occasion to pass and look down upon the Cowgate—in appearance a kind of subterranean street—at one time a gay suburb of Edinburgh, but now inhabited chiefly by dealers in old furniture and other articles. Beyond the arch whence a bird's-eye view of this lower region is obtained, we arrive on the left at a street in which is situated the ROYAL INFIRMARY, or principal hospital for the sick and hurt in Edinburgh; for which, however, new buildings have been erected on the site of George Watson's Hospital.

THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART is a gigantic public establishment built and maintained by government, exceedingly worthy of being visited by strangers. The collection of objects is extensive and varied, and is kept in the finest order. The narrow thoroughfare, North College Street, which led to it, has been cleared out to make room for a splendid new street called Chambers Street; and the buildings of the Museum itself have been greatly extended.

THE COLLEGE, or University of Edinburgh, is a massive structure in a heavy Grecian style of architecture, facing South Bridge Street. In the reign of Queen Mary, this district was all open ground, on which was an old religious establishment called the 'Kirk of Field.' On the spot, a university was instituted by James VI. in the year 1582; and by means of subsequent benefactions from the crown and from individuals, the establishment attained a respectable footing. It now consists of about forty professors. The different classes are attended by upwards of two thousand students, who wear no peculiar garb, and reside in lodgings in the town. The whole of the buildings primarily used for the College existed till 1789, when the new buildings were begun to be erected. As now finished, they form a huge structure, with a large court in the centre. On the south is the library; the other places being devoted to classrooms and other accommodations. A number of distinguished men in science and literature have been connected with this institution; among others may be mentioned the illustrious Cullen, Black, Gregory, Fergusson, Stewart, Brown, Wilson, Blair, Robertson, Playfair, Leslie, the Monros, and Hamilton. The College of Edinburgh still maintains a high reputation as a school of medicine and surgery.

PLACE OF DARNLEY'S MURDER.—Opposite the College, at the north-west corner of Drummond Street, stood the house at Kirk of Field, where Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was blown up by gunpowder early in the morning of February 10, 1567. There are now plain buildings with shops on the spot.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, &c.—This is an institution distinct from the University. To strangers, it is only interesting for its valuable museum, chiefly consisting of preparations; though to some a sight of these will be far from pleasing. The building is situated in Nicolson Street, a short way from the University. Further on, in the same street, is the ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND (male). The female blind occupy a fine new building in South Newington.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL.—This old and respected institution is situated in an open ground in Lauriston, and is approached by George IV. Bridge, or by a street near the College. As the name imports, Heriot's Hospital was founded and endowed by George Heriot, jeweller to James VI., in the year 1624. The building, from a design of Inigo Jones, was begun in 1628, and finished in 1650. It is a large handsome structure, in the Elizabethan style, with turrets, and enclosing a quadrangular court. The cost of its erection was £30,000, which nearly swallowed up the funds; but, by careful management, these are now more than adequate for all demands, and the overplus, under powers granted by a late act of parliament, is devoted to the erection and support of schools for poor children in different quarters of the town. The object of Heriot's Hospital resembles that of Christ's Hospital in London—the board, clothing, and education of boys, of whom the present number is one hundred and eighty. They must all be the sons of poor burgesses of Edinburgh. The education, under different masters, is liberal; and in general management, it is acknowledged that the institution is the most munificent of the kind in Scotland. The Town-council and clergy of Edinburgh are the governors. Orders to see Heriot's Hospital may be obtained from the secretary's office, Royal Exchange buildings. The free schools connected with the institution are likewise worthy of a visit from those interested in education.

Endowed institutions for the free maintenance and education of children are a characteristic feature of Edinburgh. West from the New Town, on the road leading to Corstorphine, stands the magnificent pile of Donaldson's Hospital, looking liker a ducal mansion or a royal palace than a charitable institution. The cost of the buildings and furnishings alone, finished in 1850, was £124,000; it was defrayed by the accumulated interest of the sum of above £200,000 bequeathed in 1830 by James Donaldson, proprietor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser.* The hospital can accommodate 300 children. Northward, across the Water of Leith, is John Watson's Institution, opened in 1828, maintaining about 100 children. A good way to the north, beyond the suburb of Comely Bank, stand the buildings of another endowed institution, called Fettes College.

While the others aim chiefly at giving an elementary education, Fettes College is constituted on the model of the classical schools of England. But public opinion has of late years become adverse to these monastic institutions; and the Edinburgh Merchant Company have recently converted the hospitals under their charge into a comprehensive system of day schools for middle-class education, open to others besides foundationers. The buildings of George Watson's Hospital—one of those so converted—have been sold for the purposes of the new Infirmary. What was formerly the Merchant Maiden Hospital is now the chief of the Company's schools for boys, called George Watson's College School, and is attended by 1100 pupils. The chief school for young ladies has a roll of 1200, and meets in a building in the west end of Queen Street.—To return to the south side.

East from Heriot's Hospital is situated Greyfriars Churchyard, which derives some interest from having been the place in which was signed the Solemn League and Covenant in 1638.

THE LINKS.—South from Heriot's Hospital and the New Infirmary lie certain grounds called the Meadows, and Bruntsfield Links, the whole extending to about two hundred acres: these grounds are open for the recreation of the inhabitants, in virtue of ancient royal grants to the city. Bruntsfield Links form fine open downs, and are used for the game of golf, an outdoor sport common in Scotland. The environs in this quarter abound in handsome villas. Beyond the Links, to the south-west, is the salubrious and pleasant suburb of Morningside. Here has been erected a LUNATIC ASYLUM, on a large scale, the management of which is on the most enlightened principles.

SPOTS CONNECTED WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.—The whole of the 'south side' was the scene of Walter Scott's infancy and boyhood. He was born (August 15, 1771) in a house long since gone, which stood at a spot in North College Street near the head of the College Wynd—formerly the chief avenue leading to the seat of learning. His father afterwards removed to No. 25 George Square, and here Walter spent most of his boyish days; first attending a school in Hamilton's Entry, Bristo Street (cleared away in the course of the city improvements to make room for Marshall Street), and subsequently the old High School, at the foot of Infirmary Street. In his memoirs, he alludes to various amusing incidents which occurred in the Meadows, the Links, and other parts of the neighbourhood. At the distance of about two miles south is Blackford Hill, a rocky eminence, from which a highly picturesque view of the city is obtained. It was on this, and Braid Hill adjoining on the south, that the unfortunate James IV. encamped with his army before setting out on the expedition which terminated in his defeat at Flodden.

The view from these hills northwards towards Edinburgh is thus described in *Marmion:*

'Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law;
And, broad between them rolled,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.'

At No. 39 North Castle Street (New Town), Scott spent the early years of his married life until 1826, and this we specially notice further on.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE NEW TOWN.

THE CALTON HILL.—This eminence, approached from Princes Street by Waterloo Place, attains the height of 350 feet above the level of the sea. Laid out with walks for the recreation of the citizens, it offers a most extensive prospect of the town on the one side, and the sea on the other. On the rocky apex stands a MONUMENT TO LORD NELSON, in the form of a tall shaft springing from an octagonal base—an object in a poor style of art, and only redeemed by the magnificent panoramic view which is obtained from its summit. The lower part is a kind of coffee or refreshment room.

Near Nelson's Monument, on another protuberance, stands the NATIONAL MONUMENT, an unfortunate attempt to imitate the Parthenon of Athens: only twelve columns for the west end of the edifice have been erected, we believe at an expense of upwards of £1000 each. The object of the erection was to commemorate those Scotsmen who had fallen in the different engagements by sea and land during the last war with France; but as the policy of this war is now extremely doubtful, if not considered to have been erroneous, the purpose of the monument has lost all public sympathy and support. The columns, which form not a bad ruin, were erected between 1824 and 1830.

In front of the National Monument, to the west, is the ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, a neat edifice in the Grecian style, within a walled enclosure. In one of the corners of the wall is a small but neat monumental erection, commemorative of PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR. A little lower down the hill, on the south, is a handsome columnar erection, a copy, with variations, from the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, designed to commemorate DUGALD STEWART, author of several works on moral philosophy.

Eastward from these erections, and verging on the public road, with a southern exposure, stands the HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH —a splendid edifice, with a considerably projecting pediment. This building was erected after a design by Thomas Hamilton, architect, and cost about £30,000, a large part of which sum was raised by subscription. The High School is an old and much-respected institution, and has been attended by many men of celebrity. In former times, the institution occupied a building in the Old Town, and was removed to this handsome new structure about 1828. The High School, formerly under the control of the Town Council, was transferred to that of the School-board by the Education (Scotland) Act, 1872.

In a conspicuous situation on the opposite side of the road from the High School, stands an edifice, within a railing, commemorative of ROBERT BURNS. This handsome structure was raised by subscription. It contains some interesting relics of the poet, and is open to strangers on paying a very small fee.

Westward, along the Calton Hill road from this spot, on the left-hand side in entering the town, is an extensive suite of castellated buildings erected within a high wall, constituting the PRISON OF EDINBURGH. The edifices are all modern, and their internal arrangements, under the general direction of the Prison Board for Scotland, are as perfect as circumstances will admit of.

In entering the town from the Calton Hill, we proceed along Waterloo Place—a handsome new street, in which are situated, on the southern side, the offices of Inland Revenue. In Waterloo Place is the gateway of a small burying-ground of old date, containing the tomb of David Hume, the historian: it is a round tower-like structure, conspicuous from its situation. Here also is erected an obelisk called the MARTYRS' MONUMENT, designed to commemorate the sufferings and struggles for civil liberty of Muir, Palmer, and others about the year 1793.

Issuing from Waterloo Place, we have on our left the POST-OFFICE, and on our right

THE GENERAL REGISTER HOUSE OF SCOTLAND.—This consists of a square building with a quadrangular court in the centre, containing a circular structure or tower fifty feet in diameter, which joins the sides of the court, and just leaves sufficient spaces at the four angles for the admission of light into the inner side of the outer edifice. To the spectator from the street it presents a compact building of 200 feet in length, by a breadth of 120 feet, possessing an elegant front of smooth ashlar-work, with Corinthian pilasters and a pediment above the entrance. Each of the corners is surmounted by a small circular turret, with a clock and vane. Rising from the centre is seen a dome which surmounts the inner structure. The building is two visible stories in height, with a sunk area flat level with the street, and screened by an enclosing parapet, divided in the middle by a double flight of steps. It stands forty feet back from the line of Princes Street, and, from the felicity of its situation, as well as its design, it has a fine effect. In front is a gigantic equestrian statue of Wellington, executed in bronze. On the left, and towards the rear, entering from West Register Street, is the New Register House, recently built to provide increased accommodation.

The General Register House is a depository not only of state papers and public archives connected with Scotland, but of copies or records of all the title-deeds of property, and of every description of legal contracts, mortgages, &c. existing in the country, and by the careful preservation of which innumerable disputes are prevented, and the just rights of every individual are discovered on the slightest examination. Besides the registers of the above nature, the establishment contains records of all suits at law, with the whole of the papers, printed and written, which have been used in actions before the supreme courts for centuries. To the immense collection of registers and papers which has thus been formed, additions are yearly made by the concentration of all the books of registers used in the counties by the sheriffs, by which means the most recent information can always be obtained. The collection of national archives is not of a very perfect kind, and the documents are not very ancient, in consequence of the disasters into which Scotland fell at different periods, the want of proper attention, and accidental losses. A great part of the papers relative to the country in its independent state were carried away by Edward I. and Cromwell. Among other remarkable documents in the establishment are shewn the Scottish copy of the Articles of the Union between England and Scotland, with the Act of Ratification of the same. The General Register House is under the immediate management of the depute clerk register, and is supported by government.

PRINCES STREET.—This street, which faces the south, and extends to four-fifths of a mile in length, is reckoned one of the most interesting and cheerful city promenades in Europe. In proceeding along it from either end, the stranger will not fail to be struck with the imposing appearance of the Old Town, towering in huge black masses to a great height, and extended towards the castle, which rises to a still greater altitude. At night, when lights are seen scattered over the irregular groups of building, the spectacle is even grander than in the day. The space which intervenes between Princes Street and the Old Town forms a valley, also not without its attractions. In ancient times, as already noticed, it contained a lake (North Loch), which has long since been drained, and the space, including the sloping banks, was latterly laid out as two public gardens, the division between the two being the Earthen Mound. These gardens have been intruded upon by the line of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and some extensive alterations are the consequence; the western garden, however, retains in a great measure its secluded pleasure-ground appearance, and is deserving of a visit from strangers, as the walks are not only pleasant, but offer a close inspection of the precipitous rock on which the castle is situated, also the fragments of some ancient outworks of the fort. Both gardens are now open to the public. The extensive vegetable market towards the east end of the street has been recently roofed in at a great expense.

Within the railing of the eastern garden, and opposite the foot of St David Street, stands that tasteful work of art—

THE SCOTT MONUMENT.—This structure consists of a tower or spire in the most elaborate Gothic style of architecture, built from a design of George M. Kemp, a self-taught genius, who unfortunately did not survive to see this creation of his fancy completed. The foundation-stone of this beautiful structure was laid on the 15th of August (the anniversary of Scott's birth) 1840, and the whole was completed and the statue placed August 15, 1846. The height is 200 feet 6 inches, and the total cost, inclusive of the statue, was £15,650; a sum raised by public subscription. In the tower and abutments there are altogether fifty-six niches, occupied by figures representing characters alluded to by the novelist and poet. Among others will be noticed the figures of Prince Charles, Meg Merrilees, the Lady of the Lake, Dandie Dinmont, the Last Minstrel, Dominie Sampson, Cœur de Lion, &c. The marble figure of Scott is a fine work of art, reflecting great credit on the sculptor, Sir John Steell. Strangers may ascend the monument by an inside stair. Close to the Scott monument is a statue of David Livingstone by Mrs D. O. Hill.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—In a line with the Scott Monument, at the foot of the Earthen Mound, stands the Royal Institution—a building in the Grecian style, with a range of Doric pillars on each side, and a double row in front to Princes Street, supporting a pediment. Owing to the unreasonable opposition of the Princes Street proprietors, the structure has been kept too low; and it is not less objectionable from being placed directly in the thoroughfare from Hanover Street to the Mound. As an association, the Royal Institution was established in 1819, and incorporated by royal charter in 1827, for the purpose of encouraging the fine arts in Scotland. Within the building are the offices of the BOARD OF TRUSTEES FOR MANUFACTURES—an establishment instituted in the early part of last century for the encouragement of manufactures in Scotland; it is supported by an annual revenue of between £7000 and £8000, the result of certain endowments from government. The building also contains the ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM, which is well worthy of a visit, and to which there is free admission on certain days; the STATUE GALLERY; and the apartments of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH. On the summit, over the pediment, is a colossal figure of Queen Victoria, in a sitting posture.

South from the Royal Institution, on the central part of the Mound, is the NATIONAL GALLERY, a large building, comprehending apartments for the Royal Scottish Academy, in which an exhibition of works of living artists takes place every spring. The department for the National Gallery of Pictures is open all the year—free, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday; and on Thursday and Friday by paying a fee of sixpence. Strangers should see this collection.

In the corner of the East Princes Street Garden, near the Royal Institution, is a bronze statue of the late Professor Wilson; and in the West Garden, on the opposite side of the Institution, there is a marble statue of Allan Ramsay—both by Sir John Steell.

WEST END OF THE TOWN.—At the western extremity of Princes Street is situated St John's Chapel, a handsome edifice in the Gothic style of architecture, belonging to the Scottish Episcopal communion. The barn-like structure with a pointed spire, in the low ground adjoining, is the church of St Cuthbert's.

Westward from this locality are some of the more elegant mansions of modern Edinburgh, as those of Athole Crescent, Melville Street, Chester Street, Grosvenor and Lansdowne Crescents, &c. From the west end of Princes Street, Queensferry Street leads on the right to—

THE DEAN BRIDGE.—This is a bridge of four arches, crossing the small river called the Water of Leith, at the height of 106 feet above the bed of the stream, built from a design of Mr Telford. The structure is light and elegant, and the view from the parapet down on the deep defile which it spans is charmingly picturesque. At the bottom of the dell, on the east, is seen a Grecian temple-like structure—St Bernard's Well, locally famed for its mineral waters. On the west is an ancient village, the Water of Leith, a curious group of mills and dwellings of a mean order. The road along the Dean Bridge leads to Queensferry and the north of Scotland. On the north side of the bridge are several ranges of elegant houses—Buckingham Terrace, Clarendon Crescent, &c.

Opening north-east from Queensferry Street are Randolph Crescent, Great Stuart Street, and Moray Place. This quarter contains some of the most palatial-looking private houses of the city. Of three or four stories in height, massive in bulk, and with embellished fronts of fine sandstone, they have a magnificent effect, and convey an idea of great durability.

GEORGE STREET—ST ANDREW SQUARE.—George Street, which extends from Charlotte Square on the west to St Andrew Square on the east, being of the older part of the New Town, is much less elegant in architecture than the new streets and places adjacent; still, from its breadth and length, it is a fine street, and with St George's Church (a St Paul's in miniature) at its western extremity, the effect as a piece of street scenery is considerably beyond the average. Within the last twenty years, many of the houses have been transformed into shops, and the original character of the street has been further infringed upon by the erection of two statues in bronze, on pedestals, both by Chantrey: one is the figure of William Pitt, at the spot where George Street is intersected by Frederick Street; the other is that of George IV., at the intersection of Hanover Street. In the centre of Charlotte Square is a splendid equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, by Sir John Steell. Four symbolical groups at the corners of the pedestal are by other artists.

The house No. 39 Castle Street (within two doors of George Street) is that in which Sir Walter Scott resided for many years of his married life—the 'dear 39' which he affectingly speaks of being obliged to part with. Here were written many of the Waverley novels and other productions.

In the division of George Street between Frederick Street and Hanover Street, south side, is a building with a projecting pediment, forming the ASSEMBLY ROOMS, for balls and other festive meetings, and including a large new apartment, called the MUSIC HALL, where concerts and public meetings take place. The Music Hall measures 108 feet long by 91 feet broad; is furnished with an organ, and is seated for a large audience. Towards the eastern extremity are several handsome structures—St Andrew's Church, whose elegant pointed spire will not be unnoticed; and opposite to it the Commercial Bank, with its beautiful emblematic figures over the entrance.

St Andrew Square contains also some fine large buildings, chiefly occupied as insurance offices and banks. In front of the receding central edifice—the Royal Bank—is erected an equestrian group, in bronze, commemorative of the late Earl of Hopetoun. In the centre of the square is a fluted column, 136 feet in height, with a colossal figure on its summit, commemorative of the late Lord Melville.

In the early days of the square, before it was intruded upon by trade, it was the place of residence of some distinguished individuals. In the third floor of the house, No. 21, forming the north-west corner, Lord Brougham was born, or at least resided while young; and the house at the opposite corner, entering from St David Street, was for some time the residence of David Hume.

MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS IN THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The following objects and institutions may be worthy of a visit.

The ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, situated in Inverleith Row. Strangers are freely admitted to the grounds. The palm-house is considered a fine one.

The NEW WINTER GARDEN, erected at Haymarket by Messrs Downie, Laird, and Laing, nurserymen. The large hall is surmounted by a dome 45 feet high, under which is a fountain 17 feet high. The public are admitted free daily to this and the other conservatories, where a fine collection of plants is to be seen.

CEMETERIES.—Nearly opposite to the Botanic Gardens a road leads eastwards to the Warriston Cemetery, which is provided with a handsome chapel for funeral services, and is well laid out and kept. The most picturesque of these modern institutions is the Dean Cemetery, near the Dean Bridge, where Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, Professor Wilson, and other eminent men of this century are interred. In the Grange Cemetery, which lies southward from the Meadows, may be seen the monuments of Dr Chalmers and Hugh Miller.

GRANTON, on the shore of the Forth, is about a mile from Inverleith Row, and is deserving of a visit for the purpose of seeing its new harbour, built entirely at the cost of the Duke of Buccleuch, with a view to the improvement of his property in the neighbourhood. This noble undertaking is the greatest work of a private individual in Scotland. Steamers cross frequently from Granton to Burntisland in Fife. Strangers will be interested in knowing that a precipitous rock seen a little east from Burntisland, is that over which King Alexander III. fell and was killed, March 12, 1286; his death causing all those national troubles which produced the wars of Wallace and Bruce. Large steam-vessels sail from Granton and Leith twice a week to London. Steamers also proceed from Leith to Stirling daily, thus giving strangers an opportunity of seeing the shores of the Forth, which abound in picturesque beauty and historical interest.

RAILWAY TERMINI.—Of these there are two in Edinburgh—the North British and Caledonian. The North British station, which has lately been greatly extended and improved, is situated in the hollow between the Old and New Towns, near the eastern extremity of Princes Street. The Caledonian station, which is a new structure, is at the west end of Princes Street.

PRIVATE ESTABLISHMENTS.—Of these there are few of any interest in Edinburgh. The production and sale of literature being the principal business in the town, there are perhaps a few printing-houses worthy of notice, but these are not generally shewn without a special introduction. The chief literary concerns now carried on are *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Chambers's Journal*, besides some other periodicals. Including miscellaneous works, the quantity of literature so produced is greater than is issued from any other city in the United Kingdom, London excepted. Edinburgh sends forth four daily newspapers, and one which appears twice a week; also several weekly newspapers. Several type-founding and engraving establishments, likewise the studios of certain sculptors, particularly that of Sir John Steell, Randolph Place, may be included in the list of places of interest.

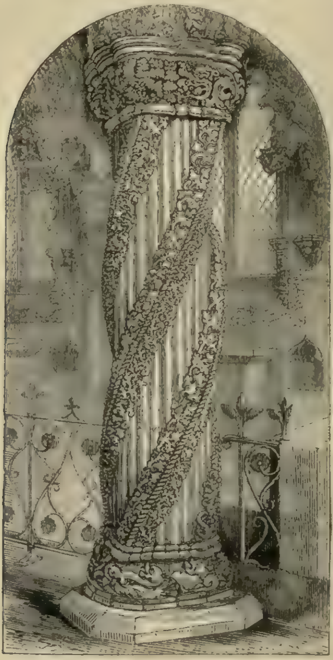
SCHOOLS.—Besides the University, the High School, and the Hospitals already mentioned, Edinburgh possesses an immense number of educational institutions, some of them of a high order. At the head of them stands the EDINBURGH ACADEMY, in Henderson Row, of high rank as a classical school. The SCHOOL OF ARTS, near the University, might serve as a model for the Technical Schools, of the want of which we have heard so much of late. The Merchant Company's schools (see page 23), 5 in number—2 for young ladies, 2 for boys, and a juvenile school for both sexes—and attended by 4000 to 5000 scholars, are an important part of the educational machinery of the city. We may also name the Normal Schools of the Established and Free Churches; the Queen Street Institution; and the Collegiate School in Charlotte Square.

LEITH, the ancient port of the Scottish metropolis, has a harbour, projecting, by means of two long piers, upwards of a mile into the Firth. It is provided with numerous docks, both floating and graving; those newly built are, in point of size and construction, second to few in the kingdom. Some memorials of Cromwell's bombardment of the town still exist; in particular, a large mound erected in the links.

PORTOBELLO is a modern and neatly-built town on the shore of the Forth, situated at the distance of three miles to the east of Edinburgh, on the line of the London road. During summer it is a great resort for sea-bathing, for which its long stretch of fine sands peculiarly adapts it. MUSSELBURGH, an ancient burgh of regality, another pleasing summer resort, is situated three miles eastward.

ROSLIN.—The stranger should not by any means quit Edinburgh without visiting Roslin Chapel and Castle, situated about six miles southward, on the banks of the Esk. The chapel, which is part of a collegiate church never completed, is one of the most beautiful existing specimens of the florid Gothic architecture. It was built by William St Clair, Earl of Orkney, in 1446, and, after being nearly a century in use, was despoiled at the Reformation; it was also injured by a mob at the Revolution of 1688. It has been recently restored as a place of worship in connection with the Episcopal communion. On week-days it is shewn to strangers on payment of a fee. According to Scott:

'There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle.'



'The 'Prentice Pillar,' in Roslin Chapel.

Roslin Castle, in ruins, stands on a jutting crag at a lower part of the dell; and the walk from this point to Hawthornden and Lasswade is one of the most picturesque in Scotland. At about two miles from Lasswade is situated DALKEITH HOUSE, the principal residence of the Duke of Buccleuch, noted for its excellent collection of pictures, and also the beauty of its environs.

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

THE microscope, of late years, has claimed so much attention from almost all observers of natural history, and has added so much to our knowledge of the various changes and processes going on in the organic kingdoms, that a slight glance at the wonderful phenomena revealed by its aid, may not be unacceptable to the general reader. The purpose of the following pages is to give some account of the principles on which the instrument is constructed; to point out some of the numerous subjects in nature which will amply repay the time spent in their investigation; and to afford hints as to the best method of making preparations.

THE INSTRUMENT.

When we wish to examine an object carefully, we bring it near to the eye. The nearer it is, the more does it engross the picture depicted on the retina, and the larger the visual angle under which it is seen. We have thus the power of magnifying objects by mere approach. When, for instance, in order to read small print, we bring the book nearer to the eye, we are, in fact, magnifying the letters. The eye has a certain power of adjustment, by which it can adapt itself to different distances. We become sensible of this when we look through a window at the prospect beyond. So long as we look at the prospect, the window is seen indistinctly, and if we wish to see the window, we feel that the eye requires to be adjusted to it, and when it is, the prospect is no longer distinct. We cannot see both distinctly at the same time. The reason of this is, that the light from an object, when it reaches the eye, must be brought to a point or focus on the retina, to insure distinct vision. The following figure illustrates this. Each point of the object, such as A or B, is the apex of a cone of rays of light diverging from it, the base of

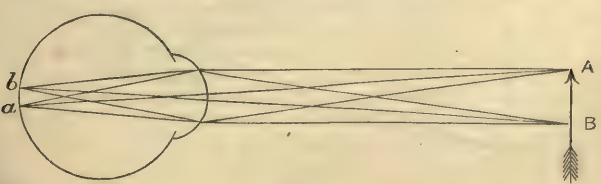


Fig. 1.

which is the pupil of the eye. In passing onwards through the eye, the light, instead of further diverging, is made, by the refracting power of the eye, to converge to a point (*a* or *b*) on the retina. Another cone of light is thus formed within the eye, the apex of which is the image (*a* or *b*) of the point (A or B) at the retina, and the base of which is again the pupil. The points of distant objects send extremely thin cones or pencils of rays to the eye with little tapering or divergence, which the eye can easily make to converge to points on the retina. Near objects, on the other hand, send very diverging pencils, and the converging power of the eye is more taxed to bring them to points on the retina. The optical condition of the eye is different for different distances, but the manner in which it alters itself for distance is not yet fully understood. As has already been said, the size of an object depends solely on its nearness to the eye, and if the eye could adjust itself to small distances, we should have no need of microscopes, for, to enlarge an object to any extent, we should only have to bring it sufficiently near to the eye. If we attempt this, however, we find that the object becomes indistinct when it comes within a certain distance of the eye, and that when it comes very close to the eye, we nearly lose sight of it. The distance of distinct vision varies in different eyes, but the average distance is about ten inches. Within this distance, the pencils become too divergent, and the eye has not sufficient power to bring them to points on the retina. The apexes of the cones within the eye fall behind the retina, and instead of points, sections of the cones fall on it, and produce a hazy impression.

The magnifying power of the naked eye has its limit at ten inches, and it is the aim of the microscope to enable us to look at objects within that distance. The manner in which a double convex lens, AB, or generally a magnifying lens, enables us to do so, is shewn in fig. 2. The small object, EKF, is brought very near to the eye.

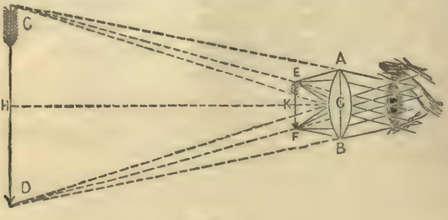


Fig. 2.

Without the lens, the divergence of the rays from each point would be too great for the converging power of the eye. The lens, by bending or refracting the light towards its thickest part, reduces the divergence of the rays coming from the near object to that of rays from an object, GHD, ten inches off. The small object, EKF, is apparently thrown back to the position GHD, ten inches from the eye. The magnifying power of the lens is got by comparing the angle under which EKF is seen at the position near the eye, and that under which it would be seen at the distance of distinct vision. Thus, supposing the lens enables us to see the object at one inch from the eye, it must appear ten times larger than it would at ten inches from it. The magnifying power of the lens is therefore ten.

The more a lens bulges out at the centre, or, which is the same thing, the shorter its focus, the closer does it allow us to bring objects to the eye, and the greater in consequence is its magnifying power. Highly magnifying lenses do not, however, give a correct definition of the objects viewed, and are of little value as microscopes. This arises from the lens acting more powerfully at its margin than at its centre. Of the pencil of rays falling from a point of the object on the lens, those falling on the central portion are not made to converge so much as those falling near the edge. After passing through the lens, the rays proceeding from one point appear to proceed from several points nearly though not quite coincident, and a confused image is seen. This error is called spherical aberration. In thin lenses, or lenses of long focus, it exists but to a small extent; but in highly magnifying lenses it causes a marked distortion. In the Coddington lens, this error is ingeniously avoided. It consists of a cylinder of glass with the ends spherical, the one turned to the object being less convex than that turned to the eye. The diameter of the cylinder is lessened at the middle, and the incision is filled with opaque matter. By this contrivance, the rays that would pass through the edge of the lens are cut off, and only those through the narrowed part at the centre are allowed to pass. A good definition is thus got, but at the expense of light. The most successful method of dealing with spherical aberration is to use a combination of lenses, the power of which is the same as that of a very powerful single lens. Wollaston's doublet takes advantage of this principle. It consists of two plano-convex lenses with their flat sides towards the object. The rays suffer aberration at both lenses; but it so happens that those rays which were most refracted at the first lens fall more centrically on the second, so that they are least refracted by it, and *vice versâ*. The aberration of the second lens corrects the aberration of the first, and the rays emerge from the second lens almost free from aberration. Such an arrangement is said to be aplanatic. In general, a much better definition is got by using two thin lenses close to each other, than one thick lens whose magnifying power is equal to that of the other two.

Another error exists in the simple lens which equally affects its use as a microscope—namely, chromatic dispersion. White light, as is well known, consists of the seven coloured rays of the rainbow blended together. Each of these different rays is differently affected by the lens; the violet ray, for instance, is much more bent than the red, and each ray has its own refrangibility. The effect of this is, that when we look at an object through a lens, we see an image of the object in each of the seven colours. In the centre, where these images are superposed, we see the object white; but at the edges, where some of them overlap the others, it is coloured. The coloured haze at the edge of the object thus produced, takes away all good definition, the very thing above all others essential to a microscope. Like aberration, chromatism is little observed in weak lenses, but it renders strong lenses useless, except, as in the case of the Coddington lens, none but central rays are allowed to pass. The use of two or more lenses of long focus, instead of one of short focus, also reduces it, but it is only entirely removed by the use of composite lenses. The annexed cut shews the section of an achromatic lens; *a* is a double convex lens of crown-glass; *b*, a plano-concave lens of flint-glass. They fit accurately into each other, and form a plano-convex lens. The lens *b* has the power of causing the rays of light falling on it from a point to diverge more after the passage than before, and the lens *a* has the opposite power. The former is a dispersing, and the latter a collecting lens. If both lenses were of equal power, they would neutralise each other, and the light would pass through them unaffected; but the lens *b* is thinner and weaker than the lens *a*, and the two act together as a collecting lens. We should suppose that the effect on coloured dispersion would be the same, the collecting lens would more than counteract the error of the dispersing lens, and there would be a balance of error left in favour of the former; such, however, is not the case. Flint-glass has a much greater dispersive power, as regards colour, than crown-glass, so that the thick lens of crown-glass does no more than correct the chromatism of the thin lens of flint-glass. At the same time, the mean refractive powers of crown and flint glass do not differ materially, so that the compound lens, so far as its effect on white light is concerned, acts as if it were homogeneous. In fact, we might so construct such a lens that it would be over-corrected—that is, have a coloured dispersion the reverse of that of a simple lens; and such, in fact, for a reason afterwards given, are the achromatic lenses of microscopes.

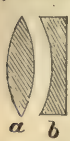


Fig. 3.

When an object is viewed by a single lens, or by a combination of lenses whose effect is the same as that of a simple lens, or, which is the same thing, when we look through the lens directly at the object, we make use of a simple microscope. When, however, we get a magnified image of an object by one lens, and view that image by another, we make use of a compound microscope. In the compound microscope, then, we distinguish two lenses—the object-lens and the eye-lens. The eye-lens is a simple microscope, but it is employed not—as in the simple microscope, properly so called—to look at the object directly, but at the magnified image of it produced by the object-lens. For the sake of clearer definition, and of a wider field (that is, that more of the object should be seen at once), an intermediate lens, called a field-lens, is introduced between the object and eye lenses. The figure gives a general idea of the action of a compound microscope. The object O is placed near the object-lens or objective, which consists of three plano-convex achromatic lenses placed near each other. The three together act as a powerful single lens, and are more free from aberration than one lens of the same power would be. By means of the objective, an image of the object is got at AA, and if no intermediate lens, FF, were there, would be viewed by the eye-lens EE; but the field-lens brings the various pencils sooner to a focus at BB, and it is this image that is actually looked at through the eye-lens. To shew the action, the course of three pencils of light proceeding from the extreme and middle points of the object, is traced. The effect of the objective is to make them converge to the image AA, but the field-glass increases their convergence, and brings them to a focus at BB, where they again diverge till they reach the eye-glass. Here the divergence is reduced to the condition of distinct vision. The rays as they proceed from the objective are over-corrected for colour. This over-correction is lessened by the field-glass, and the error still left is eliminated by the eye-glass, and a perfectly colourless definition is thereby given. The three object-lenses are placed in a tube which screws on to the bottom of the main tube of the instrument, and the field and eye glasses slide in at the top of the same.

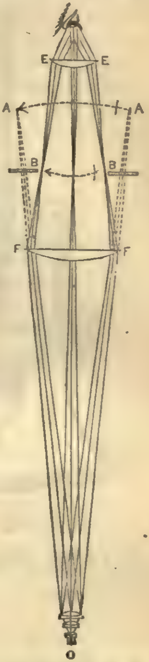


Fig. 4.

The mechanical arrangements in the mounting of microscopes are various; one of the simplest is represented in fig. 5: *a*, brass stand, supported on three feet; *b*, mirror supported on trunnions; *c*, diaphragm, pierced with circular holes of various sizes, to regulate the admission to the object of reflected light from the mirror; *d*, stage-plate, on which the object is placed; *e*, screw, with milled head for fine adjustment; *f*, the object-glass or objective; *g*, brass tube in which the body of the instrument is moved, so as to effect the coarse adjustment; *h*, the eye-piece, or ocular.

Microscopes vary much in price, from 5s. to upwards of £100. A good serviceable dissecting simple microscope may be had from any philosophical instrument-maker for from 9s. to 15s. Compound microscopes are more expensive, but a wonderfully good instrument for beginners can be had at 30s. It has one eye-glass and three object-glasses, and magnifies from 70 to 200 diameters. If a superior instrument is wished—one suited for most purposes of observation and research—any one of the following will be found well worth the price: The microscope of Oberhauser, with a joint, so that it may be inclined at any angle, has two eye-pieces, two object-glasses, magnifies from 50 to 450 diameters, and costs £7, 10s.; Nachet's microscope has three eye-pieces, three object-glasses, magnifies from 50 to 750 diameters, and costs £8, 15s.; Smith and Beck's educational microscope has two eye-pieces, two object-glasses, magnifies from 50 to 350 diameters, and costs £10; Ross supplies microscopes from £5 to £100, with various number of glasses.

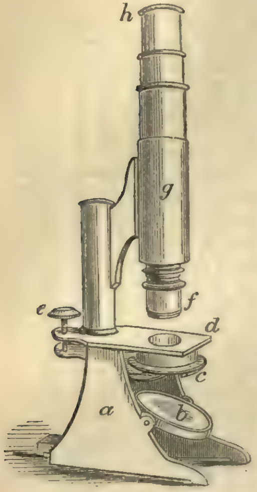


Fig. 5.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

In choosing an instrument, the simpler it is the better. The essential point to attend to is, to have good glasses, which are generally tested by their power of shewing some very minute markings, such as we find on diatoms. The circumference of the field of view should not be tinged with colour, and the definition should be as good at the edge as at the centre. The beginner should use low powers in preference to high ones; and if his glasses are good, he will do well, as we have found by experience, to use a low object-glass and a high eye-glass. By means of this arrangement, he will procure a much better illuminated picture than if the powers of the glasses were reversed. The room in which observations are made should be light, and, if possible, with the window in a northern aspect, and free from the shadows of trees, &c. Begin with simple objects, such as pollen and thin slices of the cuticle of flowers, mosses, and different kinds of starch, such as *tous les mois*, buck yam, cycas, arrow-root, &c., and notice particularly their different characters.

As to the best localities for procuring the different subjects for examination—every stagnant pool or ditch will be found fruitful in the various tribes of Infusoria. The water-plants, such as flags, arrowhead, water-plantain, frequently have their stems covered with a white efflorescence, which, if carefully removed, and put in a bottle, will be found to contain many of the rarer specimens. The surface of ponds should be swept with a fine muslin net, and the scum collected carefully rinsed out in a little clean water. In this manner may be obtained many of the naked-bodied infusoria. Diatoms may be obtained by sweeping gently the bottoms of ditches, ponds, rivers, &c., so as only to skim off the upper stratum of mud: strips cut in meadows often contain many beautiful and rare species, especially in summer, after a shower, when the hay is lying on the ground. They are found most plentifully in rocky streams, adhering to stones, or growing on confervæ. Peat-bogs are extremely rich in the *Desmidiaceæ.* To examine these, a drop of the fluid is to be placed on a slip of glass, with a cell on it, made in the way about to be described, which is then to be covered with another slip, and submitted to the microscope. If sediment is required, it should be taken up by means of a thin glass tube, open at both ends; by keeping the finger on the top, and then withdrawing it when the other end is in contact with the mud, a quantity will be carried into the tube; the finger is then replaced, and the tube withdrawn. The soft-bodied animalcules cannot be preserved, but the silicious shells of *Polycistina* and diatoms, as well as the calcareous shells of the *Foraminifera*, may be converted into splendid objects.

There are two methods of mounting microscopical preparations—one by means of Canada balsam; the other where the object is preserved in a cell in fluid. Slips of glass, of different sizes, are cut: those we are in the habit of using measure two and a half inches by five-eighths in breadth; the object, say the foot of a spider, is placed on the glass, in a drop of water; it is then carefully compressed, by means of a piece of thin glass placed on it, so as to squeeze out the muscular substance, and flatten the object; the top-glass is then removed, and the foot adhering to the lower glass is placed in the sun, or on the warm bars of a grate, to dry. When perfectly free from all moisture, the plate of glass is placed in spirits of turpentine for a short time, which will render the object transparent, then taken out, and the superfluous turpentine allowed to drain away. A drop or two of Canada balsam is then placed on the object, which is thereafter to be held for a few seconds over the flame of a spirit or naphtha lamp; a top-glass, first warmed, is then put carefully on, and pressed gently down; the balsam exuded is then removed by a bit of rag wetted with turpentine, and the preparation is laid aside for a few days to dry, when it will be fit to be covered with paper.

Coloured glazed papers are generally used for this purpose, with a hole punched in the centre to view the object, and the name is written on one end. It will require some little practice to make a preparation free from air-bubbles, which requires what is termed 'knack.' Infusorial shells, dissections of insects, corallines, &c., are best fitted for this mode of mounting; but a little experience will shew at once the best plan of mounting—the wet or the balsamic mode. The other method of mounting is as follows: A cell is prepared by painting a piece of glass with black japan varnish, which is obtained at the painters' shops (it is necessary that this should be old), leaving a space in the middle; the cells may be made of different depths by successive additions of varnish, added one by one as soon as the former ones are dry. Exposure to the atmosphere for a few hours, or placing the prepared cells on a stone, will firmly set the varnish. When it is wished to mount an object, a drop or two of water should be placed in the cell, so as to fill it, and the object should be placed in the midst; a thin top-piece is then to be gently placed thereon with a slight degree of pressure; the fluid which is displaced by the addition of the top-glass is to be absorbed by applying carefully a small bit of blotting-paper, and then, by means of a fine paint-brush, varnish of the same kind is to be carefully placed all round the upper glass, so as to cement it firmly to the lower. This coating will be dry in two days, when a second, and ultimately a third one, is to be added; and, after all, the preparation is to be papered. This species of preparation is best fitted for vegetable substances. Insects, or parts of them, are most conveniently dissected with a little water in a large cell, and a low power is most appropriate for such a purpose. A couple of needles, fixed in wooden handles, are the best instruments for tearing the parts, and floating them asunder. A little experience, founded on perseverance and a few failures, will teach more in this art than volumes of written instructions.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Having now described this instrument, we shall lay before the reader some of the wonders revealed by it in the organic kingdom. In the hands of the anatomist and physiologist, it is indispensable, as, without it, he would be utterly unable to prosecute his inquiries into minute anatomy, where its help is required to unfold the mysteries of ultimate structure, and the changes which are constantly going on in it. The medical man has recourse to it, to enable him to arrive at a correct diagnosis. The botanist dissects and unravels thereby the structure of trees and plants, and is enabled to lay open to view the wonders of the vegetable world—the formation of the wood, the motion of the sap, and the uses and development of leaves, flowers, and seed; the chemist uses it for examining minute crystals; the entomologist, for the dissection and classification of insects. The comparative anatomist makes use of it to determine, from the structure of the teeth, the form, habit, and class of animals which have been extinct on our earth for many thousand years. Thus, Professor Owen, from the examination of the structure of the tooth of the megatherium, by demonstrating the identity of the dental structure with that of the sloth, has offered us an unerring indication of the true nature of its food. By the aid of high-power magnifying-glasses, we are informed that our island was once possessed of a climate nearly approaching to a tropical one; for, if we examine a piece of drift-wood, found in the *eocene* clay of the estuary of the Thames, we shall find that these fragments belonged to an order of plants nearly allied to the Pepper tribe, which flourished in company with the turtles, vultures, crocodiles, and boa-constrictors of the Sheppey district.

Every department of nature teems with minute objects of animal and vegetable life, which are of the utmost importance in the economy of this earth, but which are totally unrecognisable by the naked vision. Many of these animals and vegetables are unrivalled for the beauty and complexity of their forms. Some are productive of great changes, which have been effected, or are still going on, in the earth's surface; and some are productive of the greatest mischief and destruction. To illustrate the former, we need only mention the filling up of the harbours of Wismar and Pillau, in the Baltic; and the production of coral-reefs, and their gradual conversion into new islands. The potato disease is an instance of devastation now

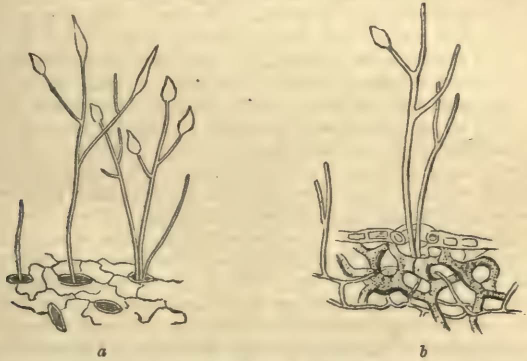


Fig. 6.—Botrytis infestans, highly magnified: *a*, young plants proceeding from stomata; *b*, section of potato-leaf, shewing the mode in which the mycelium creeps among the loose tissue of the leaf.

going on, and is said to be caused by the development of a minute microscopic fungus (*Botrytis infestans*) in the cells of this vegetable.

Our knowledge of the wonderfully diversified forms of animal life has been much increased by the discoveries of Ehrenberg, who found no interruption in the chain of animal life in the vicinity of the north and south poles, where it is impossible for animals of a larger kind to support existence. There, forms hitherto unknown to the microscopic observer present themselves, astonishing him with their beauty and novelty. In the antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, there were collected, in latitude 78° 10″ south, in fragments of ice, upwards of seventy different minute flint-shelled organisms. Many of these were *Coscinodisci* (*Diatomaceæ*), with beautiful green ovaries, which were able to resist the great degree of cold. It is not only in particular localities that these species are found, but the ocean swarms with innumerable examples of minute animal life. Animal life reigns alike under the sunny skies of the south and in the frozen regions of the north ; on the surface of the tropical sea, and in the dark and dismal recesses of the ocean, only to be explored by the long line of the sounding-lead ; in the earth, in the air, on the damp wall ; nay, in the blood of the frog and porpoise, as well as in that of many other animals ; in the gills of fish, and the stomachs of mammalia, and, more or less frequently, in the brain, blood, muscles, and heart of man, as well as in the eyes, in the skin, and on the teeth, are to be found instances of minute animal life, all of which are familiar to the naturalist, and are named and classed in his catalogue.

Infusorial animalcules—so termed from their being most readily obtained by exposing an infusion of some vegetable to the atmosphere—are everywhere marvellously abundant. Steep, for example, a handful of meadow-hay in a jar of water, and in a few hours a great number of small animalcules will be found, by the aid of a glass, to be present in a drop of the fluid. The numbers will be materially increased by keeping the infusion for a few days ; and the more common ones will be succeeded by the production of others of different species. During the first few days, a variety of monads only will be found ; these will be succeeded by *Paramœcia*, *Amœbæ*, and *Rotatoriæ* or wheel-animalcules. Every ditch in which there is vegetation will present numberless examples of animal life, astonishing the beholder with varieties of forms of which previously he had no conception ; and in the most fetid sewer, or most noisome drain, will be occasionally found forms which will strike the beginner by their novelty, beauty, variety, and wonderfully curious structure. 'Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us,' says Professor Jones, 'from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope ; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with

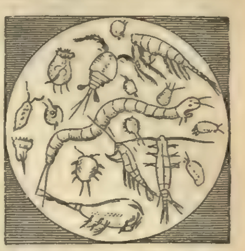


Fig. 7.—Various forms of minute Animal Life.

considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious, and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted Nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small, that in all probability human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation.' Nor is this confined to animal life. Forms of vegetation the most astonishing are here shewn; some so wonderful in structure and physiology, as to render it a matter of difficulty to decide to which of the organic kingdoms they ought to be referred. The *Diatomaceæ* were long referred to the animal kingdom, and many statements about animalcules in works not very recent relate to their shields. The Sponges were at first regarded as vegetable, but are now universally regarded as animal.

ANIMALCULES—INFUSORIA.

The name *Infusoria* was at first given to all animalcules, but is now restricted to a particular class of them, to which Ehrenberg gave the name of *Polygastrica*, a name now disused, as conveying an erroneous idea of their structure. The simplest and most common form of infusorial life is the monad. This animal—of which there are many kinds differing from each other, and varying from the twenty-four-thousandth to the five-hundredth part of an inch in diameter, and of which one drop of water may contain five hundred millions of individuals!—seems to consist of a fine pellucid membrane, with a number of green or coloured spots in its interior, which Ehrenberg regarded as stomachs, filled with the food on which it subsists, and from which circumstance he termed the class *Polygastrica*, or many-stomached. The animals of this class consist, for the most part, of a simple sac, connected with which is no intestine, the undigested particles of food being ejected from the mouth; their organs of progression are *cilia*, fine hair-like processes, by which the whole surface of the animal is covered, and which are constantly vibrating, and are supposed also to contribute to the office of respiration by causing a fresh current of water to be constantly thrown over the body, the surface of which acts as gills. It may here be not inappropriate to give a history of cilia, and the different purposes to which they are subservient in various animals. They were first discovered by Leuwenhoek, and afterwards by Baker, the former of whom first noticed them in the mussel. The gills of the tadpole, as well as its whole body, are profusely covered with these minute appendages, in a constant whirl, laving the whole surface with a constant supply of water, and serving the purpose of respiration by affording a fresh quantity of oxygen, at the same time carrying off the carbonic acid generated in the blood during its passage through the circulatory system. Cilia are found in great abundance on the mucous membrane of the larynx, trachea, bronchial tubes, ventricles of the brain, the pericardium or membrane investing the heart, the peritoneum covering the intestines, &c. of all animals, where they are subservient to different purposes, and favour by their motion the passage of the various fluids. They may be observed in the ova of frogs, and in the larvæ of the amphibia, when very young. It requires a high magnifying power to witness the motion of cilia. The easiest and most familiar method is to make use of the common mussel; a portion of the mantle, or part covering the shell on its inner side, should be carefully cut off, and placed between two plates of glass with the addition of a drop of water, and viewed with a power of about five hundred diameters. A number of beautiful lines will then be presented to the eye, bordered with hundreds of cylindrical acutely-pointed filaments, in constant motion, and serving the double office of respiration, and directing the current of water containing animalcules, on which the animal lives, towards the mouth. These appendages vary in size in different animals, from the 1-12300th to the 1-1020th of an inch!

The researches of Ehrenberg have made us intimately acquainted with the nature of the motion of cilia. He considers that the filament is affixed at its base to a bulb, and that a slight turning of this bulb on its fixed base causes the filament to move round in large circles, thus forming a cone, the apex of which is the bulb. Many of the infusory animalcules have the base covered with cilia, others only possess them as a fringe around the mouth, whilst others are wholly without them. The vibratile action of cilia on the various membranes of animals is not arrested by death, but is observed to continue in many instances for some hours afterwards; neither does it seem to be affected by the action of poison, nor by galvanism or electricity, excepting immediately at the spot where the wires are placed. The means by which the ciliary motion is performed are not understood, but it is still a matter of debate whether it is called into action by a minute set of muscles supplying the base of each bulb, or depends on some other means. That the rotation of the cilia in the wheel-animalcules, and some others, is dependent on muscular exertion, is highly probable, since it is a voluntary action dependent on the will and caprice of the animal, and ceases at its death; but how far this is the case in the instance of the peritoneum, larynx, &c. of the higher animals, where it continues for hours after death, is extremely doubtful. For further information on this question, the reader is referred to an excellent article on the subject by Dr Sharpey, in Todd's *Cyclopædia of Anatomy.*

The manner in which infusoria obtain admittance into various fluids has been a subject of debate for many years. The startling idea of spontaneous generation has been broached. The more generally received opinion is, that these animals, or their germs, float about as atoms in the atmosphere, and become vitalised or revivified on being deposited in a medium favourable to their development. Instances of animals, more highly organised, apparently dying when the fluid has been dried up for a length of time, and again resuming the state of active life on being furnished with a drop of water, are familiar to the microscopist. This may be observed in *Rotifer vulgaris*, the common wheel-animalcule, and in the *Vibrio tritici*, an eel-like animal, causing the ear-cockle or blight in wheat. Both of these animals may be brought back from apparent death to active life after having been kept in a perfectly dry state for several years. What favours the supposition of animalcules being deposited either in the germ state, or from their bodies being dried up and floating in the air, is the fact, that in a series of well-conducted experiments, performed by Schulze, where water was distilled and

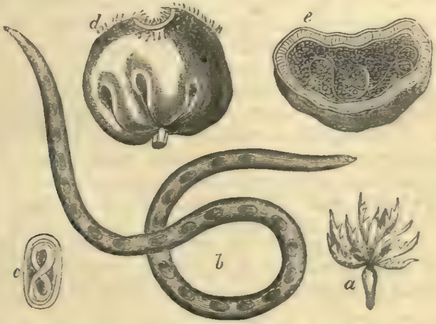


Fig. 8.—Ear-cockles (*Vibrio tritici*): *a*, diseased wheat; *b*, the vibrio, greatly magnified; *c*, its egg, with embryo; *d*, diseased germen of wheat; *e*, section of diseased germen of wheat, greatly magnified, shewing vibrios and their eggs.

well boiled, in order to destroy any animal life it might contain—the vegetables, for the same reason, exposed to the heat of an oven, and the air admitted to the vessel, which was hermetically sealed, through strong sulphuric acid : on the vessel being placed in the sun, after the lapse of some time, not a single animalcule could be detected, though a jar by its side, made of the same materials, but open to the atmosphere, was found to swarm with living beings.

The lowest forms of animal life have recently received the name of *Protozoa*, which is derived from the Greek, and signifies *first animals.* Their organisation is extremely simple, but very curious. The genus *Amœba* or *Proteus* may be taken as an example. Animalcules of this genus may be found in almost all infusions that have not become putrid, and are common in the slimy substance which covers bodies in pools and ditches. The *Amœba* is a mere gelatinous mass, not covered by any integument, full of minute granules, continually changing its shape, and having indeed no definite shape nor external organs ; nor is there much evidence of the existence of internal organs of any kind, although *vacuoles* or cavities, merely filled with the surrounding liquid, may sometimes be observed in it, which pulsate at pretty regular intervals. Amœbæ glide along the surface to which they attach themselves, or rather seem to flow over it, pushing forth finger-like prolongations from any part of the body, which are either again absorbed into the body, or the whole body passes into one of them. There is no stomach, no alimentary canal, no mouth; yet the Amœba preys on animalcules of far higher organisation than itself, enveloping them in its gelatinous substance, by which they are dissolved and absorbed, every part being adapted for taking food in this way, as well as for locomotion. These curious creatures multiply by self-division ; but a reproduction by ova has also recently been observed, the parent becoming a mere sac for the ova, and then perishing.

These organisms are referred to a group or class of *Protozoa* called *Rhizopoda*, all of which extend filaments or processes—*pseudopodia*, or false feet—in the same way, but some have the body covered with a membranous integument; whilst others, the *Foraminifera*, have a calcareous shell, through pores of which the filaments pass.

The *Foraminifera* are marine animals, very abundant in all dredgings from deep water, often attached to sea-weeds, zoophytes, &c. ; and their shells are generally plentiful in sea-sand. . They also form great part of many rocks, being scattered through some sandstones, abounding in chalk, and composing almost the whole substance of some limestones. Minute as they are, their multitudes have thus played an important part in the history of the world. They are not only very curious, but very beautiful, and no finer objects than many of the species can be placed under the microscope. The shells of some are simple, consisting of a single cell or chamber, but in the greater number the cells are aggregated, so as to compose a many-chambered shell, and exhibiting a great variety of beautiful forms. In some the cells are arranged end to end in a straight row; in some, a single row is rolled into a spiral; in some, two rows are spirally coiled; in many the shells are conical, each successive cell that is formed being larger than the preceding; so that they much resemble the chambered cells of cephalopod molluscs, with which they were ranked before their true nature was discovered; in some the new cells are added in concentric rings, so as to form a flattened disc. New cells belong to new animals, formed by a process of *gemmation*. Nothing can be more easy for the young microscopist than to obtain specimens of *Foraminifera*, so as to be able to examine their shells, which are beautifully dotted by the pores. They are also easily preserved as objects for the microscope. It is not so easy to find opportunity of watching these creatures in the living state, but when this can be done, the number and length of the processes or filaments extended through the pores constitute an interesting and wonderful spectacle.

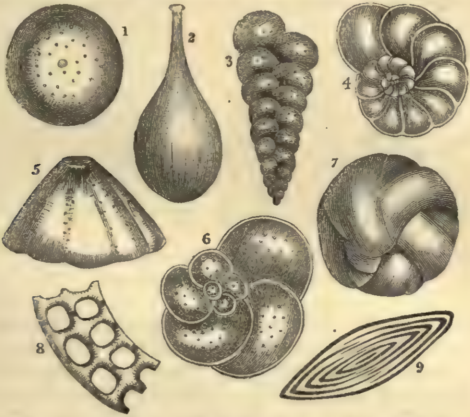


Fig. 9.—Various forms of Foraminifera, magnified: 1, *Orbulina universa; 2, Lagena striata;* 3, *Textilaria;* 4, *Operculina;* 5, *Faujasina;* 6, *Rosalina globularis;* 7, *Cassidulina;* 8, Part of two chambers of an *Orbiculina;* 9, a section.

The *Polycistina* differ from the *Foraminifera* in having silicious instead of calcareous shells. Their nature is not otherwise so well understood, but is probably similar to that of the *Foraminifera.* Their shells are perforated by openings which seem to be for the passage of *pseudopodia.* They are very widely diffused and very numerous, but from their very minute size, often escape observation.

Their shells are often prolonged into spines or other projections, which are sometimes arranged in such a manner as to give them a very singular appearance. Remains of these shells are often mixed with those of *Diatomaceæ* in rocks, marls, &c. A rock in the island of Barbadoes consists in great part of them, and small portions of it are beautiful objects for the microscope, especially when seen brightly illuminated on a black ground. The delicate sculpture of the shells is most beautifully brought out by the binocular microscope. Living *Polycistina* are found in the silt of harbours, and are brought up by the sounding-lead from great depths in the ocean.

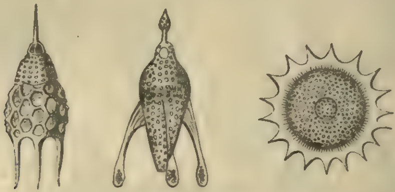


Fig. 10.—Various forms of Polycistina.
(From Carpenter on the Microscope.)

Sponges were long regarded as occupying a doubtful position between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but are now with little hesitation ranked among the *Protozoa.* They may be considered almost as aggregations of *Amœbæ*, supported by a fabric of anastomosing fibres, of an elastic substance resembling horn, among which are sometimes imbedded minute silicious or calcareous spicules—or in other cases, the fabric consists entirely of silicious or calcareous spicules—whilst irregular canals pass through the whole frame, and in these currents are maintained during life by slender vibratile cilia, the water entering by the smaller apertures, and being expelled by the larger, in order apparently that a sufficient supply of food may be constantly brought within reach. The spicules of sponges are interesting microscopic objects, and exhibit a great variety of curious forms.—The large size attained by many sponges makes it seem strange at first to find them ranked with creatures so minute as the Amœbæ and Foraminifera; but it appears that they attain this size just as masses of coral are formed by the continued gemmation of a minute zoophyte, in which every new bud or polype encases itself in a calcareous cell of its own.

The name *Infusoria* is now restricted by many naturalists to a group of rather higher organisation than any of those already noticed, but all the species of which are very minute. They have a distinct mouth, and many have also an anal opening. Some, as those which constitute the beautiful family of *Vorticellidæ*, attach themselves by a base, and remain fixed like plants. Their increase takes place in several ways—namely, by ova, by spontaneous self-division, and by encysting or encapsulation. On viewing some of the kinds, one may be seen with a small constriction in the middle of the body, which, if the individual be carefully watched, will be found to increase until the whole body seems to be, as it were, cut in two, and a couple of fully formed animals are seen, which are ultimately detached, and thenceforth have a separate existence. Encysting or encapsulation is a very extraordinary process. The animal contracts, closes its mouth, becomes surrounded by a viscid secretion, and finally by a membrane; it becomes attenuated, and all but the nucleus—a comparatively solid part which occupies the centre of each of these creatures, and is evidently of great importance in their organisation, although its use is unknown—dissolves into a mere liquid, containing granules, and the granules become new infusoria, very different in appearance from the parent, so that in the life-history of these creatures there are transformations as wonderful as those of insects. This life-history has been traced to a certain extent in some kinds, but not yet fully in many; and here a most interesting subject presents itself to inquirers, although it is not one in which the mere beginner in the study of natural history or in the use of the microscope can expect success. Minute animal life is capable of immense increase in a very short period of time—many thousand new animals being called into existence in a few hours. It has been computed that a cubic foot of Tripoli or polishing slate, consisting of the silicious remains of infusory animals, and made up of the remains of many billions of individuals, might proceed from a single parent dividing, and its progeny again dividing and subdividing, for the short period of twenty-four hours!

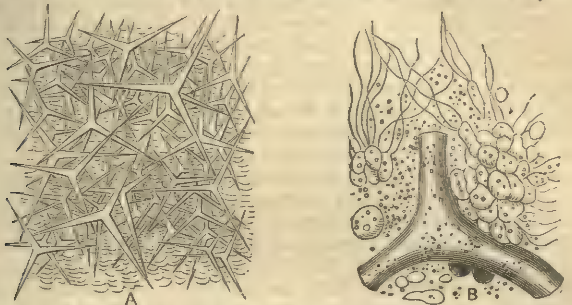


Fig. 11.—Sponge-structure: A, a portion moderately magnified, shewing spicules and intervening tissue; B, small portion highly magnified, shewing ciliated cells.

Every one will have noticed at times ditches of a deep-green colour, not from the presence of weeds, but appearing as if it had come from a dyer's vat. On placing a drop of this fluid beneath a microscope, the water will appear perfectly clear and pure, but inhabited by myriads of small animals (the *Enchelis pupa*), with a ruby-coloured eye, and stomachs filled with vegetable matter of a deep-green colour; the immense quantity of these animals, though invisible to the naked eye, causing, from the contents of their stomachs, and their aggregate numbers, the deep-green colour observed. Again, sometimes a sewer is found covered at the bottom with a white incrustation resembling hoar-frost, which, on examination, is found to depend on an immense number of animalcules being present (the *Vorticella*, or bell-flower animalcule), in shape like a wine-glass, fixed on a long contractile stalk. With their beautiful cilia in motion, they will be seen stretching themselves out in their search for food, which consists of the more minute infusoria—or shortening themselves, by throwing their stem into spiral coils. These minute creatures perform an important part in the economy of nature, by consuming organic particles, the decay of which would otherwise pollute the water and the air. In the case of the *Enchelis*, how vast a quantity of putrefying vegetable matter is removed from a state of decay, and its consequences prevented! As to the *Vorticellidæ*, how great the number of infusoria required to support their existence, which must previously have fed on decomposing vegetable matter!

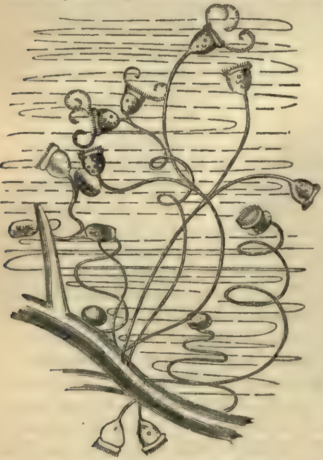


Fig. 12.—Group of Vorticellidæ.

The *Vorticellidæ* deserve particular notice, both on account of their remarkable characters and their great beauty. No more interesting objects can come under the view of the microscopic observer. They are generally to be found in abundance in decomposing vegetable infusions, as of hay, dead flowers, &c. They attach themselves to leaves or stems of duckweed and other aquatic plants, and sometimes to the glass of the aquarium, where, if the glass is thin, they may be observed by the aid of a Coddington lens. It is more difficult to bring them under the compound microscope, but the trouble is amply rewarded. There is no more splendid sight revealed by the microscope than that of a group of *Vorticellidæ* full of life and activity. The body is bell-shaped, or may be said to resemble an expanded flower, the opening of the bell or flower being surrounded with a ring of cilia, the office of which is apparently, by their whirling motion, to bring food within reach; the alimentary canal has two orifices. In a young state, the *Vorticellidæ* swim about freely in the water, but ere long they attach themselves by the base, and a stalk is formed, which often becomes very long, and which is capable of spiral contraction. This contraction takes place suddenly, on the slightest movement or alarm—a tap on the aquarium will cause it instantly; but the stalk is again speedily extended to its full length. The *Vorticellidæ* are generally found in clusters or tufts; some of them have unbranched stalks, others have stalks variously branched, so as to form objects than which none in the animal or vegetable world are more beautiful. These branched *Vorticellidæ* derive their characters from the peculiar modes of gemmation of the particular species, and are compound animals like the compound zoophytes.

The *Rotifera*, *Rotatoriæ*, or wheel-animalcules, are the next important order of the naked Infusoria to be investigated. These are larger by far than those previously described, but so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye as small white spots. They are to be found in gutters, pools, ditches, and stagnant water of all kinds. As they are larger than the monad, so also are they more highly organised, possessing a mouth, the upper portion of which is furnished with a row of vibratile cilia, which, when put in motion, give the appearance of a toothed wheel in rotation; hence the term *Wheel-animalcule.* By means of these cilia, the animal causes a whirlpool in the water, the apex of which is the mouth, by which the small monads, &c., on which it feeds are brought within its reach, and swallowed; or they serve the purposes of oars, and through their aid the animal moves swiftly about. They are also supposed to serve the office of gills. By means of a set of longitudinal muscles, they may be withdrawn, and the animal assumes the appearance of a cup; or they may be protruded at pleasure. The animal is furnished with a gullet armed with sharp teeth, ending in a stomach and intestinal canal. It possesses a set also of circular muscles, a small red eye, and closely connected with this, a lobed brain; the tail terminates in a three-pronged forceps, by which it is enabled to fix itself to any particular spot. The modes by which these animals increase are two—namely, by eggs, which are either hatched in the body, or extruded, and come to perfection afterwards; thus affording an example not uncommon in these lower kinds of animals—of being at one time oviparous, at another viviparous: they also increase by spontaneous longitudinal self-division.

It would occupy a volume were we to attempt to describe half the animalcules which are to be found in almost every stagnant pool. For a full account of these, the reader is referred to Mr Pritchard's work on the subject, and Dr Mantell's interesting little book, entitled *Thoughts on Animalcules.*

Animalcules are frequently present in vegetable tissue. The disease called ear-cockle, or blight in wheat, is a familiar instance. The grains at first infected are green, then nearly black, become rounded, and resemble somewhat a small pepper-corn. On opening these grains, they are found to contain no flour, but a moist white cottony substance. On placing this beneath a glass, it is shewn to be composed of myriads of small eel-like animalcules, wriggling to and fro like so many snakes; this is the *Vibrio tritici*, of which we have already given a figure. They do not begin to affect the corn before March, when the animals find their way from the seed, as it is supposed, through the centre of the plant, till they reach the ovule or young state of the seed in the flower-bud, and before the ear has shewn itself. Having reached the ovule, they increase rapidly, deposit a large number of eggs, and die. The young are hatched in eight or ten days, and attain to about 1-33d of an inch in length. When fully grown, they are sometimes one-fourth of an inch long. It is calculated that fifty thousand young might be contained in a single grain. Their power of being revivified, after being apparently dead, has been referred to. This disease does not readily attack any other grain, though barley, oats, and rye have been infected occasionally by sowing grains of these plants in the same hole with a diseased grain of wheat. Still the experiment does not readily succeed.

The muscles of the human subject have been frequently found, on dissection, to swarm with a minute eel-like parasite, coiled up in a cell, and known by the name of *Trichina spiralis*. The presence of this parasite produces a diseased condition called *Trichiniasis*, which is often fatal, and for which no remedy is known. It has appeared more frequently in Germany than in this country, and has of late caused not a little alarm there; its frequency being ascribed to the use of pork, raw or imperfectly cooked, in which the *Trichina* exists, for it inhabits the muscles of the hog as well as of the human being, but its natural history is still so little known that it cannot be said how it is transferred, if it really is transferred, from the one to the other; although the eating of pork containing it, unless so cooked as to kill it, must be regarded as dangerous. In the aqueous humour of the eye is sometimes found another animal of the same kind, a species of *Filaria*. Itch is caused by the presence of a minute creature of the *Acarus* tribe. The presence of similar minute creatures in

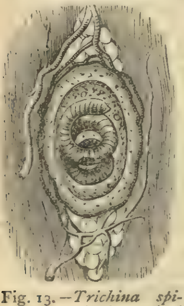


Fig. 13.—*Trichina spiralis* spirally coiled within its cyst.—From Küchenmeister's *Parasites.*

immense numbers is the cause of the disease termed *mange* in dogs. Another animal belonging to the same tribe is found in the human skin, more especially of the face, inhabiting the follicles of the hairs.

Few would suppose that the large nodules of flint which are used for the purpose of repairing our roads, were once the external covering of creatures invisible to the naked eye; or that the gravel of a flower-garden, nay, even the glasses out of which we drink, were formed of the external covering of animals replete with life and beauty ages ago! Yet such is the astounding fact. The lime also which we employ in building is produced from myriads of bodies of animalcules, which were once in full and active existence. The curiously figured stones of Egypt owe their peculiar markings to the loricæ of minute organisms, disposed in concentric circles and other figures: small shells, composed of flint, are found even in the stones of which the Pyramids are built; while they form almost the entire mass of the polishing-slates of Tripoli, Bilin,* and other places.

The greater number of white chalk rocks, and probably all, are the produce of animalcules, which are mostly invisible to the naked eye, possessing calcareous shells, varying from the 1-24th to the 1-288th of a line in magnitude, and of which more than ten millions are contained in one pound of chalk. On the chalk coating given to painted chambers, and on visiting-cards (when not glazed by white-lead alone), may be seen, by the microscope, a beautiful mosaic-work of well-preserved minute shells, and which are not visible to the unassisted eye. In many parts of the world, strata of great extent exist composed of nothing else but the silicious remains of minute plants and animals: these deposits vary from a few inches to several feet in thickness. In Swedish Lapland, under a bed of decayed mosses, forty miles from Degesfors, in Umea Lapmark, is found a stratum of this substance, known there by the name of Berg-mehl, or Mountain-meal. When examined by the aid of a microscope, it is found to consist almost entirely of the remains of minute organisms. On analysis, Dr Trail found it to consist of 22 per cent. of organic matter, entirely destructible by a red-heat, and the snow-white residue, still retaining the microscopic forms, to be composed of 72 silica, 6 alumina, and 0·15 oxide of iron. In seasons of scarcity, this berg-mehl is made use of in certain quantities, mixed with flour, in the manufacture of bread by the poor; not that it contains any nutriment—or, at all events, it possesses it in so small a quantity as not to be able alone to support life—but on account of its serving to distend the stomach, and thus to prevent the unpleasant sensations attendant on an imperfectly filled state of that organ. This substance seems also to be occasionally used in China.

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* The polishing-slate of Bilin, in Prussia, forms a series of strata fourteen feet thick, and is entirely composed of the silicious shields of diatoms of such extreme minuteness, that a cubic inch of the stone contains forty-one thousand millions of distinct organisms.

ZOOPHYTES.

Amidst the various microscopic tribes which will be found to repay the attention of the microscopist, the Zoophytes occupy a prominent place. Of these there are many and various sorts, which are well worthy of especial consideration. Some are naked, possess the power of moving from place to place, and are of the most simple organisation; others are far more complex, having stomach, intestines, &c., are covered with a kind of horny envelope, live in societies, and present the appearance of marine plants. Others, again, exist in domiciles of earthy matter, and form, by successive depositions, those immense and dangerous masses of coral-reef so fatal to the mariner. These, by the successive addition of sea-weeds, the manure of birds, and the deposition of a few seeds by the waves of the sea, become in time converted into beautiful islands, such as are found studding the broad and sunny expanse of the Pacific. The simplest type of these animals is the *Hydra fusca*, or olive polype of our ditches and ponds, first described by Trembley in 1744. It had been previously discovered by Leuwenhoek in 1703; but it excited no notice until Trembley's paper appeared, when great attention was drawn to the subject, and it became the principal topic of the day in certain circles. Presents were made of it as a great rarity; specimens of it were sent from the continental countries by post; and even ambassadors made it a matter of engrossing interest in their relations with foreign courts. Its anatomy, previous to the researches of Corda, who has shewn this animal to be possessed of a very complex organisation, into which our limits forbid us to enter, was conceived to be extremely simple. It appears to be composed of a homogeneous pulpy matter, in form resembling a sac, the oral aperture of which is surrounded by a number of arms for securing the prey—the other extremity being furnished with a sucker, for the purpose of enabling it to fix itself to any object. The food, on being seized, is swallowed, and the indigestible portions are rejected by the mouth. This animal is capable of being turned inside outwards, when the external part is capable of carrying on the process of digestion as perfectly as when the animal was in its original state. If the animal be cut into several portions, each part will become, after the lapse of a short time, a perfect polype, possessing the usual

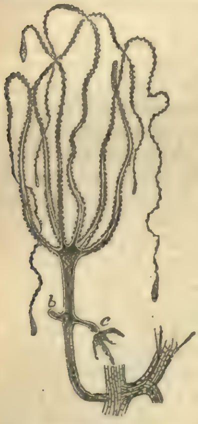


Fig. 14.—Hydra fusca: with a young bud at *b*, and more advanced bud at *c*.

complement of arms. The food consists of the larger infusoria, small worms, &c. It is supposed by some that the tentacula are possessed of the power of communicating an electric shock, as the moment an insect in full life and activity is touched by one of the tentacles, all motion is arrested, and it becomes an easy prey. The increase of this tribe is carried on in two ways—namely, at the latter end of the year by ova ; and during the summer months by *gemmæ*, or buds, which sprout forth from the side of the parent polype, become gradually provided with tentacula, and then finally separate. At first the stomachs of mother and young are continuous, afterwards, just previously to separation, a division is formed.

Few persons are aware, probably, except those who have devoted themselves to the study of natural history, that classes of animals exist in which the second generation differs from the first in form and habit, the third taking on the figure of the first, whilst the fourth, again, is similar to the second ; yet, incredible as it may appear, such is the fact. This remarkable peculiarity has been observed in many of the medusæ, and in many *Entozoa* or intestinal worms. We shall take a microscopic instance in the case of the *Cercariæ.* Whoever has paid a little attention to natural objects may have noticed a number of small white worm-like animals clinging to the bodies and necks of the fresh-water snail—these are Cercariæ. They swim free in the water by means of the tail, until they affix themselves by means of a sucker to a water-snail, or the aquatic larva of an insect, when they commence a series of wriggling movements, in order to get rid of the now useless tail, burrow through the skin, imbed themselves among the viscera, and there lie in a

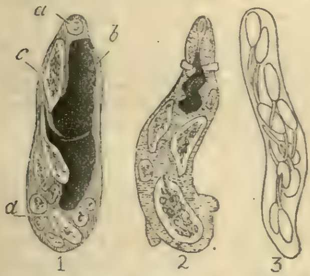


Fig. 15—Cercaria Sacs: 1. A sac two lines long; *a*, oral cavity; *b*, alimentary canal; *c*, a cercaria developed within the sac; *d*, sporulæ not yet developed into cercariæ. 2. The sac of a different species remarkable for its abdominal processes. 3. Another species, more simple in form and structure.

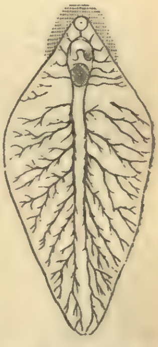


Fig. 16.—Fluke-worm (*Distoma hepaticum*).

pupa-like state of quiescence for some time, when they make their escape, and after passing through two or three *generational* changes, find their way with the drink or nutriment into the stomach of some vertebrate animal, whence they find a passage, probably through the coats of this organ, into the liver, become perfect flukes, and give rise in wet seasons to that disease in sheep popularly known by the name of 'the rot.'—Although these changes are called *generational*, however, and the term *alternation of generations* is freely used by naturalists, they are not, strictly speaking, generational, but rather resemble the transformations of insects, forming parts of a life-history far more wonderful than even the most wonderful of these. For there is always one course or succession of changes, with corresponding circumstances of life, from the hatching of the egg till the egg is produced again.

MICROSCOPIC VEGETATION.

Where vegetable life ceases, and animal existence begins, is a question which is not easily answered, but it is about the lowest point of both. We shall not enter into an argument which has puzzled the brains of the greatest philosophers and naturalists, but plunge at once *in medias res*. We shall here take occasion to observe, that if the possession of seemingly voluntary motion were indicative of the possession of animal life, some classes of plants would have to be ranged under a different kingdom in nature from that which they at present occupy ; for instance, the spores of many confervoid plants, when liberated by the bursting of their capsules, are endowed with the power of mobility. They may be seen swimming about with great rapidity, now darting to one side, now to another, accelerating their pace at one time, and retarding it in a few seconds, until they find a situation favourable for their development, when they become fixed, never again to resume a wandering life. Again, the *Oscillatoriæ* (a tribe of confervoid plants), so called on account of the oscillatory movements which they are constantly practising, may frequently be found, after being left in a mass on a watch-glass, with a little water, to have spread themselves over its whole surface. A curious mode of reproduction, called *conjugation*, is to be met with in many of the confervoid algæ. We will take, for instance, the *Tyndaridea*. This plant consists of a number of cylindrical cells, placed end to end, and forming a long jointed filament, and is one of the most common plants found in stagnant ditches, forming long green woolly-looking masses. Each cell is filled with a green granular substance, termed *endochrome*. When the plant reaches perfection, and its period of forming seeds, or *spores*, as they are termed by botanists, arrives, each cell throws out from one side a small process, which unites with a corresponding process from a cell in the filament lying next it ; the two ends of the processes become absorbed, the segments of the cells freely communicate with each other, the endochrome of one cell passes through the passage thus formed into the other, the contents of both cells become intimately mixed, and form a round mass, which ultimately becomes the seeds or spores from which new plants of the same kind are destined to be produced. The same obtains in many other microscopic plants which we have not space to enumerate.

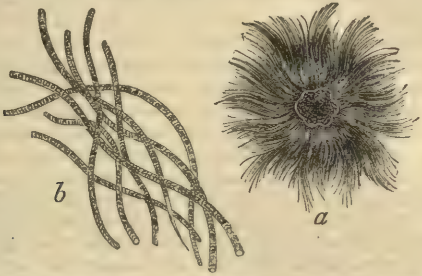


Fig. 17.—Oscillatoria distorta: *a*, natural size; *b*, filaments, greatly magnified.

It is necessary to go a few steps backward here, and state that every plant, as well as every animal, has its origin in the simple cell at first. Many vegetables consist of only one cell, such as the *Protococcus*, or red-snow, which, to take Hooker's description, consists of 'globules exactly spherical, very minute purple-red gelatinous masses. . . . It was brought by Captain Ross from the arctic regions, where it was observed covering the surface of the snow in patches many miles in extent, and penetrating in some places to the depth of twelve feet. It has been observed to occur commonly on most of the mountains of Europe in similar situations.' The green snow is merely an earlier condition of the same plant. Amongst these plants is to be found a species of rotifer, which several naturalists consider to be an animalcule, the product of these red globules, which they look upon as merely the egg, and not in reality belonging to the vegetable kingdom. This is, however, doubted by the best botanists. The red colour of agates and carnelians is stated by Turpin to be owing to a number of the small *Protococcus nivalis*, agglomerated together in patches, giving that peculiar tint to the stone.

As the lowest forms of animal life have received the name of *Protozoa*, so the lowest vegetable organisms are now called *Protophyta*, or Protophytes (first plants). Many of them are mere simple cells, which multiply by division, although it is not certain that they have no other mode of reproduction. Others consist of cells united by a gelatinous substance, and the aggregate in some is a shapeless mass, in others a plant-like structure, the form resulting from the mode in which the division of cells takes place. In none of them do the cells assume determinate characters in any part of their structure, so as to form different organs, as in all higher kinds of plants, even in the moulds which grow upon decaying substances or the mildews which cover leaves. It is often very difficult to distinguish between *Protophyta* and *Protozoa;* the want of a mouth and stomach being no proof that an organism is not animal, nor the power of locomotion that it is not vegetable. Probably the best distinction is to be found in the nature of the food, the animal feeding only on particles of matter already organised, and the vegetable appropriating for its nourishment inorganic particles, which it is its office, again, to bring into a condition for the support of animal life. The genus *Volvox* was long reckoned among Infusoria. It is now unhesitatingly regarded as vegetable. All the species are minute, and remarkable for the animalcule-like activity of their movements, produced by the action of cilia with which they are covered. A well-known example of this genus is *Volvox globator*, still popularly called the Globe Animalcule, which is not uncommon in fresh-water pools, and is of a spherical form, sometimes one-thirtieth of an inch in diameter, so that it is not absolutely invisible to the naked eye. Under the microscope, it is seen to consist of a hollow sphere, very pellucid, and containing from two to twenty dark-green globes, the smaller of which adhere to the outer integument; the larger lie freely within the cavity, and may often be observed to revolve by the agency of their own cilia. These are the young of this strange plant, which are finally sent forth into the water by the bursting of the parent. The outer surface is studded with a multitude of minute green dots, often connected by green lines, and from each dot two long cilia proceed. The motion communicated to the *Volvox* by these cilia is generally a kind of rolling, but sometimes it seems to glide along, and sometimes turns on its axis without change of place.

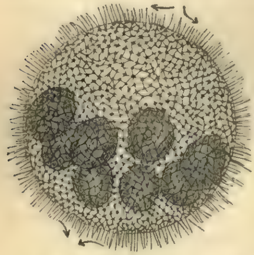


Fig. 18.—Volvox globator.

The *Desmideæ* or *Desmidiaceæ*, and the *Diatomaceæ*, are two groups, the place of which in the animal or vegetable kingdom was long doubted, but which are now generally regarded as vegetable. They are among the simplest tribes of Protophytes, and the species of both are very numerous, exhibiting a great variety of beautiful and interesting forms. They are all minute. The *Desmideæ* are green, and are found in fresh water, abounding chiefly in clear pools, sometimes at the bottom, and in such multitudes as to form a thick coating, often intermingled with *Confervæ*, sometimes investing the submerged parts of aquatic plants with a green film.

The *Diatomaceæ* are still more interesting than even the *Desmideæ*, particularly on account of their brittle silicious shields, which exhibit most beautiful forms and markings, and are composed of two pieces or valves, investing a single cell, and usually of most perfect symmetry; many cells, however, being often united or in contact, according to particular modes of arrangement, characteristic of the different species. In some, the valves are hemispherical; in others, they are smaller sections of a sphere, the enclosed cell being globular in the one case and lenticular in the other. Many diatoms are of an elongated form. Reproduction takes place by division and by conjugation. Diatoms were at first very naturally reckoned amongst animals in consequence of the motions which they exhibit, and which may be readily observed under the microscope. They move generally in the direction of their length, forwards or backwards, and sometimes by sudden starts; sometimes they rotate on an axis. The cause of these motions is not yet known, but is supposed to be connected with the imbibing and emitting of fluids in the processes of vegetable life. The shields of diatoms are of special interest to the microscopist, because the markings of some of them are amongst the favourite test-objects. The markings are in general not well seen, and in many cases are not seen at all, until the valves have been prepared either by exposing them on a thin plate of mica to the heat of a spirit-lamp, or by boiling them with dilute nitric acid, and afterwards washing with strong nitric acid and with distilled water, so that nothing but pure silicious matter remains. Diatoms abound both in fresh and salt water; also on the surface of damp rocks and walls, garden-paths, flower-pots, the glass of hothouses, and similar moist situations. Hooker found them in such numbers in the Antarctic Ocean as to give an ochreous colour to its surface as far as the eye could reach.

In all saccharine fluids undergoing the alcoholic fermentation, minute fungoid vegetables, or *Torulæ*, as they are termed, make their appearance. These stand in the relation of cause and effect, no spirit being formed until these plants are produced, which nourish themselves at the expense of some organic principle, causing thereby the alcohol to be formed. The *Torula cerevisiæ*, or yeast plant, consists of a number of small vesicles strung together in a moniliform or necklace manner, one to the other. By the time that five or six vesicles are strung together, the fermentation is sufficiently advanced, and the manufac-

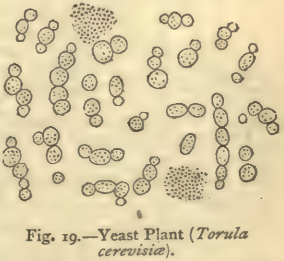


Fig. 19.—Yeast Plant (*Torula cerevisiæ*).

turer checks it. The vegetation is then suspended, and the groups of vesicles separate into individuals, the mass of which thus constitutes the yeast. The same kind of plant is developed by the acetous fermentation; and when paste turns sour, a small mycoderm, very closely resembling it, if not perfectly identical, is found.

It is a curious fact, that the plant which is found in *tinea*, or scald-head, is so very like the yeast plant, that little or no difference is apparent, save that the vesicles of which it is composed are a little larger; but the wonder ceases when we reflect that all vegetable growths composed of small rounded cells strung together must necessarily in a great degree resemble each other. The disease in tinea is caused by this adventitious growth, and the application of any remedy which destroys this plant speedily puts a stop to the disease. The thrush, as it is popularly called, in children, affords another example of a minute cryptogamic plant vegetating on the mucous membrane; these white appearances frequently extend to nearly the whole length of the alimentary canal, occurring in white patches. The *sordes* on the teeth, occurring in persons affected with low typhoid fever, afford examples of vegetable life, as also the disease known by the name of mentagra, affecting the beard of men. On examining the *sputa* of patients labouring under phthisis, by the aid of the microscope, minute plants are met with belonging to the same order springing in full luxuriance from the epithelial cells. Frogs are liable to be attacked on the surface of the body by a similar vegetable growth, as also are fishes, and nearly all the water-birds. These growths seem to be the effect of a diseased state, as it is possible to inoculate animals when in bad health, though, if healthy, it is productive of no bad consequences. Where death takes place in an animal previously infected, the parasitic growths spread with great rapidity. In the generality of cases where animals are infected, they die of what is termed marasmus, or a slow kind of wasting. In all probability, the parasitic growths are not the cause, but the effect of disease, the termination of which in death they probably accelerate; but it is not unlikely that the germs or spores of these organisms float about in the air, or swim in the water, until they meet with localities favourable for their development.

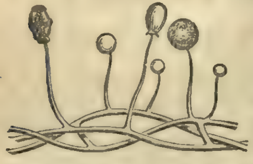


Fig. 20.—Common Mould (*Mucor mucedo*), highly magnified.

The vegetable disease known as *rust*, and *moulds* of various kinds, are all caused by vegetable parasites or fungi.

MICROSCOPIC PHYSIOLOGY.

Our space will not allow us to enter on a description of the anatomy of plants—a subject of itself so copious, that a small number of pages would not suffice for even a general treatment; but we cannot let the opportunity escape us of glancing at the wonderful manner by which the fertilisation of the young seed by means of the pollen is effected. Within the floral envelopes of all the higher *phænogamous* or *phanerogamous* plants will be found organs, which are designated by the names of stamens and pistils. In some instances, the stamens are found in one flower, the pistils in another, yet both flowers growing on the same tree. In others, the flowers having stamens are produced on one plant, whilst those having pistils are found on another. The stamen consists of two parts, the filament or stalk, and the anther, which is attached to its upper extremity, and is usually composed of two cells, containing a number of little balls, known under the name of 'pollen;' these pollen grains contain a semi-fluid matter called 'fovilla,' somewhat resembling minute oil globules. The female part of the flower is the pistil, and consists of the germen or ovary, surmounted by the stigma, which is generally supported on a stalk called the style. The stigma is usually covered with a thick viscid matter, which serves partly to retain the pollen when it has been shed thereon, after the valves of the anther have opened. The style is formed internally of cellular tissue, which sometimes occupies the whole substance of the style as far down as the ovary, but more often includes a central cavity extending from the stigma to the ovary, where it divides into as many hollow branches as there are ovules. The ovary is a hollow case, containing the ovules, and consists of one or more cavities, which may contain one or a number of ovules, or young seeds.

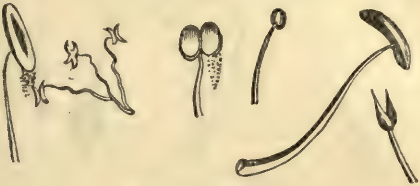


Fig. 21.—Stamens.

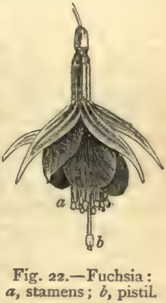


Fig. 22.—Fuchsia: *a*, stamens; *b*, pistil.

At the period of fertilisation, the anthers of flowers which are bisexual approach the stigma, and shed their pollen copiously on it. In plants where the sexes are distinct, the pollen is often brought from a considerable distance by means of the wind, or by insects.

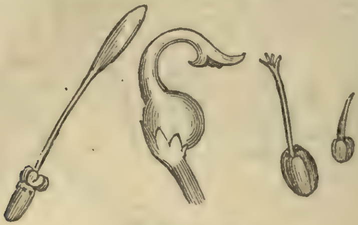


Fig. 23.—Pistils.

After a short time, the pollen grains are observed to emit a fine tube, which increases by real vegetative growth, the means of which are afforded by the imbibition of the viscous fluid on the stigma. This pollen tube travels down the stigma, threading its way through the canal of the style, or penetrating through the cellular tissue to the ovule. According to Schleiden, a celebrated German botanist and physiologist, the pollen tube becomes ingrafted on the ovule, and is the future embryo. The part thus attached he conceives to be separated by a constriction from the rest of the pollen tube, and to form the rudiment of the future embryo, and also to become the rudiment for the development of new cells. Be this as it may, it is certain that unless the pollen tube finds its way to the young ovule, none of the seeds, however ripe and perfect they may appear, will ever succeed in germinating.

This mode of fertilisation obtains only with herbs or trees which bear true flowers. The manner in which it is performed in the cryptogamic tribes, such as lichens, fungi, ferns, &c., is still undetermined.

The ducts, vessels, woody fibre, &c., of all vegetables are formed originally from cells; these cells are formed from what are called *cytoblasts.* In the interior of a cell may be seen, by the aid of high-power magnifiers, small granular-looking globules, and amongst these are to be found two or three larger bodies termed *nuclei;* and these contain within them smaller yet granular substances, the *nucleoli:* these nuclei, and their contained nucleoli, are the rudiments of the future new cell, and constitute the cytoblast. In a short time, a small pellucid vesicle forms over the nucleus, bearing the same relation to it as a watch-glass does to a watch: this increases in size, and becomes the perfect cell, the cytoblast becoming either absorbed, or being lost in the increasing thickness of the walls. The young cells lie free at first in the parent cell, and by the effects of mutual pressure against each other, assume the polyhedral form.

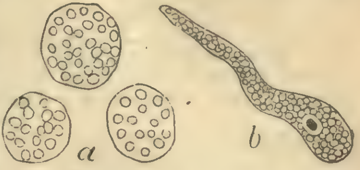


Fig. 24.—Examples of Animal and Vegetable Cells: *a*, simplest forms of independent vegetable organisms, or unicellular plants; *b*, a Gregarina—a unicellular animal organism.

The cytoblast is observed in the cells of animal structure also, but in the generality of cases, the new cell is formed externally to the old cell, although in some cases the young cells are formed in a parent cell analogous to what obtains in vegetables. In the formation of animal cellular tissue, the cells are observed to become elongated at both ends, so as to acquire a spindle-like shape; and during the process of growth, these attenuated ends become more and more lengthened, until at last they are resolved into bundles of delicate fibres. The muscular fibre in the very young embryo consists at first of a number of delicate globules, arranged in a line; these globules ultimately disappear, and a cylindrical tube is formed, in which nuclei are visible. It is supposed by Valentin that the globules are nucleated cells, which, coalescing, form the hollow tube, each end of the globule becoming absorbed; that the nuclei occupy the walls of the tube; and that the tube becomes afterwards filled by a deposition of new matter, and thus muscular fibre is produced. Each muscular fibre presents the appearance, under the glass, of a solid cylinder, with beautiful transverse striæ.

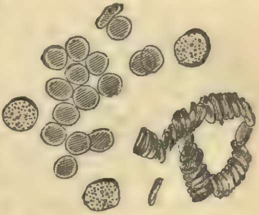


Fig. 25.—Blood Corpuscles, highly magnified.

The blood consists of a number of red particles, swimming in the *liquor sanguinis*, or lymph: for the purpose of viewing blood with the microscope, it should not be diluted with water, as this directly changes the shapes of the globules—but in some of its own lymph, or a weak solution of salt in water. In man and the mammalia generally, the globules are round and flattened discs, with the exception of those of the camel and llama; in which animals, as also in birds, reptiles, and fishes, they are elliptical. In man, the thickness of their particles is about one-fourth of their transverse diameter, and measures about the 1-4000th of an inch. In the interior of the corpuscle may be seen a small spot, the central nucleus of the blood. The corpuscles of the *Proteus anguinus* are the largest known; the next, perhaps, in size are those of the skate.

The diameter of the former measures about the 1-387th of an English inch, of the latter 1-1107th.

The hairs of animals form a very interesting subject of study for the microscopist. A hair consists of a *shaft*, and a bulb from which the shaft springs, and by which it is rooted in a *follicle.*

Wool differs from ordinary hair in having a sharply jagged or serrated surface, from which it derives its property of *felting*. The true woolly character is extremely rare in the hairs of animals. The accompanying figure represents a fibre of merino wool, viewed through the microscope; *a*, as a transparent object, and *b*, as an opaque object. The hairs of insects are often of extremely curious forms. Similar in their nature to hairs are scales and feathers. The scales of butterflies are among the most beautiful objects which can be placed under the microscope. The variety of their forms is endless.

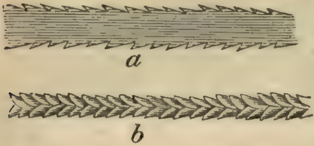
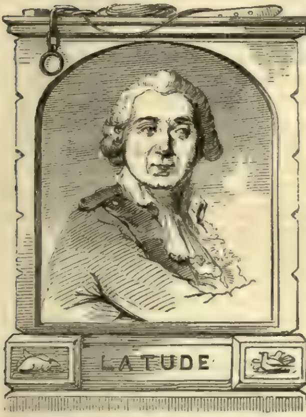


Fig. 26.

There are numerous other microscopic subjects of a miscellaneous kind, but highly interesting, which we can only afford to indicate: Insects—their eyes, feet, and other appendages present wonderful instances of beautiful structure. The house-fly is a study of itself. The spectacle of living animalcules moving briskly in a drop of water is full of interest; and perhaps more so is that of the circulation of the blood, as it may be seen in the web of a frog's foot. Directions for making this observation will be found in *Carpenter on the Microscope.*

We have now concluded our instructions; and if, by our humble means, we shall have been instrumental in causing only one person to examine closely into the wonders which surround him in nature, and thereby enable him to while away a few hours which otherwise might have passed uselessly or heavily, we shall feel that we have not altogether laboured in vain.

THE STORY OF DE LA TUDE.



HENRY MASÈRES DE LA TUDE was born on the 25th March 1725, at a château near Montagnac, in the south of France, the seat of his father, the Marquis de la Tude, a knight of the military order of St Louis, and lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of dragoons. Young Henry was educated in a manner befitting his rank, which, according to the custom of France at that time, made it a matter of course that he should follow his father's profession. His taste for mathematics led him to the engineering branch of military science; and, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted a supernumerary officer, under a friend of his father, the commandant of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Unfortunately for so ardent and restless a spirit, the peace of 1748 came to prevent his being actively employed; and he was sent in consequence to Paris, to perfect both his mathematical and general education. Had his laudable ambition confined itself to proficiency in these studies, when opportunity for their exercise should arrive, all his subsequent misfortunes might have been avoided; nor must pity of the sincerest kind for their unparalleled depth and bitterness, and just horror at the cruelty of the authors of them, blind us to their being, in the first instance, the consequence of attempting to rise in the world by crooked and unjustifiable means.

The profligate monarch who then ruled in France, Louis XV., was governed by a woman of the most imperious and vindictive character—the infamous Marchioness de Pompadour, who, while she did not hesitate to sacrifice, for the slightest offence, or most trifling personal reflection on herself, the chief ministers of the king and first personages in the state, thought nothing of recklessly dooming to perpetual imprisonment, and worse than death, whole hosts of minor offenders against her pride and ill-acquired power. It was on this woman's suspicious jealousy that La Tude built an ambitious speculation, which, cruelly turning against himself, formed the misfortune of his whole life; though its comparative harmlessness, and the boyish simplicity with which it was planned and conducted, would, in a less vindictive quarter, have subjected him to no worse punishment than disappointment, or at most a severe reprimand.

One day, in the month of April 1749, when seated on a bench in the garden of the Tuileries, he overheard two men expressing in the most unmeasured terms the hatred and indignation then so general against Madame de Pompadour, and the project crossed his brain which he so fatally for himself proceeded to execute; namely, to gain, by the denunciation of a pretended plot against her life, her all-powerful protection. He accordingly put his scheme in execution. Its pretended revelations were too shallow to escape detection. The marchioness at once detected the trick attempted to be put on her, and revenged the affront by causing its unsuspicious author to be taken into custody. By one of those *lettres de cachet* (sealed orders from the crown) which she could procure at pleasure, La Tude was arrested on the 1st of May, and conducted to the Bastille, the prison-fortress of Paris; there, without form of trial, or means of communication with the world, to be immured for years, perhaps for life.

Overwhelming as was this incarceration, its evils were so softened to him by the kindness of the lieutenant of police, Monsieur Berryer, who granted him the society of a fellow-prisoner, and by the hopes, so natural to youth, of speedy emancipation, that he seems to have suffered far more acutely on his transfer, at the end of four months, to the prison of Vincennes—not only from the inference the removal gave rise to, of protracted captivity, but from its coming upon him in the deceptive guise of liberation.

In the month of September 1749, three turnkeys came into the prison, and one of them addressing La Tude, told him the order for his release had arrived; and, to do him justice, one of his first thoughts on obtaining his liberty was the hope of being able to procure the same boon for his companion in misfortune. His feelings on finding he had but exchanged one dungeon for another, must be given in his own words, translated and abridged from the original narrative.

VINCENNES.

Hardly had I crossed the threshold of my prison, than I was told I was to be transferred to Vincennes. The despair and horror with which this intelligence overwhelmed me, it would be impossible to describe.

I soon fell sick in my new prison; but it was yet well with me, for the good M. Berryer came again to my relief. All he could do for me, he did. He gave me the most cheerful apartment in the fortress, from which I enjoyed a magnificent view; but what power had even this solace over one to whom the idea of perpetual imprisonment would have embittered the sweetest gratifications?

My courage was only kept up by the hope of one day achieving my liberty; and being convinced I must be indebted for it to my own exertions, I thought of nothing else than how to bring it about.

I saw every day an old ecclesiastic—confined, I was told, on a charge of heresy—walking in the garden belonging to the château. A brother-clergyman from without, named the Abbé de St Sauveur, had permission, of which he often availed himself, to come and talk with him in the garden. Besides this, the captive priest gave lessons to the turnkey's children, so that they and his clerical visitor came and went without exciting much attention. The hour of these walks was pretty nearly the same as that in which, by M. Berryer's order, I was taken and left some time, for the good of my health, in a garden adjoining the other.

Two turnkeys generally came to take me out; but sometimes the elder of them would wait for me in the garden, while the younger came alone to open my door. I accustomed him for some days to see me get quickly before him down the stairs, and join his comrade, with whom he always duly found me when he reached the garden.

One day, when I had resolved, at whatever risk, to escape, he had hardly opened my door, ere I rushed out, and was at the bottom of the staircase before he had so much as thought of following me. There was a door there, which I bolted, to cut off all communication between him and his brother-turnkey, and give me time to execute my project. I had four sentries to deceive; the first of them at an outer door leading from the tower, which was kept of course constantly shut, so that I had nothing for it but to knock. The sentry opened, and I eagerly inquired after the Abbé de St Sauveur. 'Our priest has been waiting for him,' said I, 'these two hours in the garden, and I am running after him in vain everywhere; if I catch him, I 'll make him pay for my chase!'

Thus saying, I kept moving rapidly on, and at the extremity of the archway, under the clock, I found a second sentry. I asked him as quietly as I could, 'If it were long since M. de St Sauveur had left?' to which he replied that he knew nothing about him, and let me pass on. I put the same question to the third sentinel on the farther side of the drawbridge, and obtained the same reply. 'Oh, I cannot fail soon to find him,' exclaimed I, transported with joy. I ran, I skipped like a child towards the fourth sentry, who, far from so much as suspecting that he saw before him a prisoner, seemed to trouble his head as little as the others why I was so eagerly in chase of the good abbé. I crossed the threshold of the gate! I flew! I was soon out of sight, and free! What a sensation of pleasure! Every time this incident is recalled to my memory I feel my gratitude as lively, and experience afresh the intoxication of that blessed moment.

It was on the 25th of June 1750, after nine months' detention at Vincennes, that I had the inconceivable luck to escape from it. I pursued my flight through the fields and vineyards, keeping at the greatest possible distance from the high-road. I reached Paris at last, and shut myself up in a lodging, to enjoy the bliss of being at liberty after fourteen months' captivity.

This first burst of joy, however, was of short duration. Something must be done. That I should be strictly sought after, there could not be a doubt; and were I to be retaken, it was equally certain that a fresh punishment would await me for my escape. If I ventured to shew myself, I was lost. Flight was equally fraught with danger; besides, my station and habits gave me a hankering to Paris. So my only alternative seemed to be to remain concealed, self-doomed to a captivity scarce less cruel than that I left behind.

My head, it will be seen, had hitherto proved but a sorry counsellor. I now consulted my heart, and with little better success. I judged of Madame de Pompadour by myself, and idly fancied I might pique her into generosity by avowing the place of my retreat, and throwing myself on her clemency for pardon of the past. I little knew the person with whom I had to deal. But mad as was the project, I was unfortunate in its mode and execution.

I drew up a memorial to the king, which, however respectfully worded towards the favourite, and however calculated, by its humble and penitent tone, to excite the compassion of both, I might have been sure, had my knowledge of life been greater, would doubly offend the lady, for its not being addressed directly to herself, and exposing her in the eyes of the monarch; while he again, accustomed to yield to her every suggestion, was sure to do so on an occasion when her private feelings were so deeply engaged. But I was young, and knew little of the hearts of men, far less of tyrants; and dearly did I pay for my fatal inexperience.

THE BASTILLE.

I had told my enemies where to find me, and it was not long ere they had me back in the Bastille; though at first they pretended it was only to get from me the way in which I had escaped from Vincennes, to obviate the possibility of its happening again. If there had been any one to blame in the transaction, they should never have extorted the confession; but as I had been the sole agent in my deliverance, I honestly told them how I had brought it about. I was still simple enough to expect my freedom as the promised reward of my frankness. I did not then know that similar promises were the official jargon of all state prisons; designed only to enhance, by the hopes to which they gave birth, the bitterness of fresh incarceration.

I was now, for the first time, in a literal dungeon, whose horrors, however, were as yet mitigated by the compassion of the good M. Berryer, who, though he could not remove me from it, allowed me my former diet; and, as a small loophole afforded me the light of day, authorised my being supplied, should I wish it, with pen, ink, and paper.

These formed for a long time a solace to my woes. But at the end of six months they became insupportable; and the horrors of suspense, and my despair of release, so acted on my naturally fiery temperament, that I had the madness to inscribe on the margin of a book which had been lent me, some satirical lines on the authoress of my misery. The book, strictly examined, like everything else within the walls, was carried to the governor; and he was not one to forego the opportunity of ingratiating himself by shewing it to Madame de Pompadour. Her rage, amounting to frenzy at this fresh outrage, may easily be imagined. It knew no bounds; and if it could hardly add to the wretchedness of my situation, it at least insured its permanence.

I remained eighteen months in my dungeon ere M. Berryer even dared to take upon him to transfer me to an upper chamber; in addition to which kindness, he granted me—the expense being willingly defrayed by my sorrowing father—the inestimable luxury of a domestic. But even this solace of human speech and human sympathy—for the lad shared as well as soothed my sorrows—was destined to become a source of bitter anguish to me. The poor fellow, at the end of three months, sunk under the evils of confinement. He wept, pined, and fell sick; and though it needed but a breath of free air and a taste of freedom to revive and save him, yet the cruel prison rules having doomed to the same captivity any servant attaching himself to a prisoner, it was in vain we both pleaded, and I implored, in his behalf. His murderers chose to add to my torments the spectacle of this poor faithful creature expiring for me and beside me; nor was he removed from my chamber till in the act of breathing his last sigh!

I nearly sunk under the blow; and M. Berryer, to divert my gloomy thoughts, once more allotted me a companion in a man of about my own age, full of activity, talent, and spirit; guilty of the same crime, and the victim of the same persecution. He too had written to Madame de Pompadour, and his aim had been still vainer than mine; namely, to point out to that worthless favourite a line of conduct by which she might disarm public censure, nay, even, by conducting the king aright, gain something like popularity. Three years had young D'Alègre—a native like myself of the south of France—deplored in the Bastille the consequences of his rash advice.

One day our mutual friend Berryer, who regarded D'Alègre with affectionate interest, in reply to the entreaties with which we jointly assailed him to procure our liberation, let the dreadful truth escape, that our exasperated persecutress had vowed against us undying revenge, and that nothing short of her death or disgrace could possibly break our fetters.

For two young men thus circumstanced there seemed to remain but two alternatives—to die, or save themselves. To any one, again, who has the slightest idea of the situation of the Bastille—its enclosures, its lofty towers, and the incredible precautions with which despotism had surrounded it—the bare thought of escape from it could only appear the result of insanity. I was nevertheless quite sane when it first occurred to me; and it may perhaps be allowed that it required no common soul, and a pretty strong head, to conceive, mature, and execute such a design.

It was out of the question to dream for a moment of escaping across the threshold of the Bastille: the air was consequently our sole resource. We had in our room a chimney which rose to the height of the topmost tower in the building; but, like all others in the prison, it was full of tiers of bars and gratings, which in some places hardly left room even for the passage of the smoke. Granting we could reach its summit, there would remain beneath us a couple of hundred feet of sheer descent, with a deep fosse at the bottom of it, from which rose an excessively high wall it would be indispensable to our safety to scale. Now, we were alone, without tools, without materials, watched every hour of the day and night by spies, and surrounded by sentries, with whom the fortress seemed actually encompassed.

All these difficulties and dangers, while they appalled and discouraged my comrade, had an opposite effect upon me. But his apathy threw on me alone the burden of devising the scheme, forestalling its thousand frightful obstacles, and finding means to overcome them. There was first the chimney to climb, in spite of its many bars and gratings. Then to drop from the tower to the ditch required a rope-ladder at least two hundred feet long, and a second one of wood was necessary to scale the wall; and granting that I could procure materials, I had to conceal these bulky requisites from every eye, to work without noise, and to deceive, for months together, the most incessant vigilance. What do I say?—to foresee and meet a host of obstacles and impediments springing up afresh from day to day to the execution of the boldest plan perhaps which imagination could conceive, or human industry achieve. This, reader, was what I accomplished!

The first object of solicitude was to find a hiding-place for our tools and materials, supposing we had the ingenuity to procure any. By dint of reflection I hit on a lucky thought. Having inhabited, at different times, various rooms in the Bastille, I generally heard equally well any noises made by those beneath me and those overhead. Now, though aware from other circumstances that, in my present domicile, there was some one in the room below mine, I could never hear him move; and on calculation, it occurred to me that there must probably be a double flooring, with some interval between.

The plan I fell on to ascertain this was as follows. The permission to attend mass, in a chapel containing four little closets, where the prisoners could neither see nor be seen by the priest, was a rare privilege in the Bastille, and had been granted by M. Berryer to D'Alègre, myself, and the inhabitant of the room below ours. In returning from the chapel, I instructed D'Alègre to draw out with his handkerchief, and suffer to roll down the steps, some little article from his pocket; and while he sent the turnkey to recover it, I should have a moment's opportunity for a hasty glance into the room No. 3. It sufficed to shew me that its height did not exceed ten feet; and on reckoning up thirty-two steps, each about half a foot high, from its threshold to ours, I became convinced that there must be, between our floor and its ceiling, a vacant space of about five feet in depth. No sooner were our bolts drawn on us, than I took D'Alègre round the neck, and embraced him in all the intoxication of hope and confidence. 'Courage and patience, my friend,' I exclaimed, 'and we are saved; for we can now conceal our materials!'

'What! dreaming still?' replied he sadly. 'You talk of materials; where on earth are they to be found?'

'Why, as for ropes, that trunk of mine contains more than a thousand feet of them!' answered I, full of my own ideas, and talking like one inspired. 'Don't you know it is stuffed full of linen—thirteen dozen and a half of shirts, a quantity of towels, stockings, nightcaps, and other things?* We have only to unravel them to have lots of rope!'

D'Alègre, roused as with a thunder-clap, shook off his lethargy, and entered into all my plans and ideas. But he was far from keeping pace with them, and inquired how we could create all that we so much required.

'My friend,' said I, 'it is the office of genius to create, and we have in despair a powerful auxiliary. Once more, I tell you we are saved!'

We had a camp-table, supported on two iron clamps, which we sharpened to an edge on the stones of the hearth. Out of the steel of a tinder-box we fashioned, in a couple of hours, a very tolerable knife, with which we made handles to our clamps, the chief use of which would be to extract the iron bars from the chimney. At eight, when the last inspection for the day was over, we raised, by their means, a square of the tiled floor, and dug away so manfully at the support on which it rested, that in six hours we had ascertained the truth of my conjecture, and found a hollow of about four feet between the two stories. We then replaced the square, which had no appearance of ever having been moved.

We now set to work to unrip the sewing of two shirts, which we unravelled, thread by thread, tying them one by one as we proceeded, and winding them, first on so many little balls, and afterwards on two large ones. Each of these had fifty strands, sixty feet long; which, when twisted, gave us a rope of about fifty-five feet, with which we made a twenty-feet ladder, intended to enable us to climb up to tear down the gratings of the chimney.

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* The French have great quantities of linen; possibly for the purpose of avoiding frequent washing.—ED.

This proved the most troublesome and painful job of all, and cost us six months of a labour at which I still shudder. The bars were fixed in an extremely hard cement, which we had no way of softening but by squirting water from our mouths into the holes we had previously bored; and well were we pleased when, in a night, we had got through an eighth of an inch of this cement. We could only work at it in the most constrained positions imaginable, which we never could endure above an hour; and we never came down from it but with bloody hands. Then, as soon as we had got out one iron bar, it had to be carefully replaced in its socket, so that, in the inspection to which we were every moment liable, nothing might betray us.

At the end of six months of this cruel operation, we set about the wooden ladder, which we should need to get up from the ditch to the parapet, and from the parapet into the governor's garden, and which required to be from twenty to twenty-five feet long. We devoted to it the wood allowed for our fire, which was in billets of from eighteen to twenty inches. But there were parts of this job for which a saw was indispensable, and I manufactured one out of an iron candlestick with the remainder of the steel out of which I had obtained my knife. With these tools we pared down our billets to the requisite thickness, made mortises and tenons to fasten our steps, twenty in number, into the single rail of our ladder, which was itself three inches thick, so that each step projected six inches on either side of it. Every separate part of the ladder had a twine to fasten it into its place, so that we could easily put it together during the night; and as fast as we completed one portion, we secreted it carefully between the floors.

There was one danger always to be guarded against. Independent of the visits at all hours to which, during the day, we were subject, the turnkeys, all privileged spies, made a point of listening to the prisoners' discourse, every word of which was reported, as I had myself cruelly experienced. Now, in addition to working only at night, and carefully avoiding to leave any trace of our labours—where a fragment of lime or grain of saw-dust would have sufficed to ruin us—it was necessary to deceive the ears of our spies also. We could not avoid talking between ourselves of what engrossed our minds, so we invented a dictionary, the strange outlandish words of which were sure to puzzle our watchful guardians, and put them on a wrong scent.

The saw we dubbed 'Favorus;' the plane, 'Anubis;' the knife, 'Tubal Cain;' our secret repository we named 'Polyphemus,' from the cave of that famous Cyclops; and the ladder 'Jacob,' in allusion to that of the patriarch in Holy Writ: our chief use of which jargon was, that if a visitor came upon us suddenly, and one of us perceived any article to be lying about, he had only to say 'Jacob,' 'Anubis,' or 'Favorus,' as the case might be, and the other would throw his handkerchief over or otherwise secrete it. By means of this unfaltering vigilance we were fortunately enabled to outwit all our Arguses.

These preliminary operations over, we occupied ourselves with the great ladder, which required to be at least 180 feet long. For this purpose we unravelled everything we could possibly spare—shirts, towels, stockings, drawers, and handkerchiefs, all that could furnish us with either thread or silk. Every ball we wound we consigned to Polyphemus; and when at length we had enough, we devoted a night to plaiting our rope; and I would defy the ablest ropemaker to twist a better.

Round the top of our tower there was a coping, which projected three or four feet, and which would necessarily cause our ladder to float and sway hither and thither during the descent in a manner sufficient to turn the steadiest head in the world. To obviate this, and save ourselves from being dashed to pieces, we made another rope 360 feet long, to run in a sort of pulley, and steady the first; also several others of various lengths, to secure our ladder to a cannon, or for unforeseen emergencies.

We next made 208 cross-bars for our two ladders; and to guard against the noise these wooden steps might make in rubbing against the wall, we muffled them all in cases, made out of the linings of our dressing-gowns and vests.

Eighteen months of incessant labour were spent in these preparations; but this was not all. We had, it is true, provided means for gaining the top of the tower, and letting ourselves down into the fosse; but for ascending from it there were two ways. One, before mentioned, was to get up on the parapet, and from it to the governor's garden, and thence down into the tower ditch at the Porte St Antoine; but then the parapet, which we must cross, was literally bristled with sentries. True, we might select a dark rainy night, when they kept within their boxes, and so possibly escape them. But it might suddenly clear up after we had embarked in our enterprise, and bring them out; besides the hazard of encountering the inspecting officers of the night, eternally going their rounds, and from whose lanterns it was impossible to conceal ourselves.

The other alternative increased our difficulties, but involved less of peril. It was to bore a passage through the wall separating the ditch of the fortress from that of the Porte St Antoine, the mortar of which, it occurred to me, might be softened, and in some degree decomposed, by its exposure to the frequent overflowings of the

Seine. To pierce it required a gimblet, to enable us to insert the points of two of our chimney bars, which we determined to carry with us. We made one out of an iron bolt of one of our beds, to which we attached a handle, in the shape of a cross.

The reader who has followed us thus far in our operations, and no doubt entered, in so doing, in some measure into our feelings, shares doubtless in our anxiety for their result. We fixed on the 25th of February 1756 for our flight, when the river being swelled, there would be four feet of water in the two ditches; on which account I filled a leathern portmanteau with a complete change of clothes for each, should we have the good fortune to escape.

No sooner had our dinner been taken away, than we put together our principal ladder, hiding it under our bed, in hopes that it might lie safe there during any further visits for the day. We then put up our wooden ladder in three pieces, and slipped our iron bars for boring the wall into their sheaths, to guard against noise. Furnishing ourselves with a botttle of *eau de vie*, to revive and strengthen us during our nine hours' labour up to the neck in water, we awaited the arrival and removal of our supper, and locking up for the night.

I was the first to mount the chimney, and soon forgot a rheumatic pain I laboured under in one arm, from the acute agony I experienced in both, from having neglected the precautions adopted by chimney-sweepers, of guarding their elbows and knees with shields of leather. Suffocated with dust and soot, and running down with blood both from arms and legs, I reached the top of the chimney; and letting down a ball of twine, D'Alègre fastened to it the rope attached to the portmanteau, which I launched to take its fate on the platform below. I drew up by the same means the wooden ladder, iron bars, and all our other treasures, concluding with the rope-ladder, which I so managed to secure to the chimney-top as to assist my companion, and save him the pain I had endured in the ascent. This done, I got down from my uneasy position on the chimney, and we both stood on the platform of the Bastille!

Landed there, we made our various arrangements, and began by rolling our rope-ladder into a coil, which formed a mass of four feet diameter by one in thickness. We rolled it on to the tower called the *Tour du Trésor*, which appeared to us most favourable for our descent. We secured one of the ends of the ladder to a piece of ordnance, and then fastening our pulley, passed through it the three-hundred-and-sixty-feet-long rope, which I lashed round my body, and which D'Alègre paid out gently as I descended. In spite of this precaution, I fluttered in the air at every motion I made—a sensation which may be judged of by the shudder its very idea inspires. I arrived, notwithstanding, without accident in the fosse.

The first thing D'Alègre did was to hand me down the portmanteau and other things; and having fortunately found a little mound high and dry above the water, I deposited them there. Once more it was in my power to aid my companion, by holding on fast to the rope, and so steadying his descent; which was safely accomplished. And now we could not help both feeling regret at the impossibility of carrying with us our ladder, and the other fruits of our ingenuity and skill, as rare and precious monuments of human industry when animated by the love of freedom.

It did not rain, and we heard a sentry on his walk within a few paces of us; it was therefore out of the question to mount the parapet, and escape through the governor's garden. We therefore fell back on our other plan, and making straight for the wall between the two fosses, set to work without delay. Just here, as ill luck would have it, the ditch was small and narrow, and consequently the water in it deeper. Elsewhere, we should only have been up to the middle; here, we had it shoulder-high. There had been a frost a day or two before, so that the water was still full of icicles; and yet we had to stay in it for nine hours, exhausted by excessive toil, and our limbs stiffened with cold.

We had hardly commenced working, when I saw coming, about twelve feet over our heads, a patrol, whose light fell directly on the spot where we were, so that we had no other resource, either at that time or many others during the night, but to dive overhead till the danger was past.

At length, after nine hours' labour, and alarms more painful still, we managed, by tearing asunder the stones with incredible difficulty, to make, in a four-feet-and-a-half wall, an opening sufficiently wide to drag ourselves through. We were beginning to give way to our joy when we were beset by a peril we had never foreseen, and which very nearly proved fatal. In crossing the fosse St Antoine, to gain the open road, as ill luck would have it, we stumbled on the aqueduct in the middle of it, having ten feet water at least above our heads, and two feet of mud, which prevented our moving to clear it; for it was only six feet broad. D'Alègre came tumbling on me, and all but threw me down. If he had, we should have been both lost, and perished in this slough. But on feeling him take hold, I obliged him to let go by a violent blow with my fist; and, by a desperate effort, I wrenched myself out of the mud, and seizing my companion by the hair, succeeded in extricating him also. We soon cleared the ditch, and as five o'clock struck, were on the high road.

Moved by a simultaneous impulse, we first threw ourselves into each other's arms in a long and close embrace; then both knelt down to pour out to God, who had carried us through so many perils, our lively gratitude. Such moments may be conceived—to describe them is impossible.

This duty fulfilled, we bethought ourselves of the dry clothes I had so fortunately brought; and now much more sensible than when working under water of the benumbing influence of the cold, neither of us could have dressed or undressed without help from the other.

We then got into a coach, and drove to a M. Silhouette's, chancellor to the Duke of Orleans, an intimate friend, who I knew would take us in; but he being unfortunately at Versailles, we took refuge with another acquaintance of mine, a merchant-tailor named Rouit, with whom we remained concealed for upwards of a month.

ESCAPE TO HOLLAND.

[La Tude and his companion D'Alègre were now at large; but in France, covered with spies and police, and under a rigorous system of passports, there was little chance of eluding the grasp of the merciless Pompadour. By adopting disguises, travelling separately, and with some assistance from friends, they reached Brussels; but there D'Alègre was discovered, and taken. La Tude was a degree more fortunate: he got as far as Amsterdam in Holland without molestation; but conscious that he was not safe even in this foreign country, he was about to sail for Surinam, when he was arrested by order of the French ambassador, and, to its great disgrace, with the connivance of the Dutch government. On the 9th of June, the unfortunate refugee was ignominiously sent off to France by way of Rotterdam and Antwerp; and finally, after enduring incalculable distress of body and mind, he arrived at his old quarters in the Bastille. Here we continue the dismal narrative of irresponsible tyranny on the one hand, and powerless suffering on the other.]

AGAIN IN THE BASTILLE.

Stripped, as at first, of my garments, and covered instead with rotten rags, I was heavily ironed, and cast into a dungeon with a handful of straw. I forbear to harrow up, more than necessary, the feelings of my readers. Suffice it that I remained in this state for forty consecutive months, a prey to the horrors of my situation and the utmost malice of my persecutors. Instead of detailing my sufferings minutely, I will rather here dwell on the strange circumstances by which I was enabled to support them.

One of these was to convert the usual prison annoyance of rats into a source of interest, by perfectly taming first one, and then a whole colony of these animals, which, while they fearlessly fed on what I gave them, would never let a single stranger share with themselves in the privilege. That I got to know, and distinguish, and name these familiar though repulsive creatures, and derive amusement from their gambols, was the means, under Providence, of beguiling for hours together the solitude of two years; till a far sweeter gratification was sent to vary my desolate condition.

One day that my straw had been changed, I perceived that the truss was bound together by a thong of elder. This discovery filled me with emotions difficult to describe; for the idea occurred of manufacturing it into a flageolet, with which I might cheat my sorrows, and diversify my sole prison-sounds—those of bolts and chains.

But how could I fashion this instrument? My hands were fastened with huge handcuffs to a bar of iron, and it was with great difficulty I could move them at all. I was destitute of any tool; and not for worlds would my jailers have given me so much as a splinter of wood. Yet with the point of a buckle of my garments I managed at last to cut through the twig, and clear it from the pith; and after several months' toil, I procured a flageolet, which, for thirty-four years, has never for a moment been away from me. It long assuaged my sorrows, and now enhances my joys; and when it shall have soothed my declining years, my care shall be to assign it to some friend of freedom, as a memorial of days of despotism now happily gone by.

Spite of an affecting report of the physician, which stated that a purer air, and light, and exercise could alone save me, no steps were taken to remove me till, a long time after, an overflow of the Seine filled my cell with water! Nor must my executioners claim any share in the feelings of humanity in making the transfer, which was solely owing to the turnkey who waited on me complaining of the hardship to himself.

The room I was removed to, though somewhat less ill-aired and noisome than my last, would hardly have been sufficiently so to prevent my regretting my four-footed family, had it not ere long afforded me a more agreeable substitute in some pigeons which perched on my window-sill. One of them I was not long in catching and taming, and through him others also. Their familiarity, and the care with which, even in confinement, they reared their little nestlings, formed not only a delight to myself, but a wonder to the whole officials of the prison; till one of them, my special jailer, who owed me a grudge since my last escape, first insisted, as the price of his connivance, on having more than half of the allowance of wine ordered for my weak state by the doctor; and on my remonstrating, came next day in triumph, bringing with him an order to kill my unhappy pets! In a fit of frenzy, denied the power of wreaking itself on my enemy, I anticipated him, by becoming myself the executioner of my poor favourites—an act I cannot to this day look back upon without shuddering, and which gave me more pain perhaps than any other incident of my captivity.

A change of governors soon after opened the way to more important events, and brought me into contact with the famous head of the police, M. de Sartine, who was henceforth so powerfully to influence my fate.

He adverted with seeming interest to a project which, even in the darkness of my dungeon, I had conceived, and managed with my own blood to note down on tablets made from crumbs of bread during the few minutes that a light was left me to eat my wretched meals. This was materially to increase the strength of the army (to the extent of one-twentieth part) by substituting for the halberts, which alone at that time the non-commissioned officers carried, good muskets, which in their hands were likely to prove still more efficient than in those of common men or raw recruits. As the *instant* adoption of this idea (which, through the confessor of the Bastille, I conveyed to the government) proved the sense entertained of its utility, I had founded on it hopes not only of emancipation, but reward. Both were solemnly promised me; but all I ever received was permission for a two hours' walk on the platform of the fortress.

Having, I confess, rather indiscreetly repulsed a secret agent, doubtless of M. de Sartine, who came to sound me as to whether I would sell, for a small annual pension, the credit of another of my plans—that for public granaries, which, if carried out, might have averted from France the horrors of famine—I had henceforth nothing to expect from that vindictive minister but ill-treatment and continued imprisonment.

All my direct efforts to mollify or conciliate him, as well as the moving appeals made about this time by my lately widowed mother for the restoration of her son, proving abortive, I bethought myself of a new plan for my deliverance, by creating an interest in my favour in some other quarter. This was to draw up an account of my case, and of the conduct of my persecutress, addressed to a person I could trust to give it publicity, and launch it on some favourable occasion from the top of the platform during my daily walk.

Both were attended with almost insuperable difficulties, as, to avoid further importunities to M. de Sartine, I was strictly debarred from pen, ink, and paper. I had, however, a few books (a remnant of former indulgence), and between the lines of these I wrote my memoir with a pen contrived by first flattening out and then rolling up a two-farthing piece, and ink made of lamp-black, which I procured by feigning toothache, and borrowing a sentry's pipe, and so setting fire to a wick inserted in a pot of oil I had obtained for a sore throat from the surgeon. Round the light so obtained I actually danced with delight, from the present enjoyment, as well as the hope it held out for the future.

My leaves being soon written over, and made up into a packet in a leathern bag made out of the lining of my clothes, I only waited for a favourable opportunity of launching it—on the vague chance of its being picked up by some honest or charitable passenger—into the Rue St Antoine.

For this purpose I had first to pick a quarrel with a garrulous wretch whose business it was to accompany me in my walk, and whom I so succeeded in affronting by not listening to him, that he first let me walk, unattended, to the further end of the platform, and then, while he indulged his passion for talking with my second guard, I accustomed him to see me stand there for a quarter of an hour at a time, gazing down upon the various houses surrounding the Bastille, and trying to select among the occupiers of the several rooms I saw into, persons the most likely to second my views.

These, I thought, would be best found among the fair sex, whose ready sensibility renders them ever open to compassion. A lucky chance favoured me beyond my hopes. I observed two young women at work together in the same room. I caught the eye of one, and made her a humble and respectful bow. She touched her sister, to whom I repeated my salutation, which both returned with sympathising kindness. From that moment a sort of correspondence was established between us. I paid them a daily visit, and they never failed to be there, and soon understood my signs, and managed to convey, in the most expressive manner, their readiness to serve me. I shewed them my packet, and for some days strove in vain to intimate that I wished them to come and pick it up in the street. At length, on the 21st September 1763, I saw that one had caught my meaning.

I availed myself of a moment when both turnkeys had their backs turned, and threw the bag with all my might over the parapet. It lighted fortunately at the very feet of my young ally, whom I saw snatch it hastily up, and run back with it to her chamber. In less than a quarter of an hour both sisters went out, making signs that it was to convey the packet as directed.

With what impatience did I await our meeting next day! When they appeared, they made a number of signs, which I tried in vain to comprehend. I could only gather that they were expressive of satisfaction, and on my account. For several months this daily increasing dumb-show of joy on their part went on. At last, on the 18th April 1764, at nine in the morning, I saw them unfold at their window a roll of paper, which bore in huge letters: 'The Marchioness de Pompadour died yesterday, 17th April 1764.' I thought I beheld the heavens open! So little did it occur to me that my captivity could endure a day after her to whose revenge it was due, so constantly had every turnkey in the prison told me that the hour of her death would be that of my release, that I began to pack my trunk in hourly expectation of the arrival of the herald of my freedom.

What was my astonishment when days elapsed without a word on the subject! I procured the means of letting M. de Sartine know that, not being a criminal, and never having had either accuser or judge, I could only have been detained in the Bastille by the orders of Madame de Pompadour, and that her decease ought consequently to put a period to my long imprisonment.

The strictest orders having been given to every officer connected with the Bastille to conceal from the prisoners the death of the marchioness, the surprise of the police minister on finding me apprised of it knew no bounds. He flew himself to interrogate me on the subject; and his tone and manner giving me every reason to conclude that if I were weak enough to betray my two young informants, I should compromise their safety, I told him he should tear me limb from limb before I would consent to name them. He had the meanness to say that this determination would be the price of my liberty.

Days and weeks having elapsed in the most horrible suspense, during which even the very jailers seemed touched with pity, and corroborated my suspicions that the heirs of the marchioness had combined with the minister to render my confinement perpetual, I wrote him in a fit of frenzy a letter, breathing nothing but submission and oblivion of the past, yet calculated, by its terrible truth, to exasperate him against me, and which I half hoped would have the effect of making him put an end at once to my sufferings and life.

M. de Sartine's reply was worthy of him. He remanded me to my dungeon, where I remained some weeks on bread and water. But having some appearances to keep with those who had heard his repeated promises to me not only of liberty, but reward, he reported through the château that he was going to grant me the former boon; but, to accustom me by degrees to breathe so novel an air, he meant to send me to pass a few months in a convent of monks. I was taken accordingly from my dungeon one night in the month of August, and bent down with a huge chain from my neck to my knees, the pain of which could hardly be exceeded had I been broken on the wheel, and every particular of which was detailed for my persecutor's satisfaction, and was conveyed, not to a convent, but to my old quarters at Vincennes! Here, by the kindness of the governor—whose reign, alas! was but too short—I was allowed the great privilege of walking in the garden. This I chiefly valued as holding out, sooner or later, some lingering hope of escape. But eight months having elapsed without even my sanguine mind having afforded a possible scheme for effecting it, an unforeseen accident alone—of which my presence of mind might enable me to avail myself—could bring it about; and, almost incredible to relate, such a one did occur at a time least expected by myself.

I was walking on the 23d November 1765, about four in the afternoon, in tolerably clear weather, when suddenly an extraordinary thick fog came on, which at once suggested a means of escape. Rushing from my guards, knocking down some, and deceiving others, I actually had the good fortune to get clear off. I hid myself till night in the park, and then slipped into Paris. As soon as I found myself within the barriers, I went to claim the protection of my two young friends opposite the Bastille, who, though they had concluded me dead, perfectly recognised me, and now for the first time confiding my secret to their father, a worthy hairdresser, borrowed from him a supply of linen and a little money. They also gave me a room in the house, and waited upon me at meals with a kind assiduity, which confirmed my opinion of the excellence of their hearts.

The reader's opinion of my sanity, I fear, will be shaken when I say that I once more wrote to M. de Sartine, though in the most respectful and submissive terms, and such as might have moved any less vindictive spirit to desist from a persecution which, I assured him, it was my only wish to forget! But I took this step in the perfect consciousness that, to escape from the vigilance of that first of police ministers either by remaining concealed in France, or trying to escape abroad, was nearly hopeless, while by propitiating him I might purchase peace.

I begged him, in the event of his acceding to my request, to cause three crosses to be placed on a certain door in the Tuileries; which it seems he did; but instead of being marked on the door itself, they were on a paper, which some passer-by amused himself by tearing down. The signal, I afterwards learned, had it met my agent's eye, was only designed to lure me to destruction. But, unaware of its having been complied with, and driven to desperation by the frightful hazards of my position, I resolved to throw myself on the compassion and generosity of the prime minister, the Duke de Choiseul, whose noble character, and superiority over his colleagues, seemed to promise me a chance of protection.

I wrote to him, and requested an audience for the 18th December at Fontainebleau, where the court then was, stating that my sole wish was, that he would himself be the judge of my cause, and not pronounce upon it till he had given me a hearing.

[Reckoning, with his usual confidence, on justice in this high quarter, De la Tude went to Fontainebleau, which he reached with great difficulty through heavy snows; and, as will be anticipated, was captured by the police on his arrival, and conveyed once more to Vincennes.]

They threw me this time into a horrible dungeon—the one marked A, whose very aspect made me tremble. It was scarce seven feet and a half long by six wide. Four doors, each at a foot from the other, some of iron, all of them garnished with enormous bolts, sufficed to exclude hope from this living tomb. Here the kind governor still came sometimes to see me. Although M. de Sartine had thrown upon him the blame of my flight, and he had nearly lost his situation, he still warmly importuned him on my behalf. About this time two persons came to me from Sartine, with the message that I might, with one word, obtain my liberty by simply naming the individual to whom I had intrusted my papers. To this I replied, without hesitation, 'that I had entered prison an honest man, and would die there, rather than go out of it a coward and a villain.' They left me without uttering another word.

I know not how long I remained in this dungeon, having in it no means of distinguishing between day and night, and calculating the hours by sufferings alone. It would doubtless have been my grave, and my persecutor's object of my being forgotten in it speedily attained, but for the humanity of one of my turnkeys. I felt the approach of death, and however little cause I had to dread it, its lingering horrors appalled me; and summoning my last strength, I implored this man, whom I had sometimes seen affected by my miseries, to give me the means of ridding myself of them.

He rushed out of my cell, and shortly after returned with the surgeon of the château. Horrified at my situation, he found me so prodigiously swelled that every part retained the impression of a finger when pressed upon it. But how could he prescribe for a wretch deprived of air, except for the moment in the day that his wicket was opened, and continually stretched, for want of room to move, on his heap of rotten straw? He insisted on my immediate removal, declaring I had not otherwise four-and-twenty hours to live; and though no one, not even the kind governor, would venture to ask the order from M. de Sartine, it was somehow or other at last effected, and in three hours two jailers came to take me out on their shoulders, and carried me to the first room on the left of the tower. My fever slowly subsided; but the swelling continuing, I prescribed for myself a cure, sanctioned by the doctor—a draught of hot wine, with a plentiful quantity of sugar in it, which opened my pores, closed for months by excess of cold, restored my strength, and at length removed the swelling.

All hope of freedom, either from the justice or relenting of the minister, being at an end, the returning activity of my mind began to exert itself upon the means of communication with my fellow-prisoners, both to beguile my present sorrows, and perhaps to find friends who might one day hold out to me a helping hand. To establish this intercourse from a chamber where I was under the strictest surveillance, was no easy matter; but it sufficed that it was not impossible for me to undertake it.

To attain my object, it was necessary to perforate the enormous wall of the keep towards the garden, where the prisoners went to take the air; and for this task I had no tools save my ten fingers. I recollected having picked up in my walks the previous year an old sword-blade and the iron hoop of a bucket, and carefully secreting them for some time of need; but they were still in the garden, and on no account would the officials grant me the privilege of walking there, which I had twice abused to escape from their grasp.

I managed, nevertheless, to pass a sufficient time there to repossess myself of my treasures. I had observed that when any repairs were required in a prisoner's room, the inmate was always turned out during the stay of the workman employed. I broke, so naturally as not to excite suspicion, a couple of panes in my window, and my room being close to the outer door, I was locked up, for the few minutes of the glazier's stay, in the nearest place of safety—the garden. I concealed the sword-blade, and also the hoop, under my clothes, and returned to my room as if nothing had happened, but full of the use I was to make of my tools.

The walls of the prison were at least five feet thick, while my hoop was only three feet long. Yet in *twenty-six months* of incredible labour, during which I a hundred times abandoned and resumed my attempts, I contrived to make a hole in the tower. I chose a dark spot near the chimney, where the mantel-shelf cast a deep shadow. The opening into the room I closed with a plug of cement, undistinguishable from the solid stone; and had the far smaller aperture outside attracted attention from without, I had the precaution always, when not in actual use, to keep the sword-blade in the aperture.

My opening completed, I made myself, by uniting slender bits of wood with twine made from my shirts, a sort of long fishing-rod-like stick, which, with a ribbon at the end of it, I passed out at the hole at a moment when I heard a single prisoner locked into the garden. His astonishment on pulling the stick towards him, and finding it was held at the other end, may be imagined, and still more when he learned who I was, and how I had worked through the wall. He told me in return that he was a Baron de Venac, from my own country, a fellow-sufferer in the same cause, having now expiated for nineteen years the crime of giving Madame de Pompadour a warning, which, while it saved her life, was calculated to wound her pride.

The next I made acquaintance with was a gentleman of Montpellier, also a victim of the marchioness, who had him arrested seventeen years before on the mere *suspicion* of having spoken ill of her! He was very unwell, and so weak, that he could scarcely stand; and as he never returned, he must, I fear, have sunk under the evils of protracted confinement.

Among other prisoners whose causes of imprisonment in many instances were equally frivolous, I naturally dwell on those which were the same as my own. A Chevalier de Rochegérault had, like myself, been arrested at Amsterdam, as the *suspected* author of a pamphlet against Madame de Pompadour. He had been twenty-three years a prisoner; yet he declared to me, by everything sacred, that he had never so much as seen the unlucky pamphlet. To justify himself had been impossible, as no opportunity of doing so had ever been afforded him.

My other persecutor, M. de Sartine, had shewn himself equally implacable. An aged prisoner, named Monsieur de Mirabelle, told me that he had picked up by ear four lines of verse (no doubt an epigram against that minister), and had the misfortune to repeat them in society. 'I heard,' said he, 'that I was to be arrested, and, like you, thought to disarm my enemy by frankness and submission.

I went to M. de Sartine, and asked him which prison I should drive to. He said Vincennes. I came, and here I have since remained eleven years. In that time I have several times seen M. de Sartine, and could never get out of him but these words: "Either you are the author of those lines, or you know who wrote them: if the latter, your silence involves equal guilt. Name the author, and you are that moment free!"'

It was not the enjoyment of conversation alone which I and others owed to my hole in the wall. Through it those prisoners who were allowed pen and paper transmitted supplies of them to me; nay, even by saturating with ink cotton ravellings, that precious fluid itself was conveyed to me. By these means I not only extended my own communications, but enabled others, who never met, to conduct theirs; and my cell became a sort of general post-office, whence circulated a very active correspondence. This was an especial blessing to those victims of ministerial resentment who not only, like myself, never quitted their chambers, but were denied every alleviation of their lot.

Mine had been ameliorated, as far as in him lay, by M. Guyonnet. But about this time we unhappily lost him, and there was sent in his stead a Sieur de Rougemont, a sordid and tyrannical wretch. The room I had been removed to commanded a superb view. The new governor's first action was to have the windows built up and narrowed, so that I could not enjoy it. This not sufficing, he put up across the bars a wire grating so close as almost to exclude the light of day; and grudging me even this dim and sepulchral glimmer, he ended by placing at the top of the window a sort of penthouse, by which my view of the sky was limited to an almost imperceptible point.

M. de Sartine, who about this time was promoted to the ministry of marine, had so bequeathed his resentments and line of conduct to his successor, M. le Noir, that an attempt to procure judicial redress for my wrongs only occasioned my being remanded to a yet worse dungeon, in which, totally deprived of light, and obtaining air only through the keyholes of three enormous doors, I was probably destined to pass the miserable remnant of my life.

Nine long months did my present purgatory endure, the damp having now brought on not only my former swelling, but universal rheumatism in every limb. I had just begun to hail death as a welcome deliverer, when, as usual at these direst periods of my sufferings, a fit of humanity seized my persecutors, and they snatched me from his grasp. For three months, during which I was slowly recalled to life—which eight days more where I was must have ended—the turnkeys kept telling me to cheer up, and that all would yet be well; though they refused any explanation of these vague expressions.

They referred, I soon learned, to the appointment to the ministry of the virtuous M. de Malesherbes, one of the few superior men who have held, alas! for too short a time, that important post. His first duty was to visit the state prisons, to judge and console their wretched inmates. The occupation was congenial to his heart, and he fulfilled it without delay. One day the door of my room was thrown open, and the official who preceded him announced M. de Malesherbes. At this much-respected name I felt myself a new creature, and thought I had entered on a better life!

How gently did he draw from me the minutest details of my misfortunes, and with what kindness did he listen to the recital! There is an instinct in just and upright minds which makes the words of innocence come home to them with irresistible power. When I told him my captivity had endured for twenty-six years, he seemed seized with a sort of convulsive shudder; his whole features expressed the strongest indignation; and several times during the interview he repeated, stamping with his feet as he did so: 'Twenty-six years!'

After hearing my tale of suffering, he inquired, in the most condescending manner, into my family, my fortune, and prospects: every tone of his sympathising voice carried life and comfort to my soul. Having mentioned my being hitherto refused the means of justification, he turned rather sharply to M. Rougemont, and ordered me to be supplied with all the materials for writing. Bidding me keep a good heart, and take patience, he left me with the assurance that ere long I should have reason to be satisfied. Feeling sure that this virtuous man would not deceive me, I cheerfully awaited his time; and in a few days my turnkey opened my prison, and begged me to follow him to the council-chamber, where the Lieutenant du Roi offered me a chair—an unwonted civility, which prepared me for what was to come.

He told me that M. de Malesherbes only waited to set me at liberty till I should furnish him with a note of the means, and a list of the clothes I might require for my exit. I answered, on the first head, that, after so many years of captivity, freedom on any terms would content me; and I took special care not to make too long my list of necessaries, for fear of retarding, even by a few hours, the blessed day of emancipation.

My readers, like myself, doubtless flatter themselves it has arrived, and that the order to break my fetters is already issued. Alas! my enemies, nearly frustrated in their vengeance, had yet power to reclaim their victim. They did so by not only poisoning the ear of the good Malesherbes with a thousand cruel tales of my insanity, but atrociously forging in my name a memorial, as puerile in manner as it was treasonable in matter, and which none but a madman *could* have penned, advocating a disjunction of Navarre from the crown of France.

I need hardly declare that such an idea never for a moment entered my mind. But the true cause of my continued wrongs was the design, ascribed to me with equal falsehood, of throwing myself at the feet of the king, and denouncing M. de Sartine; and to avert this, even the good new minister, whom they had succeeded in persuading that I was out of my senses, came to the determination of sending me to the bedlam of Paris at Charenton.

Nine days had elapsed since I had been asked for the note above mentioned of articles required for my return to the world. From that moment I had fancied myself free; my faculties had all revived, and I enjoyed in imagination a foretaste of their exercise.

On the 27th of September 1775, my jailer hastily opened my door, and exclaimed in a sort of transport: 'Sir, your woes are at an end, for your pardon has arrived!'

I followed him, and entered the council-room, where the fort-major made me sign the entry of my release, and accompanied me to the court-yard. There I found M. Rougemont and two policemen. One of them said to me: 'The minister thinks it necessary for you to become gradually habituated to breathe a freer air. You are to pass a few months in a convent hard by, where I have orders to conduct you.'

Such had been the precise language held to me on the 15th August 1764 by another of the craft, when he had come to take me from the Bastille to Vincennes. I remembered it but too well: it nearly annihilated me; and, more dead than alive, they carried me to a hackney-coach. In it, by my side, they placed another prisoner, who seemed to me a spectre, so emaciated was his frame, and so pale and livid his cheeks. He had been eighteen years at Vincennes, and knew nothing of where we were going. I summoned some remnant of strength to tell him the little I myself knew. I then observed that M. Rougemont was eagerly talking with my two guards. I listened, and distinctly heard him warn them that I was a man both ferocious and dangerous. He narrated my three escapes, and ended by saying that the strictest precautions would be necessary, and that my new keepers could not shut me up too closely.

I was not long in experiencing the effect of these barbarous hints. On returning to the carriage, they immediately bound my hands. My companion, a Swiss, to whom any change was welcome, was for the moment less cast down than myself, and talked a good deal to our guards, who gave us the first information of the death of Louis XV., which had taken place seventeen months before!

CHARENTON.

Arrived at Charenton, they gave us over into the hands of some monks, Brothers of Charity, to whom the superintendence of the house was intrusted. But not having failed to convey M. Rougemont's special caution, I was called, on entering, by the name of

'Danger,' which was sure to keep alive the ideas my calumniators wished to inspire regarding me.

Hitherto, I was in some degree unaware of my fate. Long seclusion from the world having prevented my becoming acquainted with the nature of Charenton, and seeing the heads of it wear the monastic habit, I believed that for once I had been told the truth. In this persuasion I began to breathe, and my mind threw off the dreadful oppression which, at thoughts of another state prison, had settled on it.

I followed my new leaders across a large court, and beheld about forty men, some dancing in an extravagant manner, while others, fantastically crowned with paper and rags, strutted about with an air of grotesque majesty. I asked in surprise who these people were.

The brother who conducted me replied: 'The madmen!'

'The madmen!' echoed I. 'Is this, then, an asylum for lunatics?'

'It is, sir,' said the brother.

I could hear no more, but fell down, and was dragged away by two keepers, and locked up in a room. A few minutes after, they returned, and presenting me a shirt and nightcap, ordered me to undress, and go to bed. It was in vain I pleaded that it was but two o'clock; resistance was fruitless; and force being evidently intended if I refused, there was nothing for it but to submit. Towards evening, there reached me from below a fearful howling, as if of fifty men enduring the extremity of torture. These were the fiercer lunatics, my neighbourhood to whom seemed destined to fill up the measure of my sufferings.

As this subsided, however, I was strangely surprised to hear the awful prison silence to which during night I had been accustomed, broken by two persons conversing freely together from their respective rooms—the one adjoining, the other just over mine. It was of me they spoke; and after remarking that all the others who had come along with me had been allowed the liberty of the corridors, they naturally concluded that I must be a very dangerous madman.

I had flown towards the window the better to listen; and at this word I exclaimed that I was neither mad nor dangerous, but only a poor devil who had suffered enough to make him both. Bidding me heartily welcome, they proceeded to inquire the length of my imprisonment; and when I hesitated to tell, lest they should infer from it the enormity of my crime, they assured me the impression would be quite the reverse. When I told them that I had been a prisoner, unaccused and uncondemned, for twenty-seven years, they exclaimed with the utmost horror and indignation against a tyranny unexampled, they said, even in Spain or Portugal.

On my expressing my astonishment that, if prisoners, they should enjoy the facility of mutual communication, of which they kindly promised to avail themselves for my amusement and comfort, while their discourse forbade my believing them to be any more mad than myself, they told me that, besides being a receptacle for the insane, the house afforded a convenient place of detention for young men of good family who, in the heat of youth, had been guilty of some indiscretions, which a sojourn here seldom failed to ripen into crimes. Such, however, had not been the case with my young informants — two amiable fellows, in whom good undoubtedly predominated.

Early next morning they renewed the conversation, and obligingly informed me of all that had been going on in the world, of which, especially during the last eleven years passed at Vincennes, I was profoundly ignorant. One of them, I learned, was the Baron de Prilles. The influence of this clever, pleasing lad over the heads of the house was unbounded; and having taken a strong fancy to me, I was indebted to his representations of my perfect sanity and good behaviour, for permission to hold converse at my wicket with all the sane part of the establishment, whose demonstrations of friendship and sympathy were inexpressibly soothing to my long benumbed and repressed feelings. He ultimately obtained for me, in the severe winter of 1776, the privilege of taking my meals with a numerous company of *détenus*, in the room of one St Bernard, where there was always good society and a rousing fire. By degrees the good fathers, whom I had induced to be deeply interested in my fate, succeeded in opening the eyes of M. de Malesherbes to the extent of ordering me the run of the house, nay, even promising my future freedom; though, alas! this was again but a fallacious gleam of hope. His resignation—a day of grief for France—took place too soon for all.

In the meantime, the fathers lost no time in acting on their permission, and threw open my chamber doors. I despair of conveying, nay, even of myself conceiving, the intoxication of joy I experienced, and which really seemed to be shared by my kindly new associates. I ran about like a child, embracing all I met; while they again would drag me, one to a window, whence I could descry, with a sort of rapture, trees, and fields, and vineyards—another to the common room, where billiards, chess-boards, books, and newspapers, recalled the image of civilised life. How gladly do I dwell on these particulars—on our joint meals, the pleasing society of a set of well-educated lively youths; nay, even the amusement furnished to me by the vagaries of some of the more harmless patients! But, alas! even such joys as a sane and active mind is capable of experiencing as a prisoner at large in a bedlam, were soon to be poisoned by a horrible discovery, which rendered my remaining sojourn a prey to misery and despair.

Among the more furious lunatics kept confined in cells, or even iron cages, some, whose attacks were only periodical, were brought back in their lucid intervals to mix as before with the boarders.

One of these, lately returned from durance, told me that my old Bastille comrade, D'Alègre, now a confirmed madman, was an inhabitant of one of the cells, and for the last ten years had been chained up without even a glimmer of returning reason or mitigated frenzy.

These particulars almost turned my brain too. I ran to the father who had the charge of the cells, and petitioned, as the most precious favour, for leave to enter that of my poor comrade, flattering myself that the sight of me would produce some beneficial effect on his mind.

The father, seeing me pale and breathless, and almost beside myself, wished to put off the interview for some days. 'No,' said I; 'I will not leave you till you have let me see him, and at least water his chains with my tears!' After all, I was obliged to submit to a delay of some hours, which, I am convinced, were employed in putting clothes on my unhappy friend, fearing the effect on myself of letting me see him in his usual state of horrible nudity.

At length I was admitted, and tremblingly entered his dark, dismal den. I had thought to behold my former companion: I only found a hideous skeleton, with matted hair, deep-sunk and haggard eyes, and a face so bleached and withered as to defy recognition. The fearful spectacle still haunts and agonises me. I ran, nevertheless, to throw myself upon his neck: he repulsed me with a sort of horror. 'Do you not know your old friend?' said I. 'I am La Tude, who helped you to escape from the Bastille. Don't you remember him?' He gazed on me with a terrific look, and said in a hoarse yet feeble voice: 'No; I am God!' I could not draw from him another word.

My despair may be imagined; for surely few readers will forbear to shudder over such a picture of woe. And well they may; for its object still exists; and, not to reckon those first bitter years of 'hope deferred' which made him what he is, twenty-four have rolled over in his present wretched condition, and yet death comes not to his aid. Still do I forget my own sufferings and misfortunes when thinking of those of D'Alègre, and holy indignation on their account usurps the place of pity; for in that estimable youth bright talents were united to every virtue, and gave the promise of an excellent citizen. And all this blighted, ruined, brought to the depth of degradation, by the piqued vanity of a courtesan, and the weak deference, perhaps guilty avarice, of a yet baser minister!

Having failed in my efforts to obtain my liberty by appeals to the justice of the official visitors of Charenton—a justice, I was told, never known to have been extended to persons detained, like myself, by a *lettre de cachet*—I had recourse to other means. Through the kind intervention of a countryman and fellow-prisoner, the young Chevalier de Moyria, and his mother, with M. de St Vigor, comptroller-general of the queen's household, and his direct application, not to my enemy, M. le Noir, but the minister himself, M. Amelot, the order for my release was at length issued! It was brought me on the 7th June 1777. That very moment I left Charenton, and was free!

I left it without a hat or coat, with one pair of stockings and one of trousers, all torn, and pieced in every part; instead of shoes, an old pair of slippers, bestowed on me by the Brothers of Charity; and, to cover all this nakedness, an old greatcoat I had bought at Brussels in 1747—thirty years before!—which had lain rotting in many a dungeon, a prey to vermin; without a penny in my pocket, without resources or friends, nay, almost without acquaintance. But what signified it? I was free!

And yet fain would I linger and spare the compassionate reader and myself fresh horrors. I might almost say that from this moment only I became truly wretched; and that all I had hitherto suffered, which might have been thought to exhaust the utmost malice of fate, was merely a preparation for its renewed and worst assaults.

I had been warned by the person who came to set me free, that I ought to call immediately on the head of the police; but how do so in a state of beggary, which would have justified his very servants in turning me from his door? Luckily, I had heard my young deliverer speak at Charenton of a townsman of mine settled near Paris; to him I applied, justly supposing he must at least know my family.

It was with great difficulty I made him believe who I was; for while residing at Montagnac, all the town, he said, were fully persuaded that, during my flight to Holland, I had embarked from thence for the West Indies, and been drowned—the report set abroad by my enemies to get rid of all future inquiries after me. When satisfied of my identity, he kindly advanced me twenty-five louis, with which I bought clothes, and next day waited on M. le Noir. He received me with some apparent interest; said his secretary would direct me to a person appointed by my family to furnish me with the means of returning to my own country; and recommended me to obey without delay the order, overlooked by me in the first joyful moments of my liberation, which commanded me to proceed at once to Montagnac, and remain there, a prisoner at large, for life.

Now, besides the horrible reports which had been circulated and believed in a little provincial town, far from the focus of despotism, and ignorant of its power, regarding my character and crimes, there were family circumstances rendering Montagnac the most painful place of residence which the whole world could have afforded. Not having the slightest reason to hope, there or elsewhere, for any pecuniary resources, is it to be wondered that I still cherished a lingering wish to realise the promises of reward so often held out by the government for my successful plans? I availed myself of the advice and sanction of influential persons to draw up a memorial to the king, not only read and approved, but signed by the Marshal of France, the Prince de Beauveau, who undertook to present it as his majesty returned from mass.

In this memorial I had certainly occasion to mention M. de Sartine, but I took care to do so in terms befitting the ear of the monarch whose minister he was. The paper, according to official usage, was no doubt submitted to him; for when, at the end of eight days, I went back for the answer, all was changed. M. Amelot, formerly so favourably disposed, gave me the worst reception, and a peremptory order from the king to repair at once to my own country, granting me, as a sole favour, a few days to arrange my affairs.

I returned to Paris, a prey to the gloomiest presentiments. My landlord gave me a letter, signed 'Le Noir.' The very name made me tremble. It contained an order to wait on him instantly. I did so. He told me, in a voice of thunder, that if I did not set out forthwith, he would have me arrested; so saying, he turned his back on me, and went out. I hesitated not a moment; and, furnished by my kind countryman, who took his chance of reimbursement, with twelve louis more, in addition to seven which remained of his former loan, I was next day in the coach for Auxerre, the most sorrowful exile who perhaps ever turned his steps, without a ray of comfort awaiting him there, towards his native place. On the 15th July, I was at a place one hundred and twenty miles from Paris, on the road to Montagnac, when a man accosted me, said his name was Desmants, an employé of the police, and arrested me in the king's name.

A thunder-clap could not have stunned me more. In vain did I urge my prompt obedience, and the impossibility of my having committed any fresh crime since the order for my release, which I produced. The man could only shew his counter-order, to post after me all the way to Montagnac if necessary, and bring me back *in fetters* (but this, on my word of honour not to escape, he dispensed with) to Paris!

There awaited me, at the end of this miserable journey, a proof of the rage of my enemies, to which all that had gone before of suffering was as nothing; namely, to confound me, in character and treatment, with the vilest criminals, and consign me, amid the veriest outcasts of society, to their peculiar receptacle—

BICÊTRE.

Yes; after two or three days' detention, at my own expense, which nearly exhausted my remaining pittance, I was taken, well nigh speechless and motionless, to that infamous place, which I blush so much as to name. Here I was stripped to the skin, and reclothed with a shirt which seemed woven of packthread, a waistcoat without sleeves, a coat and trousers of the coarsest sacking, a pair of wooden shoes, and a cap worthy of these disgraceful accoutrements; and then conducted by two soldiers, armed with huge bludgeons, to a dungeon, and left there with a little bread and water.

In all my former captivities, if I did by good fortune meet with any fellow-prisoners, they were men to whose society education, talents, or kind dispositions lent an interest. Here I was surrounded only by scoundrels, forced to listen to their language, and inhale the venom of their crimes. At Bicêtre alone, where mutual intercourse could be least profitable, was it daily enjoyed; at least at the hour of serving out the rations, when, all the wickets of the long ranges of opposite cells being thrown open, their inmates availed themselves of it to put out their heads, and speak to, advise, abuse, swear at, nay, even fight with each other across the narrow passage, by throwing bottles or wooden shoes, till the sergeant and his guard came up to end the fray, by laying about them right and left with their clubs.

Such were my first sights in this sojourn of horrors; and to console me in my despair, I was eagerly questioned by my neighbours as to how many murders I had committed, and their boast that, consummate rascal as no doubt I was, they yet piqued themselves on outdoing me. Among such a crew, secure from any interposition of clemency or pity, at the age of fifty-three, twenty-eight years of which I had consumed in chains, I was thrown, with the certainty of at length fulfilling my enemies' purpose, and being '*forgotten.*'

Words would fail to convey to the already harrowed mind of the reader not only the mental but physical evils—revolting beyond description—of this lowest of dépôts for crime. Hunger—for I was fain to eke out the insufficient prison allowance of black bread with filthy crusts raked up from the passages, and dispute them, like the Prodigal, with the pigs of the establishment. Cold—for not only, in winter, had I constantly to break with my wooden shoe the coat of ice on my water-pitcher, but my window, a slit, ten feet high, which alone afforded me light and air, being situated right opposite to an opening in the outer wall, the wind, rain, and snow found free access to my cell and my bed, which I could never manage to keep dry. By this I was driven—last and worst of my indescribable miseries—to stop it up altogether. What I then endured, both in my feelings and health, from the mephitic air caused by a variety of sewers whose junction was precisely under my floor, during thirty-eight months that I inhabited this frightful dungeon, may best be learned from the state in which I was removed to the worse purgatory called the Infirmary.

Here, in beds huddled close together—nay, sometimes packed across—the wretched victims of scurvy lay heaped on each other, one expiring on the right, another on the left already gone; while these were the sole objects on which the eyes of the sad survivors could possibly rest. In no case whatever were these beds, not even on the admission of a fresh patient, ever made, or the sheets changed, perhaps for six months together, by the wretches, taken from the dregs of society, who, for a pittance of *two farthings* a day, served, or rather pillaged and maltreated, all who had anything to lose. Amidst the filth, groans, and other horrors of this scene, I was confined some months, and finally was permitted to return to my cell on crutches.

Shortly after this event, matters began to take for me a more favourable turn. On the 18th September 1781, about six in the evening, all my comrades within hearing of my cell began to cry out to me: 'Great news! excellent news! The President de Gourgues is in the court below!'

I learned, on inquiry, that this just and humane magistrate often came to visit the prisoners, and seldom failed to liberate one or more; and they kindly offered to call him to give me a moment's hearing, which he most kindly did, placing himself at the loophole of my dungeon, and encouraging me, by a host of questions, to relate my misfortunes. He ended by desiring me to draw up for him a narrative of my whole history, saying: 'One must be devoid of heart not to be touched with seeing you in such a frightful place after thirty-two years of misery. Depend on me; your misfortunes are too great to permit me to forget you.'

The darkness in my cell and the weakness of my sight had prevented my distinguishing the features of M. de Gourgues; but the guard who accompanied him hastened to tell me he had seen him shed tears, and that I might be sure he would not abandon me.

So my wrongs had drawn tears from that excellent man! Ah, how relieved was my own heart on hearing it; how sweet and consoling were those I myself now shed; what a calm and blessed night did I spend after such an interview! During the whole evening the prisoners did nothing but speak of the happiness of having seen this worthy man. The very culprits he had himself formerly convicted bore testimony to his integrity and justice.

It may be imagined I did not fail to draw up the memorial he had requested. For nine days did I sell my bread to pay for the paper, as, notwithstanding his orders to that effect, none was furnished to me. After all my trouble, the packet was not immediately delivered to its address. The watchman who acted as my messenger accidentally dropped it in the street. By a fortunate circumstance, it was picked up, taken home, and read by a woman, whose tender feelings were shocked with the recital.

Madame le Gros, the name of this amiable individual, carried on, at the time she found and read my memorial, a small traffic in haberdashery. Her husband, a worthy man, earning a scanty subsistence by giving private lessons, shared her emotions, and resolved to unite his efforts with hers to save me; and having copied the paper, insisted on himself presenting the original next day to M. de Gourgues.

That good but misinformed man assured him that, moved by the tale of the individual by whom it was drawn up, he had not awaited it to take steps for procuring his freedom; but, on so doing, had learned with pain that he was a decided madman, who, though enjoying lucid intervals, was, in his periods of frenzy, so dangerous, as to make unavailing pity the only boon which could with safety be bestowed on him.

Madame le Gros, led by the instinct of virtuous minds, remained unconvinced. She read and re-read my memoir; and persuaded that frenzy, if existing, would betray itself, however suppressed, in the mode of expressing my wrongs, could not but observe that my language, though bitter no doubt as despair could dictate, was nevertheless that of innocence unable to stoop to supplication. She thus escaped the error into which the audacious imposture of my enemies had led M. de Gourgues, and others as humane as himself, but who might have been far better acquainted with mankind and their passions than my right-minded new protectress.

Her simple reasoning on the case was this. If a criminal, even my bitterest enemies had never accused me of any specific crime. If, again, as they alleged, a madman, which I must evidently have become by dint of the most cruel usage, why remove me from Charenton, the proper asylum for all in that unhappy condition? These reflections led to this natural inference; namely, that my persecutors were abusing their power to fetter my limbs and stifle my cries; because, if set free, I could denounce and expose them. Nor did she come to this conclusion without taking measures to verify it on the most sufficient grounds. The chaplain of Bicêtre, to whom I had been warmly recommended by his predecessor, the worthy Abbé Légal, gave her a written certificate of my good conduct and sanity. And for evidence of my possible crime, she was referred to the *ecrou*, or register, kept on every prisoner's incarceration of its ostensible cause. She had it searched, and it only bore—Masères de la Tude, arrested 15th July 1777, and lodged in Bicêtre 1st August same year.

Furnished with these proofs, and strong in my innocence and the purity of her own motives, this courageous woman, sanctioned and aided in every step by her husband, persevered, to the sacrifice of health, of her little trade and scanty means, in her heroic undertaking.

Her first step was to enter, if possible, into communication with me, and to cheer me by a knowledge of her exertions. This she achieved by coming to Bicêtre on pretence of buying the little trinkets in straw sold by the prisoners; and she at length succeeded in prevailing on a keeper, by a bribe of three louis—a perfect fortune in her situation—to convey to me a letter, requesting, in the most delicate manner, my acceptance, in the way of a *loan*, of another louis, and enclosing the yet more valuable gift of a powder, by which I was delivered within three days from the vermin of which I was the prey.

I bathed this precious letter with my tears; and after having read it, I found myself on my knees, half-tempted to unite in my homage to the Almighty the being on whom His image seemed visibly impressed. I testified my sense of her goodness by dissuading, in my reply, my unknown benefactress from running in my behalf the tremendous risks of which I was too well aware. 'Let me perish,' I said, and said in full sincerity of heart, 'rather than expose yourself; and remember, I can offer you no return save my gratitude and tears.'

My benefactors, Monsieur and Madame le Gros, seemed to attach some merit to this frankness, which they were pleased to call generosity, and which only redoubled the warmth of their zeal in my cause. Strong in her resolve, she made her way, after repeated disappointments, to the worthy President de Lamoignon, who, though touched with her zeal, and promising to do what he could, told her plainly he all but despaired of success. He had several interviews with M. le Noir, who got off by referring him to the minister, M. Amelot, and he again to the lieutenant of police. This game lasted nine months; and M. Amelot was heard to say that he saw no other obstacle to my liberation than M. le Noir's determination to stand in the way of it.

The efforts which this heroic woman continued to make on my behalf would form in themselves a touching narrative. She besieged hundreds of individuals, many of whom would gladly have served her if they could. At length she interested Madame Necker in my deplorable fate, and, by means which I never clearly understood, M. le Noir received an order to release me.

Will it be credited that M. le Noir had the audacity to keep this order beside him, unexecuted, for *six weeks!* It came, clogged, as before, with the hateful condition of residing at Montagnac; which it cost my kind Madame le Gros little less exertion than she had before used to get rescinded. And when that unwearied friend, in addition to the heavy responsibility incurred by becoming answerable for my quiet behaviour, total silence, and rigid abstinence from appearing in any place of public resort, declared her determination to take me home to supply the place of a lost son, all that the munificence of government would allow me, in compensation of my own wrongs or her kindness, was a wretched pittance of four hundred francs, or fifteen pounds per annum!

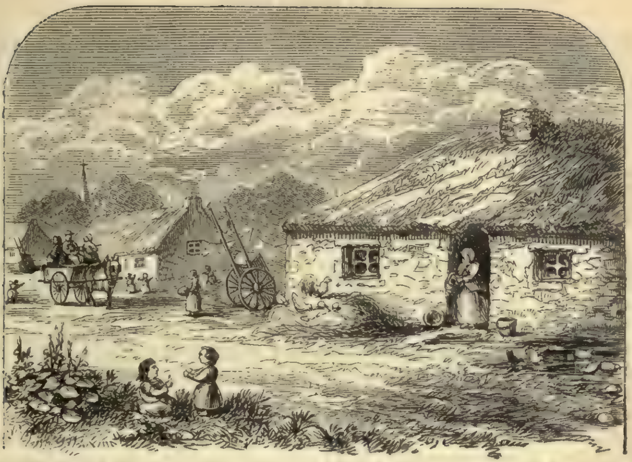
Other and more liberal benefactors, however, came forward to supply the deficiency; and an annuity has been settled on the generous woman who, to succour innocence, sacrificed her all. But it is not by such means she could be compensated. Let me rather record, to her eternal honour, the feelings which she witnessed and shared on the memorable day when, restored to friendship and gratitude, I experienced sensations which none perhaps but myself in the world could have enjoyed in so intoxicating a degree. It was on the 22d March 1784—a day for ever memorable in my history—that I was born, as it were, to a new life!

My generous benefactors, embracing me by turns, while we all wept together, were never weary of enjoying the thought that the object of so many anxieties would henceforward be only one of the tenderest cares. We all seemed waking from a sad and fearful dream.

We arrived *at home*. I saw a neat, though plain apartment, where everything told evidently that I had been long expected. I looked around on all with the interest, almost with the curiosity, of childhood; the most trifling object gave me enjoyment: all was food for happiness. I was restored to the world; was now suffered to have free intercourse with my fellow-creatures.

M. de la Tude, in spite of all precautions to the contrary, became an object of great temporary interest, in France and throughout Europe, after his release, and had the satisfaction of being present at the taking and destruction of the Bastille in 1789. On the eventful day which saw this ancient prison levelled with the ground, La Tude saw, in the museum of the fortress, the implements of his wonderful escape in 1756, and also the series of official documents regarding his case; which, as corroborative of his statements, afforded him no small degree of satisfaction.

The disclosures made by M. de la Tude in his Memoirs became a formidable weapon in the hands of the revolutionary party, and served to confirm the people in their hatred of the monarchy which they had destroyed. The National Assembly, in consideration of his sufferings, decreed La Tude a pension; which was afterwards however, withdrawn; and the heirs of Amelot and Madame de Pompadour were sentenced to make him indemnification. What, however, could recompense an old man for a confinement of thirty-five years—for the utter loss of the most precious part of his existence? The much-injured La Tude died in 1804, in the eightieth year of his age.



MRS MACCLARTY.

SCENES FROM THE 'COTTAGERS OF GLENBURNIE.'

ON a beautiful morning in summer, Mrs Mason, a lady who had led an active and useful life, but now was desirous of retiring for the sake of her health to a pleasant part of the country, arrived at the village of Glenburnie. Situated near the head of a glen, or romantic valley, the village was small and picturesque, but, like too many villages and hamlets in Scotland, it shewed that nothing was done to make it neat, cleanly, or attractive. It consisted of about twenty or thirty thatched cottages, which, but for their chimneys, and the smoke that issued from them, might have passed for so many stables or hog-sties, so little had they to distinguish them as the dwellings of man. That one horse, at least, was the inhabitant of every dwelling, there was no room to doubt, as every door could not only boast its dunghill, but had a small cart stuck up on end directly before it; which cart, though often broken, and always dirty, seemed ostentatiously displayed as a proof of wealth.

In the middle of the village stood the kirk, a humble edifice, which meekly raised its head but a few degrees above the neighbouring houses, ornamented, however, by two old ash-trees, which grew at its east end, and spread their protecting arms over its lowly roof. As the houses of the village stood separate from each other, at the distance of many yards, our traveller had time to contemplate the scene, and was particularly struck with the number of children who, as the car advanced, poured forth to look at Mrs Mason and her friends, Mr and Miss Mary Stewart, who accompanied her in their car. Mrs Mason having previously arranged to stay for a short time in the village with the only relation she had in the world, who was married to a farmer named John Macclarty, she now asked for the house of that worthy, and after a severe jolting from the badness of the road, was set down opposite his door.

It must be confessed that the aspect of the dwelling where she was to fix her residence was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial—built of stone and lime—but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter; and on one side of the door they were covered from view by the contents of a large dunghill. On the other, and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it about twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling.

At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid; and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, which always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold. But there an unforeseen danger awaited her; for the great whey-pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made, and was at the present moment filled with chickens, busily picking at the bits of curd which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr Stewart and Mrs Mason unfortunately tumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens, cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way by the inner door into the house.

The accident was attended with no further bad consequences than a little hurt upon the shins; and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but though they found the doors of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs Macclarty came in all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age. She welcomed Mrs Mason and her friends with great kindness, and made many apologies for being in no better order to receive them; but said that both her gudeman and herself thought that her cousin would have staid with Mr Stewart at Gowan-brae till after the fair, as they were too far off at Glenburnie to think of going to it, though it would, to be sure, be only natural for Mrs Mason to like to see all the grand sights that were to be seen there; for, to be sure, she would gang mony places before she saw the like. Mrs Mason smiled, and assured her she would have more pleasure in looking at the fine view from her door than in all the sights at the fair.

'Ay, it 's a bonny piece of corn, to be sure,' returned Mrs Macclarty with great simplicity; 'but then, what with the trees, and rocks, and wimplings o' the burn, we have nae room to make parks o' ony size.'

'But were your trees, and rocks, and wimplings of the burn all removed,' said Mr Stewart, 'then your prospect would be worth the looking at, Mrs Macclarty; would it not?'

Though Mr Stewart's irony was lost upon the good woman, it produced a laugh among the young folks, which she, however, did not resent, but immediately fell to busying herself in sweeping the hearth, and adding turf to the fire, in order to make the kettle boil for tea.

'I think,' said Miss Mary, 'you might make your daughters save you that trouble,' looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall.

'Oh, poor things,' said their mother, 'they have not been used to it; they have eneugh of time for wark yet.'

'Depend upon it,' said Mrs Mason, 'young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself.'

'Indeed she 's of a stately growth,' said Mrs Macclarty, pleased with the observation; 'and Jenny there is little ahint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that? In time, I warrant, they 'll do weel eneugh. Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can do, when she likes.'

'And does she not always like to do all she can?' said Mrs Mason.

'Oh, we mauna complain,' returned the mother; 'she does weel eneugh.'

The gawky girl now began to rub the wall up and down with her dirty fingers; but happily the wall was of too dusky a hue to be easily stained. And here let us remark the advantage which our cottages in general possess over those of our southern neighbours, theirs being so whitened up that no one can have the comfort of laying a dirty hand upon them without leaving the impression; an inconvenience which reduces people to the necessity of learning to stand upon their legs, without the assistance of their hands; whereas in our country, custom has rendered the hands in standing at a door, or in going up or down a stair, no less necessary than the feet, as may be plainly seen in the finger-marks which meet one's eye in all directions.

While Mrs Macclarty was preparing tea for her guests, Mrs Mason cast her exploring eye on the house and furniture. She soon saw that the place they were in served in the triple capacity of kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. Its furniture was suitably abundant. It consisted, on one side, of a dresser, over which were shelves filled with plates and dishes, which she supposed to be of pewter; but they had been so bedimmed by the quantities of flies that sat upon them, that she could not pronounce with certainty as to the metal they were made of. On the shelf that projected immediately next the dresser was a number of delf and wooden bowls, of different dimensions, with horn spoons, &c. These, though arranged with apparent care, did not entirely conceal from view the dirty nightcaps and other articles that were stuffed in behind.

Opposite the fireplace were two beds, each enclosed in a sort of wooden closet, so firmly built as to exclude the entrance of a breath of air, except in front, where were small folding-doors, which were now open, and exhibited a quantity of yarn hung up in bunches—affording proof of the goodwife's industry. The portable furniture, as chairs, tables, &c. were all, though clumsy, of good materials; so that Mrs Mason thought the place wanted nothing but a little attention to neatness, and some more light, to render it tolerably comfortable.

Miss Mary Stewart took upon herself the trouble of making tea, and began the operation by rinsing all the cups and saucers through warm water; at which Mrs Macclarty was so far from being offended, that the moment she perceived her intention she stepped to a huge Dutch press, and having with some difficulty opened the leaves, took from a store of nice linen, which it presented to their view, a fine damask napkin, of which she begged her to make use.

'You have a noble stock of linen, cousin,' said Mrs Mason. 'Few farmers' houses in England could produce the like; but I think this is rather too fine for common use.'

'For common use!' cried Mrs Macclarty; 'na, na, we 're no sic fools as put our napery to use! I have a dizen table-claiths in that press thirty years auld, that were never laid upon a table. They are a' o' my mother's spinning. I have nine o' my ain makin' forbye, that never saw the sun but at the boukin washin. Ye needna be telling us o' England!'

'It is no doubt a good thing,' said Mrs Mason, 'to have a stock of goods of any kind, provided one has a prospect of turning them to account; but I confess I think the labour unprofitably employed which, during thirty years, is to produce no advantage; and that linen of an inferior quality would be preferable, as it would certainly be more useful. A towel of nice clean huckaback would wipe a cup as well, and better, than a damask napkin.'

'Towels!' cried Mrs Macclarty; 'na, na, we mauna pretend to towels; we just wipe up the things wi' what comes in the gait.'

On saying this the good woman, to shew how exactly she practised what she spoke, pulled out from between the seed-tub and her husband's dirty shoes (which stood beneath the bench by the fireside) a long blackened rag, and with it rubbed one of the pewter plates, with which she stepped into the closet for a roll of butter. 'There,' says she, 'I 'm sure ye 'll say that ye never ate better butter in your life. There 's no in a' Glenburnie better kye than ours. I hope ye 'll eat heartily, and I 'm sure ye 're heartily welcome.'

'Look, sister,' cried little William; 'see, there are the marks of a thumb and two fingers! do scrape it off, it is so nasty!'

'Dear me,' said Mrs Macclarty, 'I didna mind that I had been stirring the fire, and my hands were a wee sooty; but it will soon scrape aff; there 's a dirty knife will take it aff in a minute.'

'Stop, stop,' cried Miss Mary, 'that knife will only make it worse; pray, let me manage it myself.'

She did so manage it that the boys, who were very hungry, contrived to eat it to their oat-cakes with great satisfaction; but though Mrs Mason made the attempt, the disgust with which she began was so augmented by the sight of the numerous hairs which, as the butter was spread, bristled up upon the surface, that she found it impossible to proceed.

Here, thought she, is a home in which peace and plenty seem to reign, and yet these blessings, which I thought invaluable, will not be sufficient to afford me any comfort, from the mere want of attention to the article of cleanliness. But may I not remedy this? She looked at Mrs Macclarty, and in the mild features of a face which, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of slovenly dress and four days' soil (for this was Thursday), was still handsome, she thought she perceived a candour that might be convinced, and a good-nature that would not refuse to act upon conviction. Of the countenances of the two girls she could not judge so favourably. The elder appeared morose and sullen, and the younger stupid and insensible. She was confirmed in her opinion by observing that, though their mother had several times desired them to go to the field for their father, neither of them stirred a step.

'Do you not hear your mother speaking to you?' said Mr Stewart in a tone of authority. The eldest coloured, and hung down her head; the younger girl looked in his face with a stupid stare; but neither of them made any answer.

'*Ye'll* gang, I ken, my dear,' said Mrs Macclarty, addressing herself to the younger; 'oh ay, I ken ye 'll gang, like a good bairn, Jean.'

Jean looked at her sister; and Mrs Macclarty, ashamed of their disobedience, but still willing to palliate the faults which her own indulgence had created, said: 'That indeed they never liked to leave her, poor things! they were so bashful; but that in time they would do weel eneugh.'

'They will never do well if they disobey their mother,' said Mr Stewart; 'you ought to teach your children to obey you, Mrs Macclarty, for their sakes as well as for your own. Take my word for it, that if you don't, they, as well as you, will suffer from the consequences. But come, boys, we shall go to the field ourselves, and see how the farmer's work goes on.'

Mrs Macclarty, glad of his proposal, went to the door to point the way. Having received her directions, Mr Stewart, pointing to the pool at the threshold, asked her how she could bear to have such dirty doors. 'Why does not your husband fetch a stone from the quarry?' said he. 'People who are far from stones and from gravel may have some excuse, but you have the materials within your reach, and by half a day's labour could have your door made clean and comfortable. How, then, can you have gone on so long with it in this condition?'

'Indeed, I kenna, sir,' said Mrs Macclarty; 'the gudeman just canna be fashed.'

'And cannot you be fashed to go to the end of the house to throw out your dirty water? Don't you see how small a drain would from that carry it down the river, instead of remaining here to stagnate, and to suffocate you with intolerable stench?'

'Oh, we're just used to it,' said Mrs Macclarty, 'and we never mind it. We couldna be fashed to gang sae far wi' a' the slaistery.'

'But what,' returned Mr Stewart, 'will Mrs Mason think of all this dirt? She has been used to see things in a very different sort of order; and if you will be advised by her, she will put you upon such a method of doing everything about your house as will soon give it a very different appearance.'

'Ay,' said Mrs Macclarty, 'I aye feared she would be ower nice for us. She has been sae lang amang the English, that she maun hae a hantel o' outlandish notions. But we are owre auld to learn, and we just do weel eneugh.'

Mr Stewart shook his head, and followed his sons, who had by this time disengaged the gate from the post, to which it had been attached by an old cord of many knots.

While Mr Stewart had been engaging the farmer's wife in conversation at the door, his daughter had been earnestly exhorting Mrs Mason to return to Gowan-brae, and to give up all thoughts of remaining in a situation in which she could not probably enjoy any degree of comfort; but her arguments made no impression. Mrs Mason adhered inflexibly to her resolution of making a trial of the place; and on Mrs Macclarty's entrance, begged to see the room she was to occupy.

'That you sall,' said Mrs Macclarty; 'but, indeed, it's no in sic order as I could wish, for it's cram fou o' woo: it was put in there the day of the sheep-shearing, and we have never ta'en the fash to put it by; for, as I said before, we did not expect my cuisin till after the fair.' She then opened the door that was placed in the middle, exactly between the two beds, the recesses of which formed the entry of the dark passage, through which they groped their way to the spens, or inner apartment, which was nearly of the same size as the kitchen. Mrs Mason was prepared for seeing the fleeces, which were piled up in the middle of the floor, but was struck with dismay at the fusty smell, which denoted the place to be without any circulation of air. She immediately advanced to the window, with the intention of opening it for relief. But, alas! it was not made to open; and she heard for her comfort that it was the same with all the other windows in the house. The bed, which was opposite to it, was shut up on three sides, like those in the kitchen. At the foot was a dark closet, in which Mrs Mason's trunks were already placed. Between the window and the fireplace was a large chest of drawers, of mahogany; and on the other side the window an eight-day clock in a mahogany case. The backs of the chairs were of the same foreign wood, betokening no saving of expense; yet, upon the whole, all had a squalid and gloomy aspect.

Mrs Macclarty tossed down the bed to shew the fineness of the ticking and the abundance of the blankets, which she took care to tell were all of her own spinning. She received the expected tribute of applause for her good housewifery, though Mrs Mason could not help observing to her what a risk she ran of having it all lost for want of air. 'See the proof of what I say,' said she, 'in that quantity of moths! they will soon leave you little to boast of your blankets!'

'Moths!' repeated Mrs Macclarty, 'there never was sic a sight o' moths as in this room; we are just eaten up wi' them; and I 'm sure I kenna how they can win in, for no ae breath o' wind ever blew here!'

'That is just the thing that induces them to breed in this place,' returned Mrs Mason. 'Plenty of air would soon rid you of the grievance. Since the window is unfortunately fast, I must beg to have a fire kindled here as soon as your maid comes from the hay-field.'

'A fire!' repeated Mrs Macclarty; 'I thought you had fund it owre warm.'

'It is not to increase the heat that I ask for a fire,' returned Mrs Mason, 'but to increase the circulation of air. If the doors are left open, the air will come sweeping in to feed the fire, and the room will by that means be ventilated, which it greatly stands in need of. I can at present breathe in it no longer.'

By the help of Miss Mary's arm Mrs Mason got out into the open air, and gladly assented to her friend's proposal of taking a view of the garden, which lay at the back of the house. On going to the wicket by which it entered, they found it broken, so that they were obliged to wait until the stake which propped it was removed. Nor was this the only difficulty they had to encounter; the path, which was very narrow, was damp, by sippings from the dirty pool; and on each side of it the ground immediately rose, and the docks and nettles which covered it consequently grew so high, that they had no alternative but to walk sideways or to separate.

'Ye'll see a bonny garden if ye gang on,' said Mrs Macclarty; 'my son's unco proud o't.'

'I wonder your son can let these weeds grow here so rank,' said Miss Mary; 'I think, if he is proud of the garden, he should take some pains to make the entrance to it passable.'

'Oh, it does weel eneugh for us,' returned the contented mother. 'But saw ye ever sic fine suthernwood, or sic a bed of thyme? We have twa rose-bushes down yonder too, but we canna get at them for the nettles. My son gets to them by speeling the wa'; but he would do onything for flowers. His father's often angry at the time he spends on them.'

'Your husband, then, has not much taste for the garden, I suppose?' said Mrs Mason; 'and indeed so it appears, for here is ground enough to supply a large family with fruit and vegetables all the year round; but I see scarcely anything but cabbages and weeds.'

'Na, na, we have some leeks too,' said Mrs Macclarty; 'and green kail in winter in plenty. We dinna pretend to kickshaws: green kail's gude eneugh for us.'

'But,' said Miss Mary, 'any one may pretend to what they can produce by their own labour. Were your children to dress and weed this garden, there might be a pretty walk; there you might have a plot of green peas, there another of beans; and under your window you might have a nice border of flowers to regale you with their sweet smell. They might do this, too, at very little trouble.'

'Ay, but they canna be fashed,' said Mrs Macclarty; 'and it does just weel eneugh.'

Mr Stewart now appeared, and with him the farmer, who saluted Mrs Mason with a hearty welcome, and pressed all the party to go in and taste his whisky, to prevent, as he said, the tea from doing them any harm. As the car was now ready, Mr Stewart begged to be excused from accepting the invitation; and after laying a kind injunction on Mrs Mason to consider no place so much her home as Gowan-brae, he set off with his family on their return homewards.

Mrs Mason, unwilling to give trouble, and anxious not to disgust her new acquaintances by the appearance of fastidiousness, gave no further directions concerning her apartment, than were barely necessary towards putting it in a habitable state. This being done, she entered cheerfully into conversation with the farmer, whom she found possessed of much plain good sense, and a greater stock of information than she could have supposed within his reach. She was struck with the force and rationality of his observations on various subjects, and almost sorry when their chat was interrupted by a call to supper, which was now upon the table. It consisted, besides the family dishes of sowens and milk, of a large trencherful of new potatoes, the first of the season, and intended as a treat for the stranger. The farmer and his three sons sat down on one side, the good wife and her two daughters on the other, leaving the arm-chair at the head for Mrs Mason, and a stool at the foot for Grizzy, who sat with her back to the table, only turning round occasionally to help herself.

When all were seated, the farmer, taking off a large blue bonnet, which, on account of his bald crown, he seldom parted with through the day, and looking round to see that all were attentive, invited them to join in the act of devotion which preceded every meal, by saying: 'Let us ask a blessing.'

Mrs Mason, who had been so long accustomed to consider the standing posture as expressive of greater reverence, immediately stood up, but she was the only one that moved; all the rest of the party keeping their seats, while the farmer, with great solemnity, pronounced a short but emphatic prayer. This being finished, Mrs Mason was desired to help herself; and such was the impression made by the pious thankfulness which breathed in the devotional exercise in which she had just engaged, that viands less acceptable to her palate would at that moment have been eaten with relish. The sowens were excellent; the milk was sweet; and the fresh-raised potatoes, bursting from the coats in which they had been boiled, might have feasted a queen. It is indeed ten thousand to one that any queen ever tasted of the first of vegetables in this its highest state of perfection. Mrs Mason was liberal of her praise; and both the farmer and his wife were highly gratified by her expressions of satisfaction.

The meal concluded, as it had begun, with prayer; and Mrs Mason retired to her room under a full conviction that, in the society of people who so sincerely served and worshipped God, all the materials of happiness would be within her reach.

Her bed appeared so inviting from the delicate whiteness of the linen, that she hastened to enjoy in it the sweets of repose; but no sooner had her head reached the pillow than she became sick, and was so overcome by a feeling of suffocation, that she was obliged to sit up for air. Upon examination, she found that the smell which annoyed her proceeded from new feathers put into the pillow before they had been properly dried, and when they were consequently full of the animal oil, which, when it becomes rancid, sends forth an intolerable effluvia. Having removed the annoyance, and made of her clothes a bundle to support her head, she again composed herself to sleep; but, alas! in vain; for the enemy by whom she was now attacked she found to be sworn against sleep. The assault was made by such numbers in all quarters, and carried on with such dexterity by the merciless and agile foe, that, after a few ineffectual attempts at offensive and defensive warfare, she at length resigned herself to absolute despair. The disgusting idea of want of cleanliness which their presence excited, was yet more insufferable than the piercing of their little fangs. But on recollecting how long the room had been filled with the fleeces, she gladly flattered herself that they were only accidental guests, and that she might soon be able to effect their banishment.

As day advanced, the enemy retired; and poor Mrs Mason, fatigued and wearied, at length sunk to rest. Happily, she was undisturbed by the light; for though her window, which was exactly opposite to the bed, was not shaded by a curtain, the veil of dust which it had contracted in the eighteen years it had stood unwiped, was too thick to permit the rays of the sun to penetrate.

As the clock struck eight she hastened out of bed, vexed at having lost so much of the day in sleep; and on perceiving, when about half-dressed, that she had in her room neither water nor hand-basin to wash in, she threw on her dimity bed-gown, and went out to the kitchen to procure a supply of these necessary articles. She there found Meg and Jean; the former standing at the table, from which the porridge dishes seemed to have been just removed; the latter killing flies at the window. Mrs Mason addressed herself to Meg, and, after a courteous good-morrow, asked her where she should find a hand-basin?

'I dinna ken,' said Meg, drawing her finger through the milk that had been spilled upon the table.

'Where is your mother?' asked Mrs Mason.

'I dinna ken,' returned Meg, continuing to dabble her hands through the remaining fragments of the feast.

'If you are going to clean that table,' said Mrs Mason, 'you will give yourself more work than you need by daubing it all over with the porridge. Bring your cloth, and I shall shew you how I learned to clean our tables when I was a little girl like you.'

Meg continued to make lines with her forefinger.

'Come,' said Mrs Mason, 'shall I teach you?'

'Na,' said Meg, 'I shall dight nane o't. I'm ga'an to the schule.'

'But that need not hinder you to wipe up the table before you go,' said Mrs Mason. 'You might have cleaned it up as bright as a looking-glass in the time that you have spent in spattering it and dirtying your fingers. Would it not be pleasanter for you to make it clean than to leave it dirty?'

'I'll no be at the fash,' returned Meg, making off to the door as she spoke. Before she got out she was met by her mother, who, on seeing her, exclaimed: 'Are ye no awa yet, bairns? I never saw the like. Sic a fight to get you to the schule! Nae wonner ye learn little when you're at it. Gae awa, like good bairns; for there's nae schulin' the morn, ye ken; it's the fair-day.'

Meg set off after some further parley; but Jean continued to catch the flies at the window, taking no notice of her mother's exhortations, though again repeated in pretty nearly the same terms.

'Dear me!' said the mother, 'what's the matter wi' the bairn?

what for winna ye gang when Meg 's gane? Rin, and ye 'll be after her or she wins to the end o' the loan.'

'I 'm no ga'an the day,' says Jean, turning away her face.

'And what for are ye no ga'an, my dear?' says her mother.

'Cause I hinna gotten my questions,' replied Jean.

'Oh, but ye may gang for a' that,' said her mother; 'the maister will no be angry. Gang, like a gude bairn.'

'Na,' said Jean; 'but he will be angry, for I didna get them the last time either.'

'And what for didna ye get them, my dear?' said Mrs Macclarty in a soothing tone.

'Cause 'twas unco kittle, and I couldna be fashed,' replied the hopeful girl, catching, as she spoke, another handful of flies. Her mother, finding that entreaties were of no avail, endeavoured to speak in a more peremptory accent, and even laid her commands upon her daughter to depart immediately: but she had too often permitted her commands to be disputed to be surprised at their being now treated with disrespect. Jean repeated her determined purpose of not going to school that day; and the firmer she became in opposition, the authoritative tone of the mother gradually weakened; till at length, by saying that 'if she didna gang to the schule she sudna stand there,' she acknowledged herself to be defeated, and the point to be given up.

Mrs Mason, who had stood an unobserved spectator of this scene, was truly shocked at such a contempt of parental authority as she believed must inevitably produce consequences of the most deplorable nature. She came forward, and stopping the little girl as she was slinking out at the door, asked her 'if she really meant to disobey her mother by staying from school?' Jean made no answer; but the indulgent mother, unwilling that any one should open her eyes to that to which she resolved to be blind, instantly made her spoilt child's apology, by observing that 'the poor thing hadna gotten her questions, and didna like to gang, for fear o' the maister's anger.'

'But ought she not to have got her questions, as her master enjoined, instead of idling here all the morning?' said Mrs Mason.

'O ay,' returned Mrs Macclarty, 'she sud hae gotten her questions, nae doubt; but it was unco fashious, and ye see she hasna a turn that gait, poor woman! but in time she 'll do weel eneugh.'

'Those who wait till evening for sunrise,' said Mrs Mason, 'will find that they have lost the day. If you permit your daughter, while a child, to disobey her parent and her teacher, she will never learn to obey her God. But perhaps I interfere too far. If I do, you must forgive me; for, with the strong impression which I have upon my mind of the consequences of a right education, I am tempted to forget that my advice may sometimes be unacceptable.'

'Hoot,' said Mrs Macclarty, who did not perfectly comprehend the speech, 'maidens' bairns are aye weel bred, ye ken, cuisin; but I fear ye hinna sleepit weel, that ye have been sae lang o' rising. It 's a lang time since the kettle has been boiling for your breakfast.'

'I shall be ready for it very soon,' said Mrs Mason; 'but I came in search of a basin and water, which Grizzy has forgot to put in my room; and until I wash, I can proceed no further in dressing myself.'

'Dear me,' replied Mrs Macclarty, 'I 'm sure you're weel eneugh. Your hands hae nae need of washing, I trow. Ye ne'er do a turn to file them.'

'You can't surely be in earnest,' replied Mrs Mason. 'Do you think I could sit down to breakfast with unwashed hands? I never heard of such a thing, and never saw it done in my life.'

'I see nae guid o' sic nicety,' returned her friend; 'but it is easy to gie ye water eneugh, though I 'm sure I dinna ken what to put it in, unless ye tak ane o' the parridge plates: or maybe the calf's luggie may do better, for it'll gie ye eneugh o' room.'

'Your own basin will do better than either,' said Mrs Mason: 'give me the loan of it for this morning, and I shall return it immediately, as you must doubtless often want it through the day.'

'Na, na,' returned Mrs Macclarty; 'I dinna fash wi' sae mony fykes. There 's aye water standing in something or other for ane to ca' their hands through when they 're blacket. The guidman indeed is a wee conceity like yoursel', an' he coft a brown basin for his shaving in on Saturdays, but it 's in use a' the week haddin' milk, or I 'm sure ye 'd be welcome to it. I shall see an' get it ready for you the morn.'

Poor Mrs Mason, on whose nerves the image presented by this description of the alternate uses of the utensil in question produced a sensible effect, could scarcely command voice to thank her cousin for her civil offer. Being, however, under the necessity of choosing for the present, she without hesitation preferred the calf's bicker to the porridge plate: and indeed considered the calf as being so much the cleanlier animal than his mistress, that she would in every way have preferred him for an associate.

Mrs Mason was not ill pleased to find that she was to breakfast by herself; the rest of the family having long ago finished their morning repast, were now engaged in the several occupations of the day

The kail-pot was already on the fire to make broth for dinner, and Mrs Macclarty busied in preparing the vegetables which were to be boiled in it, when her guest, on hearing her desire Grizzel to make haste and sit down to her wheel, thought it time to remind her that her bed was still to make, and her room to be put in order, and that Grizzy's assistance would be necessary for both.

It was not easy to persuade the good woman that it would not be time enough in the dusk of the evening; but as Mrs Mason declared it essential to her comfort, Grizzy was ordered to attend her, and to do whatever she desired. By her directions the stout girl fell to work, and hoisted out the bed and bed-clothes, which she carried to the barn-yard, the only place about the house where there was a spot of green grass. The check curtains followed, and in their removal effected the sudden ruin of many a goodly cobweb which had never before met with the smallest molestation. When the lower valance was removed, it displayed a scene still more extraordinary—a hoard of the remains of all the old shoes that had ever been worn by any member of the family, staves of broken tubs, ends of decayed rope, and a long et cetera of useless articles, so covered with blue mould and dust, that it seemed surprising the very spiders did not quit the colony in disgust.

Mrs Mason sickened at the sight. Perceiving what an unpleasant task she should be obliged to impose on her assistant, she deemed herself in justice bound to recompense her for the trouble; and holding up a half-crown piece, told her that if she performed all she required of her on the present occasion it should be her own. No sooner was Grizzy made certain of the reward, which had till now been promised in indefinite terms, than she began in such good earnest, that Mrs Mason was glad to get out of the room. After three large bucketfuls of dirt and trumpery had been carried out, she came to Mrs Mason for fresh instructions; then proceeded to wash the bed-posts with soap and water; after which the chairs, the tables, the clock-case, the very walls of the room, as well as everything it contained, all underwent a complete cleaning.

The window, in which were nine tolerably large panes of glass, was no sooner rendered transparent, than Grizzy cried out in ecstacy, 'that she cou'dna have thought it would have made sic a change. Dear me! how heartsome it looks now to what it used!' said the girl, her spirits rising in proportion to the exertion of her activity.

'And in how short a time has it been cleaned!' said Mrs Mason. 'Yet, had it been regularly cleaned once a week, as it ought to have been, it would have cost far less trouble. By the labour of a minute or two we may keep it constantly bright; and surely few days pass in which so much time may not be spared. Let us now go to the kitchen window, and make it likewise clean.' Grizzy with alacrity obeyed. But before the window could be approached, it was found necessary to remove the heap of dusty articles piled up in the window-sill, which served the purpose of family library and repository of what is known by the term *odds and ends*.

Mrs Macclarty, who had sat down to spin, did not at first seem willing to take any notice of what was going forward; but on perceiving her maid beginning to meddle with the things in the window, she could no longer remain a neutral spectator of the scene. Stopping her wheel, she, in a voice indicating the reverse of satisfaction, asked what she was about? Mrs Mason took it upon her to reply.

'We are going to make your window bright and clean for you, cousin,' said she. 'If you step into my room, and take a look of mine, you will see what a difference there is in it; and this, if these broken panes were mended, would look every bit as well.'

'It does weel eneugh,' returned Mrs Macclarty; 'it wants nae cleanin'; it does just weel eneugh. What 's the gude o' takin' up the lass's time wi' nonsense? she 'll break the window too, and the bairns hae broken eneugh o' it already.'

'But if these panes were mended, and the window cleaned without and within,' said Mrs Mason, 'you cannot think how much more cheerful the kitchen would appear.'

'And how lang wad it bide clean if it were?' said Mrs Macclarty; 'it would be as ill as ever or a month, and wha cou'd be at the fash o' aye cleanin' at it?'

'Even once a month would keep it tolerable, but once a week would keep it very nice; your little girls might rub it bright of a morning, without the least trouble in the world. They might learn, too, to whiten the window-sill, and to keep it free from rubbish, by laying the books, and all these articles, in their proper places, instead of letting them remain here covered with dust. You cannot imagine what good it would do your young people did they learn betimes to attend to such matters; for believe me, cousin, habits of neatness, and of activity, and of attention, have a greater effect upon the temper and disposition than most people are aware of.'

'If my bairns do as weel as I hae done, they 'll do weel eneugh,' said Mrs Macclarty, turning her wheel with great speed. Mr Macclarty's voice was just at that moment heard calling on Grizzy to drive the fowls out of the cornfield, which necessarily put a stop to all further proceedings against the window. Mrs Mason therefore returned to her own apartment; and, greatly pleased with the appearance which it now assumed, cheerfully sat down to her accustomed labours of the needle, of which she was such complete mistress, that it gave no interruption to the train of her reflections. On taking a view of her present situation, and comparing it with the past, she carefully suppressed every feeling that could lead to discontent. She saw that the more nearly people approached each other in their habits and opinions, the less would the sacrifice be felt; but while she entertained a hope of being able to do more good in her present situation than she could in any other, she resolved to remain where she was. 'Surely,' said she to herself, 'I must be of some use to the children of these good people. They are ill brought up, but they do not seem deficient in understanding; and if I can once convince them of the advantage they will derive from listening to my advice, I may make a lasting impression on their minds.'

While engaged by these reflections as she busily pursued her work, she was startled by a sudden noise, followed by an immediate diminution of light; and on looking up, perceived her window bespattered all over with mud. A tittering laugh betrayed the aggressors, and directed her attention to the side where they stood, and from which she knew they could not retreat without being seen. She therefore continued quietly on the watch, and in a little time saw Jean and her younger brother issue from the spot, and hastily run down the bank that led to the river.

Mrs Mason had been for above twenty years employed in studying the tempers and dispositions of children; but as she had never before seen an instance of what appeared to be unprovoked malignity in the youthful mind, she was greatly shocked at the discovery, and thought it incumbent on her to inform their mother of the incident, and to give her opinion of it in the plainest terms.

Mrs Macclarty, perceiving that Mrs Mason had something extraordinary to communicate, stopped her wheel to listen; and when the window was mentioned, asked, with great anxiety, whether it was broken. 'No,' said Mrs Mason; 'the mud they threw at it was too soft to break the glass; it is not to the injury done the window that I wish to call your attention, but to the dispositions of your children; for what must the dispositions be that lead them to take pleasure in such an act?'

'Hoot,' said Mrs Macclarty, 'is that it a'?—ane would hae thought the window had been a' to shivers by the way you spoke. If it's but a wee clarted, there's na sae muckle ill done. I tauld ye it was nonsense to be at sae muckle fash about it, for that it wou'dna get leave to bide lang clean.'

'But if your children were better taught,' said Mrs Mason, 'it might get leave to bide clean long enough. If the same activity which they have displayed in dirtying it had been directed into proper channels, your cottage might have been kept in order by their little hands, and your garden and all about your doors made neat and beautiful. Children are naturally active; but unless their activity be early bent to useful purposes, it will only lead them into mischief. Were your children'——

'Hoot,' said Mrs Macclarty peevishly, 'my bairns are just like other folks'. A' laddies are fou o' mischief. I'm sure there's no a yard i' the town where they can get a flower or apple keepit for them. I wonder what ye would hae said if ye had seen the minister's yetts the day after they were painted, slaked and blacket a' owre wi' dirt by the laddies frae the schule?'

'I would have said,' returned Mrs Mason, 'what I said before, that all that bent to mischief in the children arises from the neglect of the parents in not directing their activity into proper channels. Do you not think that each of these boys would, if properly trained, find as much amusement in works that would tend to ornament the village, or in cultivating a few shrubs and flowers to adorn the walls of their own cottages, as they now appear to find in mischief and destruction? Do you not think that that girl of yours might have been so brought up as to have had more pleasure in cleaning a window of her father's house than in bedaubing it with mud? Allowing the pleasure of being mischievously active, and the pleasure of being usefully active, to be at present equal, do you think that the consequences will not be different? "Train up a child in the way he should go," says Solomon, and depend upon it that in the way you train him he will go, whether you desire it or not. If you permit a child to derive all his pleasure from doing ill to others, he will not, when he is grown up, be inclined to do much good. He will even from his youth be conscious of deserving the ill-will of his neighbours, and must of course have no good-will to them. His temper will thus be soured. If he succeed in life, he will be proud and overbearing; if he do not, he will become sulky, and morose, and obdurate.'

'Weel,' said the farmer, who had been listening to the latter part of the conversation, 'it 's a' true that ye say; but how is it to be helpit? Do you think corrupt nature can be subdued in ony other way than by the grace of God?'

'If I read my Bible right,' returned Mrs Mason, 'the grace of God is a gift which, like all the other gifts of divine love, must be sought by the appointed means. It is the duty of a parent to put his children upon the way of thus seeking it, and, as far as it is in his power, to remove the obstacles that would prevent it.'

'The minister himsel' could speak nae better,' returned the farmer. 'But when folks gie their bairns the best education in their power, what mair can they do?'

'In answer to your question,' replied Mrs Mason, 'I will put one to you. Suppose you had a field which produced only briers and thorns, what method would you take to bring it into heart?'

'I would nae doubt root out the briers and thorns as weel as I could,' returned the farmer.

'And after you had opened the soil by ploughing, and enriched it by the proper manure, you would sow good seed in it, and expect, by the blessing of Heaven, to reap in harvest the reward of your labours?' said Mrs Mason.

'To be sure I would,' said the farmer.

'And do you imagine,' said Mrs Mason, 'that the human soul requires less care in culturing it than is necessary to your field? Is it merely by teaching them to say their questions, or even teaching them to read, that the briers and thorns of pride and self-will will be rooted up from your children's minds?'

'We maun trust a' to the grace of God,' said the farmer.

'God forbid that we should put trust in aught beside,' returned Mrs Mason; 'but if we hope for a miraculous interposition of divine grace in favour of ourselves or of our children, without taking the means that God has appointed, our hope does not spring from faith, but from presumption. It is just as if you were neither to plough nor sow your fields, and yet expect that Providence would bless you with an abundant crop.'

'But what means ought we to use that we do not use?' said the farmer. 'We send our bairns to the schule, and we tak them to the kirk, and we do our best to set them a good example. I kenna what we could do mair.'

'You are a good man,' said Mrs Mason with complacency; 'and happy will it be for your children if they follow your example. But let us drop all allusion to them in particular, and speak only of training up youth to virtue as a general principle. By what you say, you think it sufficient to sow the seed; I contend for the necessity of preparing the soil to receive it; and say that, without such preparation, it will never take root nor vegetate.'

'I canna contradict you,' returned the farmer; 'but I wish you to explain it better. If you mean that we ought to gie our bairns lessons at hame, I can tell you we hae nae time for it, nor are we book-learned eneugh to make fine speeches to them, as the like of you might do; and if we were, I fear it wad do little gude.'

'Believe me,' replied Mrs Mason, 'set lessons and fine harangues make no part of my plan of preparation, which consists of nothing else than a watchful attention to the first appearances of what is in its nature evil, and, whether it comes in the shape of self-will, passion, or perverseness, nipping it in the very bud; while, on the other hand, I would tenderly cherish every kindly affection, and enforce attention to the feelings of others: by which means I would render children kind-hearted, tractable, and obedient. This is what I call the preparation of the soil: now, let us see the consequences. Supposing that, of two children, one has from infancy been accustomed to constant and cheerful obedience, while the other has never been taught to respect any will but his own; which of those two, on being instructed in the divine precept, "Honour thy father and thy mother," will be most likely to enter into the spirit of the commandment? And what doth the gospel teach? Doth it not urge us to subdue all selfish and vindictive passions, in order that we may cherish the most perfect love to God and man? Now, if we have permitted our children to indulge these passions, how do we prepare them for practising the gospel precepts? Their duty to God and man requires that they should make the best use of every power of mind and body: the activity natural to youth is a power included in this rule; and if we permit them to waste it in effecting mischief, and in destroying or disturbing the happiness of others, can we say that we are not counteracting the express will of our divine Master? How can we flatter ourselves that, with such habits, the divine precepts will make much impression on their minds?'

Before Mrs Mason had finished her speech, her voice was drowned in the noise of a violent quarrel that had taken place between the farmer's two elder sons. Perceiving that the dispute would not be easily settled, she retired to her room, but was overtaken in the passage by Mrs Macclarty, who said in a whisper: ‘I hope ye ’ll say naething o’ Jenny’s playing the truant frae the schule. Her father mauna ken o ’t, he wad be sae angry.’

‘Alas!’ said Mrs Mason, ‘you know not how much you are your child’s enemy; but I shall be silent.’

Mrs Mason enjoyed the reward of her exertions, and of Grizzel’s labour, in a night of sweet and uninterrupted repose. She was awakened at early dawn by the farmer calling his sons to get up to prepare for the labours of the day; and looking up, beheld the clouds already decked in the colours of the morning, inviting her to the most glorious sight on which the eye of man can look. The invitation was not given in vain. She rose and dressed herself, and taking her staff and crutch, sallied from her room, earnestly wishing to escape observation.

From the length of time that the outer door had been shut, the closeness of the house had become very unpleasant to her lungs. Welcome, therefore, was the reviving breeze of morning; welcome the freshness of the coming day, which now burst upon her senses. It was not, indeed, until she had removed some paces from the house that she fully felt its influence; for while near the door, the smell of the squashy pool, and its neighbour the dunghill, was so powerful, as to subdue the fragrance of earth’s fruits and flowers.

Having taken the road towards the river, she, on its first turning, found herself in full view of the water-fall, and was arrested by admiration at the many beauties of the scene. Seating herself upon a projecting rock, she contemplated the effulgent glory of the heavens as they brightened into splendour at the approach of the lord of day; and when her eyes were dazzled by the scene, turned to view the living waters pouring their crystal flood over the craggy precipice, shaded by the spreading boughs of birch and alder.

While indulging in the grateful feelings of her heart, by sending up her tribute of praise to the Almighty Giver of all good, her ears were suddenly assailed by the harsh sound of discord; and on moving a few steps, she discovered that a violent dispute had taken place between the farmer and his eldest son. In the hope of making peace, she advanced towards them; but before she turned the corner she paused, doubting whether it were not better to take no notice of having heard the fray. The voices ceased, and proceeding, she saw the farmer hastily unsaddling a horse, and the son at the same moment issuing from the door, but pulled back by his mother, who held the skirt of his coat, saying: ‘I tell ye, Sandy, ye mauna gang to anger your father.’

‘But I sall gang,’ cried Sandy in a sullen tone; ‘I winna be hindered. I sall gang, I tell ye, whether my father likes or no.’

‘Ye may gang, ye doure loon,’ says the father; ‘but if ye do, ye sall repent it as lang as ye live.’

'Hoot na,' returned the mother, 'ye'll forgie him; and ye had as weel let him gang, for ye see he winna be hindered!'

'Where is the young man for going to?' asked Mrs Mason.

'Where sud he be for gain' to but to the fair?' returned the mother; 'it's only natural. But our gudeman's unco particular, and never lets the lads get ony daffin.'

'Daffin!' cried the farmer; 'is druckenness daffin? Didna he gang last year, and come hame as drunk as a beast? And ye wad hae him tak the brown mare too, without ever speering my leave! saddled and bridled too, forsooth, like ony gentleman in the land! But ye sall baith repent it: I tell ye ye'se baith repent it.

Mrs Mason endeavoured to dissuade the young man from going to the fair, but in vain; and he was left to pursue his own wilful course.

'Mistress!' hallooed the voice of Grizzel from the house, 'I wish ye wad come and speak to Meg. She winna be hindered putting her fingers in the kirn, and licking the cream.'

'If I were at you,' cried Mrs Macclarty, 'I'd gar you'——

She was as good as her word; and in order to shew Mrs Mason the good effect of her advice, she ran that moment into the kitchen, and gave her daughter a hearty slap upon the back. The girl went a few steps farther off, and deliberately applied her tongue to the back of her hand, where part of the cream was still visible.

'Go! ye idle whippy!' said her mother, 'and let me see how weel ye'll ca' the kirn.'

'I winna kirn the day,' returned Meg; 'I'm gaun to milk the kye. Jean may kirn; she has naething else to do.'

'I'm aye set to kirn,' says Jean whimpering. 'I never saw sic wark. I tell ye, I winna kirn mair than Meg. Grizzy can milk the cows hersel'. She doesna want her help.'

'But, girls,' said Mrs Mason, 'when I was a little girl like either of you, I never thought of choosing my work; I considered it my business to follow my mother's directions. Young people ought to obey, and not to dictate.'

'Hear ye that?' said Mrs Macclarty. 'But Jean will gang to the kirn, I ken, like a good bairn; and she sall get a dad o' butter to her bread.'

'But I winna hae 't frae the hairing knife,' said Jean, 'for the last I got stack i' my throat.'

'Bless me!' cried Mrs Mason in amazement, 'how does your butter come to be so full of hairs? where do they come from?'

'Oh, they are a' frae the cows,' returned Mrs Macclarty. 'There has been lang a hole in the milk-sythe, and I have never been at the fash to get it mended; but as I tak aye care to sythe the milk through my fingers, I wonder how sae mony hairs win in.'

'Ye needna wonder at that,' observed Grizzel, 'for the house canna be soopit but the dirt flees into the kirn.'

'But do you not clean the churn before you put in the cream?' asked Mrs Mason, more and more astonished.

'Na, na,' returned Mrs Macclarty, 'that wadna be canny, ye ken. Naebody hereabouts would clean their kirn for ony consideration. I never heard o' sic a thing i' my life.'

Mrs Mason found it difficult to conceal the disgust which this discovery excited; but resolving to be cautious of giving offence by the disclosure of her sentiments, she sat down in silence, to watch the further operations of the morning. While Jean was slowly turning the churn with unwilling hand, her mother was busily employed in making the cheese. Part of the milk destined to that purpose was already put upon the fire in the same iron pot in which the chickens had been feasting, and on which the hardened curd at which they had been picking was still visible towards the rim. The remainder of the milk was turned into a large tub, and to it that upon the fire was added as soon as it was of a proper heat. So far all was done well and cleverly. Mrs Macclarty then took down a bottle of runnet, or yearning, as she called it; and having poured in what she thought a sufficient quantity, tucked up the sleeve of her gown, and dashing in her arm, stirred the infusion with equal care and speed.

'I believe, cousin,' said Mrs Mason hesitatingly, 'I believe—you forgot to wash your hands.'

'Hoot!' returned the goodwife, 'my hands do weel eneugh. I canna be fashed to clean them at ilka turn.'

'But you go about your work with such activity,' rejoined Mrs Mason, 'that I should think it would give you little trouble, if you were once accustomed to it: and by all that I have observed, and I have had many opportunities of observation, I believe that, in the management of a dairy, cleanliness is the first, the last, the one art needful.'

'Cleanly!' repeated Mrs Macclarty; 'nae ane ever said that I wasna cleanly. There's no a mair cleanly person i' the parish. Cleanly indeed! ane wad think ye was speaking to a bairn!'

Mrs Mason offered a few words in explanation, and then retired to her own apartment, to which she saw it would be necessary to confine herself, in order to enjoy any tolerable degree of comfort. She therefore began to consider how it might be rendered more airy and commodious; and after dinner, observing that the farmer's mind still brooded on his son's behaviour, she gladly introduced the subject of her projected alterations, hoping thus to divert his thoughts into another channel. The first thing she proposed was to have hinges for the frame of the window, that it might open and shut at pleasure. To this the farmer said he should have no objection, only that 'he kenned it wad soon be broken to pieces blawing wi' the wund.'

'Oh, but you mistake me,' said Mrs Mason. 'I intend that it should be fastened, when open, with an iron hook, as they constantly fasten the cottage windows in England.'

'And wha do ye think wad put in the cleek?' returned he. 'Is there ane, think ye, about this house that wad be at sic a fash?'

'Why, what trouble is there in it?' said Mrs Mason. 'It is only teaching your children to pay a little attention to such things, and they will soon come to find no trouble in them. They cannot too soon learn to be neat and regular in their ways.'

'Ilka place has just its ain gait,' said the goodwife, 'and ye needna think that we'll ever learn yours. And indeed, to be plain wi' you, cuisin, I think you have owre mony fykes. There, didna ye keep Grizzy for mair than twa hours yesterday morning soopin' and dustin' your room in every corner, and cleaning out the twa bits o' buird, that are for naething but to set your feet on after a'?'

'But did you know how dirty they were?' said Mrs Mason.

'Hoot! the chickens just got their meat on them for twa or three weeks, puir wee beasties! The buirds were a wee thought clarted wi' parritch, but it was weel dried on, and ye wadna been a bit the waur.'

'But are the boards the worse for being scoured?' asked Mrs Mason; 'or would they have been the worse if they had been scoured when you took them from the chickens, or while they were feeding on them?'

'Oh, to be sure it wad hae been an easy matter to hae scour't them then, if we had thought of being at the fash,' returned Mrs Macclarty.

'In my opinion,' rejoined Mrs Mason, 'this *fear of being fashed* is the great bar to all improvement. I have seen this morning that you are not afraid of work, for you have exerted yourself with a degree of activity that no one could excel; yet you dread the small additional trouble that would make your house cheerful, clean, and comfortable. You dread the trouble of attention more than the labour of your hands; and thus, if I mistake not, you often bring upon yourself trouble which timely attention would have spared. Would it not be well to have your children taught such habits of attention and regularity as would make you more easy, and them more useful, both to themselves and you?'

'As for my bairns,' returned Mrs Macclarty, 'if they pleasure me, they do weel eneugh.'

'There's a great spice o' good sense in what Mrs Mason has said though,' said the farmer; 'but it's no easy for folk like us to be put out o' their ain gait.'

In truth, Mrs Macclarty was one of those seemingly good-natured people who are never to be put out of their own way, for she was obstinate to a degree; and so perfectly self-satisfied, that she could not bear to think it possible that she might in anything do better than she did. Thus, though she would not argue in favour of sloth or dirt in general, she nevertheless continued to be slothful and dirty, because she vindicated herself in every particular instance of either; and though she did not wish that her children should be idle, obstreperous, disobedient, and self-willed, she effectually formed them to those habits, and then took credit to herself for being one of the best of mothers!

Mrs Mason had discernment enough to see how much pride there was in that pretended contentment which constantly repelled every idea of improvement. She saw that though Mrs Macclarty took no pains to teach her children what was truly useful, she encouraged, with respect to them, an undefined sentiment of ambition, which persuaded her that her children were born to rise to something great, and that they would in time overtop their neighbours. Mrs Mason saw the unhappy effects which this would infallibly produce upon minds brought up in ignorance. She therefore resolved to do all in her power to obviate the consequences; and from the opinion she had formed of the farmer's sense and principles, had no doubt of his co-operating with her in the work of reformation.

While musing on this subject as she sat by her window in the twilight, she saw the two younger lads run hastily past, and soon heard from their mother such an exclamation of sorrow, as convinced her they had been the messengers of bad news. She therefore speedily proceeded *butt*, and there she found the poor woman wringing her hands, and lamenting herself bitterly. The farmer entered at the same moment, and on seeing him she redoubled her lamentations, still calling out: 'Oh, Sandy! Sandy! oh that I should hae lived to see this day! Oh, Sandy! Sandy!'

The intelligence was shortly made known that Sandy had enlisted as a soldier at the fair; which produced a general feeling of distress in the household, and a forgetfulness of ordinary duties. Evening was now far advanced. The cows, which the boys should have brought home to have milked, were still lowing in the West Croft; and when Mrs Macclarty desired Robert to go for them, she obtained no other answer than that 'Grizzy might gang as weel as him.' Grizzy was busy in washing up the dishes wanted for supper, and which had remained unwashed from breakfast-time till now: they had been left to the care of Meg, who had neglected them, and by this neglect made the task more difficult to Grizzy, who was therefore in very bad humour, and began loudly to complain of Meg and Rob, who in their turns raised their voices in defence and mutual accusation. The din of the squabble became insufferable. Mrs Mason retired from it with horror, and shut herself up in her room, where she meditated with deep regret on the folly of those who, having been placed by Almighty God in situations most favourable to the enjoyment of peace and the exercise of virtue, are insensible to the blessings, and, by permitting their passions to reign without control, destroy at once both peace and virtue.

The distress felt by honest John Macclarty for the loss of his son induced him to attempt his recovery, and he accordingly set out for the town in which he had enlisted. This was an unfortunate journey. The farmer was knocked down and robbed, and was brought home in a state of great pain and danger. A fever ensued, which, not being checked in time by proper medical attendance, gained head, and could not afterwards be subdued. He died amid his mourning though ill-instructed family, but not before his wife and second son were taken ill.

After the solemnities of the funeral, Mrs Mason was called to witness the reading of the farmer's will. He had performed the duty of an honest man in making it while he was in perfect health; wisely thinking that, if he deferred it till the hour of sickness, he might then neither have the ability nor inclination to give his mind to worldly cares.

To his wife he bequeathed a free cottage in the village, and an annuity which he considered equal to her wants. To each of his younger children he left the sum of forty pounds, and to his eldest son the farm, burdened with the above provision for the rest of the family. In case the elder son should choose to go abroad, or enter into business, the farm was to go to the second, and the elder to have only a younger child's portion. By a clause in the will, the widow was to retain possession of the farm till the Candlemas after her husband's death; so much more consideration had this humble cottager for the feelings of a wife, than is often shewn in the settlements of the rich and great!

The minister, who read the will, addressed himself, in finishing it, to the friends and neighbours who were present, and proposed that they should alternately lend their assistance in managing the business of the harvest for the widow and her family. The proposal was readily agreed to by the men; while Mrs Mason, on her part, cheerfully undertook the superintendence of the household work and dairy, until her cousin should be so far recovered as to be able to resume her task.

As soon as all the strangers were dismissed, Mrs Mason informed her cousin of the arrangements that had been made, with which she appeared perfectly satisfied. Depressed by grief and sickness, she still considered her recovery as hopeless, and submitted to her fate with that species of quiescence which is often a substitute for the true spirit of resignation.

Every moment of Mrs Mason's time was now fully occupied; and the business of the family had never been so well conducted as since its mistress had been incapacitated from attending to it. By the effects of forethought, order, and regularity, the labour was so much diminished to the servant, that she willingly resigned herself to Mrs Mason's directions, and entered into all her plans. The girls, though at first refractory, and often inclined to rebel, were gradually brought to order; and finding that they had no one to make excuses for their disobedience, quietly performed their allotted tasks. They began to taste the pleasure of praise, and, encouraged by approbation, endeavoured to deserve it; so that, though their tempers had been too far spoiled to be brought at once into subjection, Mrs Mason hoped that, by steadiness, she should succeed in reforming them.

Mrs Macclarty, who was not so changed by sickness, or so absorbed in grief, as to be indifferent to the world and its concerns, fretted at the length of her confinement, which was rendered doubly grievous to her from the hints she occasionally received of the new methods of management introduced by Mrs Mason, which she could on no account believe equal to her own. Her friend and benefactress became the object of her jealousy and aversion. The neighbours, with whom she had cultivated the greatest intimacy, encouraged this dislike; and on all their visits of condolence, expressed in feeling terms their sense of the sad change that had taken place in the appearance of the house, which, they said, was 'now sae *unco*, they wad scarcely ken it for the same place.'

'Ay!' exclaimed the wife of auld John Smith, who happened to visit the widow the first evening she was able to sit up to tea—'ay, alake! it 's weel seen that whar there 's new lairds there 's new laws. But how can your woman and your bairns put up wi' a' this fashery?'

'I kenna, truly,' replied the widow; 'but Mrs Mason has just sic a way wi' them, she gars them do onything she likes. Ye may think it 's an eery thing to me to see my poor bairns submitting that way to pleasure a stranger in a' her nonsense.'

'An eery thing indeed!' said Mrs Smith: 'gif ye had but seen how she gard your dochter Meg clean out the kirn! outside and inside! ye wad hae been wae for the poor lassie. "I trow," said I, "Meg, it wad hae been lang before your mither had set you to sic a turn." "Ay," says she, "we hae new gaits now;" and she lookit up and leugh.'

'New gaits, I trow!' cried Sandy Johnson's mother, who had just taken her place at the tea-table; 'I ne'er kenned gude come o' new gaits a' my days. There was Tibby Bell, at the head o' the Glen, she fell to cleaning her kirn ae day, and the very first kirning after her butter was burstet, and gude for naething. I 'm sure it gangs to my heart to see your wark sae managed. It was but the day before yesterday that I cam upon Madam as she was haddin' the strainer, as she called it, to Grizzy, desiring her a' the time she poured the milk to beware of letting in ane o' the cow's hairs that were on her goon. "Hoot!" says I, "cow's hairs are canny; they 'll never choke ye." "The fewer of them that are in the butter the better," says she. "Twa or three hairs are better than the blink o' an ill ee," says I. "The best charm against witchcraft is cleanliness," says she. "I doubt it muckle," says I; "auld ways are aye the best!"'

'Weel done!' cried Mrs Smith; 'I trow ye gae her a screed o' your mind! But here comes Grizzy frae the market; let us hear what she says to it.'

Grizzel advanced to her mistress, and with alacrity poured into her lap the money she had got for her cheese and butter; proudly at the same time observing that it was more by some shillings than they had ever got for the produce of one week before that lucky day.

'What say you?' cried the wife of auld John Smith; 'are the markets sae muckle risen? That's gude news indeed.'

'I didna say that the markets were risen,' returned the maid; 'but we never got sae muckle for our butter nor our cheese, by a penny i' the pund weight, as I got the day. A' the best folks in the town were striving for it. I could hae sold twice as muckle at the same price.'

'Ye had need to be weel paid for it,' said Sandy Johnston's mother, 'for I fear ye had but sma' quantity to sell.'

'We never had sae muckle in ae week before,' said Grizzy; 'for you see,' continued she, 'the milk used aye to sour before it had stood half its time; but noo the milk-dishes are a' sae clean, that it keeps sweet to the last.'

'And dinna ye think muckle o' the fash?' said Mrs Smith.

'I thought muckle o 't at first,' returned Grizzy; 'but when I got into the way o 't, I fand it nae trouble at a'.'

'But how do ye find time to get through sae muckle wark?' said the widow Johnston.'

'I never,' answered Grizzy, 'got through my wark sae easy in my life; for ye see Mrs Mason has just a set time for ilka turn; so that folk are never rinnin' in ane anither's gait; and everything is set by clean, ye see, so that it's just ready for use.'

'She maun hae an unco airt,' said Mrs Macclarty, 'to gar ye do sae muckle, and think sae little o 't. I'm sure ye ken how you used to grumble at being put to do far less. But I didna bribe ye wi' half-croon pieces as she does.'

'It's no the half-croon she gae me that gars me speak,' cried Grizzy; 'but I sall always say that she is a most discreet and civil person, ay, and ane that taks a pleasure in doing gude. I am sure, mistress, she has done mair gude to you than ye can e'er repay, gif ye were to live this hunder year.'

'I shall ne'er say that she hasna been very kind,' returned Mrs Macclarty; 'but, thank the Lord, a'body has shewn kindness as weel as her. It's no lessin' o' her to say that we hae other freends forby.'

'Freends!' repeated Grizzy; 'what hae a' your freends done for you in comparison wi' what she has done, and is e'now doing for you? Ay, just e'now, while I am speaking. But I forget that she charged me no to tell.'

Grizzy, however, was led to explain that Sandy having deserted, was doomed to be shot, and that Mrs Mason, who was acquainted with his commanding-officer, had gone to procure, if possible, a remission of his sentence.

The suspense in which poor Mrs Macclarty was now involved with respect to her son's destiny appeared more insupportable than the most dreadful certainty. The stream of consolation that was poured upon her by her loquacious friends only seemed to add to her distress. She made no answer to their observations, but, with her eyes eagerly bent towards the door, she fearfully listened to the sound of every passing footstep. At length the approach of horses was distinctly heard. Her maid hastily ran to the door for intelligence; and the old women, whose curiosity was no less eager, as hastily followed. The poor mother's heart grew faint. Her head drooped upon her hands, and a sort of stupor came over her senses. She sat motionless and silent; nor did the entrance of the minister and Mrs Mason seem to be observed. Mrs Mason, who at a glance perceived that the sickness was the sickness of the mind, kindly took her hand, and bade her be of good-cheer, for that, if she would recover, all her family would do well.

'Is he to live?' said Mrs Macclarty in a low and hollow voice, fixing her eyes on Mrs Mason's, as if expecting to read in them the doom of her son.

'Give thanks to God,' returned the minister, who had accompanied Mrs Mason; 'your son lives; God and his judges have dealt mercifully with him and you.'

On hearing these blessed words, the poor agitated mother grasped Mrs Mason's hands, and burst into a flood of tears. The spectators were little less affected: a considerable time elapsed before the silence that ensued was broken. At length, in faltering accents, the widow asked whether she might hope to see her son again? It was explained to her that this was impossible, and that the farm must be conducted by Robert, her second son.

This arrangement was no improvement, as it soon appeared, on a former state of affairs. The young farmer, unrestrained by his mother, behaved so rudely to Mrs Mason, that she resolved to seek a lodging elsewhere. Disappointed in finding a home in the house of her kinswoman, she now applied to William Morison and his wife, who lived in the village, to be taken as a lodger. They were poor, and therefore the small sum she could afford to pay might to them be particularly useful. They were humble, and therefore would not refuse to be instructed in matters which they had never before had any opportunity to learn. She might, then, do good to them and to their children; and where she could do most good, there did Mrs Mason think it would be most for her happiness to go.

No sooner did she give a hint of her intention to Morison and his wife, than she perceived, from their brightened looks, that she had judged truly in imagining that her offer would be received with joy. These poor people had been sorely visited by affliction; but their good principles and good sense had taught them to make a proper use of the visitation, in checking the spirit of pride and presumption. Their resignation to the will of God was cheerful and unfeigned, and therefore led to redoubled efforts of industry; but their exertions had not as yet effectually relieved them from the extreme poverty to which they had been reduced. After gratefully acknowledging their sense of Mrs Mason's kindness in giving their house a preference, and declaring how much they deemed themselves honoured by having her beneath their roof, they looked at each other and paused, as if struck by the sudden recollection of some invincible obstacle. Mrs Mason perceived their embarrassment, and asked the cause.

There was deficiency of furniture; but Mrs Mason obviated every difficulty by saying that she meant to furnish her own apartment; and after a little further conversation, in which everything was arranged to mutual satisfaction, she set out on her return to the farm, animated by the delightful hope of having it in her power to dispense a degree of happiness to her fellow-creatures.

After a visit of a few months to her friends at Gowan-brae, Mrs Mason returned to Glenburnie. When she arrived at Morison's cottage, she was received with a cordial welcome, to the comforts of 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearth-stane.' On examining her own apartment, she was delighted to find that everything was arranged to her wish, and far beyond her expectations; nor could she persuade herself that her room had not undergone some very material and expensive alteration. This striking improvement was, however, merely the result of a little labour and attention; but so great was the effect thus produced, that though the furniture was not nearly so costly as the furniture of her room at Mrs Macclarty's, it appeared in all respects superior.

Mrs Morison was highly gratified by the approbation bestowed upon her labours; and, pointing to her two little girls, told Mrs Mason how much they had done to forward the work, and that they were proud to find her pleased with it. Mrs Mason thanked them, and presented each with a ribbon, as an encouragement for good-behaviour, assuring them at the same time that they would through life find happiness the reward of usefulness. 'Alas!' said Mrs Morison, 'they must be obliged to work: puir things, they have naething else to depend upon.'

'And on what can they depend so well as on their own exertions?' replied Mrs Mason: 'let them learn to excel in what they do, and look to the blessing of God upon their labours, and they may then pity the idle and the useless.'

'If you could but get my poor gudeman to think in that way,' said Peggy, 'your coming to us would indeed be a blessing to our family.'

'Fear not,' said Mrs Mason; 'as his health amends, his spirits will return, and in the good providence of God he will find some useful opening for his industry. Who ever saw the righteous man forsaken, or the righteous man's children either, so long as they walked in their father's steps? But now I must give some directions to my two little handmaids, whose attendance I shall take week about. I see they are willing, and they will soon be able to do all that I require.'

'I 'll answer for their being willing,' cried their mother, looking fondly at the girls; 'but ye winna tak' it ill if they shouldna just fa' at ance into your ways.'

'If they are willing,' said Mrs Mason, 'they will soon learn to do everything in the best way possible. All I want of them is to save themselves trouble, by getting into the habit of minding what they have to do. Any one who is willing may soon become a useful servant by attending to three simple rules.'

'To three rules!' cried Peggy, interrupting her; 'that's odd indeed. But my gudeman maun hear this. Come, William, and hear Mrs Mason tell our lassies a' the duties of a servant.'

'I fear the kail will be cauld before she gets through them all,' said William, smiling; 'but I am ready to listen to her though it should.'

'Your patience won't be long tried,' said Mrs Mason; 'for I have already told your girls, that in order to make good servants, they have only to attend to three simple rules.'

'Well, what are they?' said the husband and wife, speaking both at once.

'They are,' returned Mrs Mason, 'TO DO EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER TIME; TO KEEP EVERYTHING TO ITS PROPER USE; AND TO PUT EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER PLACE.'

'Well said!' cried William; 'and as I live, these same rules would mak' a weel-ordered house. My lassies shall get them by heart, and repeat them ilka morning after they say their prayers.'

William kept his word; and Mrs Mason, finding that she would be supported by the parents, did not despair of being truly useful to the children, by conveying to them the fruits of her experience. Mrs Morison was a neat orderly person, and liked to see her house and children what she called *weel redd up;* but her notions of what was necessary to comfort fell far short of Mrs Mason's; neither had she been accustomed to that thorough-going cleanliness which is rather the fruit of habitual attention than of periodical labour, and which, like the pure religion that permits not the accumulation of unrepented sins upon the conscience, makes holiday of every day in the week. Mrs Morison was a stranger to the pride which scorns instruction. She did not refuse to adopt methods that were better than her own, merely because they were new; nor, though she loved her children as fondly and as dearly as any mother in the world, did she ever defend their faults. But as her children were early inspired with a desire to please, they did not often stand in need of correction, and stood more in awe of their father's frown than those who have been nurtured in self-will stand in awe of the most severe beating.

Mrs Mason had not been many weeks a resident in the family, till the peculiar neatness of William's cottage attracted the notice of the neighbours. The proud sneered at what they called the pride of the Morisons; the idle wondered how folk could find time for sic useless wark; and the lazy, while they acknowledged that they would like to live in the same comfort, drew in their chairs to the fire, and said they *couldna be fashed.*

By the interest of Mrs Mason, William Morison was appointed schoolmaster in the village, a situation for which he was well fitted, and Mrs Mason took upon herself the duty of schoolmistress to the girls. The benefit of the improved instruction now given to the children was soon perceptible, and praised by everybody but poor Mrs Macclarty. When she observed the thriving appearance of the Morisons, and how fast they were rising into notice and respect, her heart was torn between envy and regret. Far was she, however, from imputing to herself any blame; she, on the contrary, believed all the blame to rest with Mrs Mason, who was so unnatural as to leave her own relations, 'and to tak' up wi' strangers, who were neither kith nor kin to her;' nor did she omit any opportunity of railing at the pride of the schoolmaster's wife and daughters, who, she said, 'were now sae saucy, as to pretend that they couldna sit down in comfort in a hoose that wasna clean soopit.' She for a time found many among the neighbours who readily acquiesced in her opinions, and joined in her expression of contempt; but by degrees the strength of her party visibly declined. Those who had their children at school were so sensible of the rapid improvement that had been made in their tempers and manners, as well as in their learning, that they could not help feeling some gratitude to their instructors; and Mrs Mason, having instructed the girls in needle-work, without any additional charge, added considerably to their sense of obligation. Even the old women, who, during the first summer, had most bitterly exclaimed against the pride of innovation, were by mid-winter inclined to alter their tone. How far the flannel waistcoats and petticoats distributed among them contributed to this change of sentiment, cannot be positively ascertained; but certain it is, that as the people were coming from church the first fine day of the following spring, all stopped a few moments before the school-house, to inhale the fragrance of the sweet-briar, and to admire the beauty of the crocuses, primroses, and violets which embroidered the borders of the grass-plot. Mrs Macclarty, who, in great disdain, asked auld John Smith's wife 'what a' the folks were glowering at,' received for answer that they were 'looking at the bonniest sight in the town,' pointing at the same time to the spot.

'Eh!' returned Mrs Macclarty, 'I wonder what the warld will come to at last, since naething can serve the pride o' William Morison but to hae a flower-garden whar gude Mr Brown's midden-stead stood sappy for mony a day! He's a better man than will ever stand on William Morison's shanks.'

'The flowers are a hantel bonnier than the midden though, and smell a hantel sweeter too, I trow,' returned Mrs Smith.

This striking indication of a change of sentiment in the most sturdy stickler for the *gude auld gaits*, foreboded the improvements that were speedily to take place in the village of Glenburnie. These had their origin in the spirit of emulation excited among the elder school-boys for the external appearance of their respective homes. The girls exerted themselves with no less activity to effect a reformation within doors; and so successful were they in their respective operations, that by the time the Earl of Longlands came to take possession of Hill Castle, when he, accompanied by his two sisters, came to visit Mrs Mason at Glenburnie, the village presented such a picture of neatness and comfort, as excelled all that in the course of their travels they had seen. The carts which used formerly to be stuck up on end before every door, were now placed in wattled sheds attached to the gable-end of the dwelling, and which were rendered ornamental from their coverings of honeysuckle or ivy. The bright and clear glass of the windows was seen to advantage peeping through the foliage of the rose-trees and other flowering shrubs that were trimly nailed against the walls. The gardens on the other side were kept with equal care. There the pot-herb flourished. There the goodly rows of bee-hives evinced the effects of the additional nourishment afforded their inhabitants, and shewed that the flowers were of other use besides regaling the sight or smell.

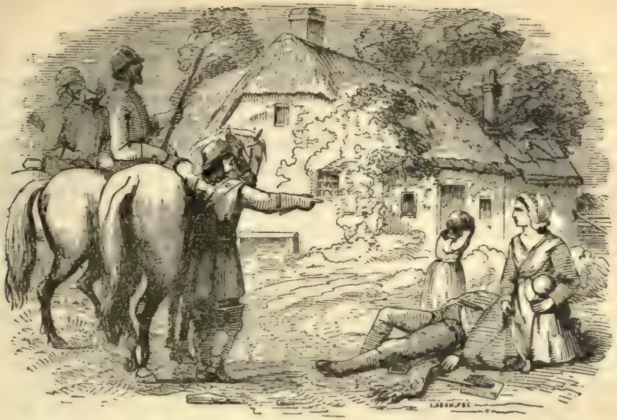
Mrs Mason, at the request of her visitors, conducted them into several of the cottages, where, merely from the attention paid to neatness, all had the air of cheerfulness and contentment. She was no less pleased than were the cottagers at the expressions of approbation which were liberally bestowed by her admiring friends, who particularly noticed the dress of the young women, which, equally removed from the slovenliness in which so many indulge on working-days, as from the absurd and preposterous attempt at fashion which is on Sundays so generally assumed, was remarkable for neatness and simplicity.

Mrs Mason continued for some years to give her assistance to Morison in conducting the school, which was now increased by scholars from all parts of the country; and was amply repaid for her kindness by the undeviating gratitude of the worthy couple and their children, from whom she experienced a constant increase of friendship and affection.

The happy effects of their joint efforts in improving the hearts and dispositions of the youth of both sexes, and in confirming them in habits of industry and virtue, were so fully displayed, as to afford the greatest satisfaction to their instructors. To have been educated at the school of Glenburnie was considered as an ample recommendation to a servant, and implied a security for truth, diligence, and honesty. And fortunate was the lad pronounced whose bride could boast of the tokens of Mrs Mason's favour and approbation; for never did these fail to be followed by a conduct that insured happiness and prosperity.

The events that took place among the Macclarty family may now be briefly noticed. The first of these was Rob Macclarty's taking to wife the daughter of a smuggler, a man of notoriously bad character, who, it was said, tricked him into a marriage. Mrs Macclarty's opposition was violent, but abortive, and ended in an irreconcilable quarrel between her and her son. On being turned out of his house, she went to reside in a country town in the neighbourhood with her daughters, who were employed by a manufacturer in flowering muslin. Their gains were considerable; but as all they earned was laid out in finery, it only added to their vanity and pride. Meg's bad conduct finally obliged her to leave the place, and Jean, as I learn from an account sent to me, married a cousin, who kept an inn of the true Macclarty order on the —— road.

On entering this place of entertainment, everything appears dirty and comfortless. A passage sprinkled with sand leads you into apartments where you observe the tables to be covered with marks of liquor; and the chairs you will probably find it advisable to dust before sitting down: this will be done by the sturdy servant-girl who, bare-legged, and with untied nightcap and scanty bedgown, will, soon after your arrival, hurry into the room with a shovelful of coals as a kindling for your fire. The attendance is as bad as it possibly can be. The waiters are of both sexes, and all are equally ingenious in delay. It is a rule of the house that your bell shall never be answered twice by the same person. If you dine at Mr Macclarty's, I shall not anticipate the pleasure of your meal, farther than to assure you, that you may depend on having here the largest and fattest mutton, and that though it should not be absolutely roasted to a cinder, the vegetables will not be more than half boiled. In order to obtain a complete notion of this curiously managed inn, you must not only dine, but sleep and breakfast there. The beds from their dampness are admirably calculated to give rheumatisms; and as for breakfast, you must not expect it to be on the table in less than an hour from the time of your ordering it, even although every one of the waiters should promise it in five minutes. At length one bustles in with the tea equipage, and toast swimming in butter. After a lapse of time, another appears with the tea-kettle, which he leaves on the hearth till he goes in search of the tea; and so on. Everything is served in detachments, and in a manner calculated to try the temper of travellers. Damp beds, bad cookery, wretched attendance, and slovenliness in everything, are rapidly causing a general desertion of the establishment, and impending ruin threatens this last branch of the old and respectable stock of the Macclarties. A rival house has been set up by a late scholar of Mrs Mason, and as it is conducted with care for the comfort of travellers, and with the most scrupulous regard for cleanliness, it is attracting all the trade to itself—furnishing another example of the advantages of activity and prudence over that slothfulness which leaves everything to be done to-morrow, and excuses itself by that perverse and self-indulgent phrase of Mrs Macclarty—*I canna be fashed.*



THE PERSECUTIONS IN SCOTLAND.

IN the year 1603, James VI. of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth on the throne of England; and the two nations, long enemies to each other, were united into one kingdom. This union, however, was little more than nominal; and the institutions of the two countries, as well as the manners of their inhabitants, still remained very dissimilar. Both countries had still their separate ministries, their separate courts of law, their separate legislatures—England, its two Houses of Lords and Commons; Scotland, its single House or Convention of Estates; consisting of the barons, a number of the gentry, with a few representatives from the burghs, and presided over by a royal commissioner, who ratified its acts in the king's name by a touch of the sceptre. The chief difference, however, between the two countries was in their ecclesiastical constitutions. In England, the Reformation had been conducted on entirely different principles from those which had regulated the same change in Scotland. In the former, the Reformation had, externally at least, been the result of a whim of Henry VIII., who, to revenge himself on the pope for a personal offence, had decreed that the Church of England should no longer be dependent on the Church of Rome. In Scotland, on the other hand, the Reformation had been the consequence of a violent popular agitation in opposition to the wishes of the government. Hence a more general earnestness on the subject of religious doctrine among the Scotch than among the English; for although the articles of faith professed by the two countries did not, when once fairly settled by the divines of each, differ in any essential point, yet the people of Scotland had received, if we may so speak, a more thorough drilling in these Reformed doctrines than the people of England. Hence, also, a difference in the forms of worship and of church government adopted by the two nations. In England, the ceremonial of the Church of Rome had been retained, except in so far as it was conceived to be contrary to sound doctrine; in Scotland, on the other hand, many forms, now generally admitted to be harmless in themselves—such as the observance of holidays, and the use of instrumental music in churches—had been abandoned, on account of what was considered their dangerous tendency. As regards church government, the difference was equally striking. The form of church government adopted in England was that called *Episcopacy*, according to which there were various ranks or orders among the clergy, from the curate up to the archbishop, or to the king, as the earthly head of the church—the power of maintaining order and settling disputed questions being in the hands of the superior clergy. In Scotland, the form adopted was that called *Presbyterianism*, according to which all the clergy in the church were of equal rank and authority, and the power of maintaining order lay not with any particular class, but with courts composed of a certain number of clergymen, sitting and voting in conjunction with elders or members chosen from among the laity. On the whole, the ecclesiastical organisation adopted in England resembled the feudal or monarchical form of civil government, while that adopted in Scotland resembled the republican model.

It was natural for James VI., finding himself sovereign of two kingdoms differing from each other in so many respects, to wish for their more complete incorporation; and as Scotland was the smaller of the two, it seemed more reasonable that it should conform to England, than that England should conform to it. Besides, James's own character and tastes inclined him to prefer the institutions of England to those of his native country. From being the poor sovereign of a poor country, with an income of little more than £5000 a year, and obliged to beg poultry and borrow silk hose from his subjects when he required to give an entertainment to a foreign ambassador, he found himself raised to the throne of the wealthy and haughty Tudors. His sense of his own importance as a king increased with the change. His long-cherished antipathy to Presbyterianism found full vent; and he resolved to use every means to procure its abolition in Scotland, and the substitution of the Episcopal form in its stead. The desire of producing perfect uniformity in this and all other respects between the two kingdoms, became a passion with him, and he devoted his whole reign to accomplishing it.

The king's first attempt to interfere with the rights of Presbyterianism was made in the year 1605, when six clergymen were banished, and eight removed from their parishes, for holding a General Assembly contrary to the king's wishes. This act of severity was preliminary to a more decisive course of conduct on the part of the king. At a meeting of the Scottish parliament at Perth in July 1606, the king's influence procured the passing of a measure subversive of one of the first principles of Presbyterianism—namely, the restoration of the order of bishops, abolished in the year 1560. Although this measure did not invest the new bishops with any spiritual authority in the church, but only with the temporal estates, titles, and legislative power which formerly belonged to the ante-reformation bishops, the Scottish clergy protested against it with the utmost vigour and determination. The protest was in vain: the prelates assumed the political status which the law allowed them—possessing, however, no proper ecclesiastical authority, and disliked by their fellow-clergy. But in the year 1610, James, having summoned a General Assembly at Glasgow, contrived—partly by force, and partly, it is said, by bribery—to procure several acts by which the prelates obtained a share of spiritual power; among others, an act constituting them moderators or presidents in synods; and, to make their authority complete, three of their number proceeded to London in October of the same year, where, by the king's orders, they were consecrated by five English bishops. These three, on their return to Scotland, consecrated the rest; and two courts of high commission having been erected for the trial of ecclesiastical causes, with the archbishops of St Andrews and Glasgow as their presidents, Prelacy might be considered as fully established in the kingdom.

James, however, was not satisfied with the mere introduction of Prelatical church government into Scotland; he wished also to new-model the Presbyterian form of worship, by introducing into it the rites and ceremonies of the English church-service. Accordingly, after several attempts, he procured the publication of the famous Five Articles of Perth, authorising the following practices, opposed to the spirit of Presbyterianism: 1st, Kneeling at the holy sacrament; 2d, Private communion; 3d, Private baptism; 4th, Confirmation of children by the bishop; and 5th, The observance of Christmas, Good-Friday, Easter, and Pentecost as holidays. The publication of these articles roused an intense feeling of horror among the Presbyterians of Scotland; and the day on which they were finally ratified by parliament, the 4th of August 1621, one of the darkest and stormiest ever known in Scotland, was long afterwards spoken of as 'the black Saturday.' The refusal of many of the clergy and gentry to submit to the new forms, led to their trial before the ecclesiastical courts; and numbers were banished, imprisoned, or otherwise punished for their nonconformity.

James VI. died on the 27th of March 1625, and was succeeded by his son, Charles I., who was still more determined than his father to suppress Presbyterianism in Scotland, and establish Episcopacy instead. He resolved to complete what his father had begun, and not to desist until he had produced perfect uniformity in doctrine and worship between the two kingdoms. In the early part of his reign, he made an attempt to procure funds for the endowment of the Episcopal clergy of Scotland by resuming the church property which had fallen into the hands of the Scottish nobles. This measure, however, he was compelled to abandon.

During his visit to his native country in the year 1633, he increased his unpopularity by his constant attempts to innovate upon the Presbyterian practice of his subjects. But the finishing blow to the mutual confidence between the king and his Scottish subjects was yet to come. Before leaving Scotland, Charles gave orders to the bishops to prepare drafts of a Book of Canons, and a Liturgy, or Book of Common Prayer, to be used by the Church of Scotland. This was accordingly done; and after having been revised and altered by Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and others of the English prelates, the two books were sent down to Scotland, with strict orders that they should be received, and their directions punctually complied with, by clergy and people. An act so infatuated, and betraying such profound ignorance of a people's nature, was never perhaps perpetrated by any government.

Sunday, the 23d of July 1637, was the day appointed for the introduction of the new service-book into the churches of Edinburgh. On that day a great concourse of people, including the lords of the privy-council, the lords of session, and the magistrates of the city, assembled in the High Church of St Giles. When the hour of service arrived, the Dean of Edinburgh, in his surplice, came out of the vestry, and passed to the reading-desk, where he began to read the service—the people still remaining quiet, and gazing as if some curious show were going on. At length, on his announcing the collect for the day, an old woman in the congregation, by name Janet Geddes, who kept a greengrocer's stall in the High Street, rose in irrepressible disgust, and crying out: 'Deil colick the wame o' thee, thou fause thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?' took up the little stool on which she sat and flung it at the dean's head. In an instant all was uproar: the women of the congregation rushed to the desk; and the dean, to avoid being torn in pieces, pulled off his surplice and fled. Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, mounted the pulpit to address the people; but being saluted with a shower of wooden missiles, accompanied with cries of 'A pope, a pope!—stone him, stone him!' he was obliged to come down again. The tumult was now terrible; a mob had gathered in the street; both bishop and dean were hustled and struck at as they made their way through it; and it was with difficulty they escaped with their lives.

In this riot none but the lower classes were implicated; but all Scotland was animated by an equally strong antipathy to the service-book. The king's inflexibility, and his continued efforts to force it upon the nation, provoked an open rupture, and led to the drawing up of that memorable document in the history of Scotland, the NATIONAL COVENANT, by which all who signed it bound themselves to defend and uphold Presbyterianism with their lives. This solemn agreement was publicly subscribed, on the 1st of March 1638, by a multitude of persons, with many nobles at their head, in the Greyfriars Church of Edinburgh, some signing their names with pens dipped in their own blood; and copies of the document having been distributed through the country, it was eagerly subscribed by hundreds of thousands, who testified their sincerity with tears of joy and enthusiasm. Aberdeen was the only place of note in the kingdom which refused to join in the Covenant. Encouraged by the pledge of fidelity they had given to each other, the Covenanters, as they now began to be called, held a General Assembly of the church at Glasgow in the month of November 1638, at which, disregarding the threats of the king's commissioner, the Marquis of Hamilton, who dissolved the Assembly, they declared all the acts establishing Episcopacy in Scotland null and void, abjured and abolished Prelacy, condemned the Liturgy and the Book of Canons, restored Presbyterianism in its former purity, and, to conclude, pronounced sentence of excommunication, by the mouth of their moderator, Alexander Henderson, against eight of the fourteen Scottish bishops. These proceedings were afterwards approved of by the Scottish parliament.

Charles was now at open war with his Scottish subjects; and several battles were fought in the north of England between his army, which he commanded in person, and that of the Covenanters. But the unfortunate monarch was soon involved in a more important struggle, which obliged him to desist from his attempts to overthrow Presbyterianism in Scotland. During the civil war, which raged from 1642 to 1649, between Charles and his English subjects, the Presbyterians of Scotland may be said, upon the whole, to have co-operated with the English Puritans.

A change, however, came over the spirit of the nation when they heard that the king had been put to death, and that the government was in the hands of a party whose tenets were not strictly Presbyterian. On the 5th of February 1649, only a week after the death of Charles I., the Scottish parliament ordered his son, Charles II., to be proclaimed his successor, swearing to defend his rights with their lives and fortunes, provided he 'gave satisfaction to the kingdom in those things that concern the security of religion, &c. according to the Covenants.' Charles, although his tastes were anything but Presbyterian, gave the Scotch the satisfaction they required. He landed in Scotland on the 16th of June 1650. While yet on board ship, and before he had set his foot on the Scottish soil, it was deemed proper that he should sign the Covenants; which, accordingly, he did in the presence of the commissioners, swearing, in the most solemn manner, to observe the same during his whole reign, and never in any way to innovate upon the established Presbyterian worship of his Scottish subjects.

The proclamation of Charles II. by the Scotch, followed up as it was by his coronation at Scone on the 1st of January 1651—on which occasion he renewed his oath to observe the Covenants—involved the nation in a war with England, now no longer a kingdom, but a republic. The war, however, did not last long. Cromwell, assisted by General Monk, soon crushed the new royalist movement both north and south of the Tweed. After the battle of Worcester, on the 3d of September 1651, Charles II. was glad to make his escape to France; and on the 2d of April 1652, Scotland made a grumbling submission to the English parliament. For nearly eight years after this, Scotland, under the sway of Oliver Cromwell, enjoyed a tranquillity that had long been strange to her. The clergy, indeed, and many of the nobility, had complaints to make; but the nation, in general, was never better conditioned. Justice was administered with an impartiality unknown before; the clergy were at liberty to preach to their flocks; and no man was molested for his opinions.

This state of things was put an end to by the death of Cromwell on the 3d of September 1658. His son, Richard Cromwell, being unable to retain the Protectorate, General Monk, supported by the wishes of the nation, made arrangements for the restoration of Charles II., who accordingly returned from his exile, and made a public entry into London on the 29th of May 1660, amid the acclamations of the populace assembled to welcome him. The rejoicings were general over the whole kingdom—in Scotland as well as in England. On the 19th of June, a public thanksgiving was held in Edinburgh for his majesty's restoration. Wine was drunk at the cross, bells were rung and trumpets were sounded, and every demonstration of joy shewn.

RESTORATION OF EPISCOPACY—ACT OF CONFORMITY—COMMENCEMENT OF THE PERSECUTIONS.

The Presbyterians of Scotland were not indifferent to the effects which the Restoration might have upon their church; for they knew that Charles's own opinions were far from what they desired. Accordingly, several of the most influential of their number had despatched a confidential person to be present at the meetings held in London for arranging the recall of Charles, and to see that the interests of Presbyterianism were not overlooked. The person selected for this purpose was Mr James Sharp, minister of Crail, in the presbytery of St Andrews—a man of more ability than principle. Sharp soon found out that Charles entertained his father's views with regard to the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, and that he was in the habit of maintaining openly, among his gay and witty companions, that 'Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman.' The treacherous agent, lured by the promise which Charles held out to him of the archbishopric of St Andrews and the primacy of Scotland, made a secret agreement with the monarch, binding himself to do his best to forward his views with respect to the Scottish Church. With this understanding, Sharp returned to Scotland.

During the Commonwealth, Scotland had had no separate parliament or ministry; but now both were revived. The Earl of Middleton was appointed by Charles his commissioner in the Scottish parliament, the Earl of Glencairn was made chancellor, the Earl of Lauderdale secretary of state, and the Earl of Rothes president of the council. Middleton, the commissioner, had served as general in the royalist army, and was a good soldier, but a man of small talents, and a gross and habitual drunkard; Lauderdale is described as 'a big man, with shaggy red hair, coarse features, and a tongue which seemed too large for his mouth—possessed, however, of a great portion of sense, learning, and wit.' Both had originally been Covenanters; but they were now zealous for carrying out the instructions of Charles, which were to sound the inclinations of the nation on the subject of Episcopacy, and pave the way for its establishment. Their proceedings for this end were by no means slow or cautious. In a parliament which assembled on the 1st of January 1661, they procured the passing of what was called a Rescissory Act, by which all the laws and statutes made in Scotland during the preceding twenty-two years were declared null and void: 'an extravagant act,' in the words of Bishop Burnet; 'only fit to be concluded, as it was, after a drunken bout.' Special enactments were also passed, pronouncing the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant illegal, prohibiting their renewal, overthrowing at once the whole Presbyterian system in Scotland, and decreeing the restoration of Episcopacy.

The nation was stunned and confused by these reckless proceedings of its legislators. There was a considerable party, consisting principally of the young nobility and country gentry, who, galled by the strictness of Presbyterian rule, and full of a chivalrous and headstrong loyalty to their young and gay monarch, were delighted with the prospect of an Episcopal establishment; a second party, consisting of persons of undecided character and moderate views, felt shocked and discomposed, without knowing how to act; while the mass of the people, attached to Presbyterianism by habit, and still glowing with the recollections of their former struggles in its behalf, either murmured openly, or grimly prepared for the days of suffering which they saw approaching. The most zealous in their protests against the tyrannical acts of the parliament were the clergy. Over all the land they blew their blasts of alarm and warning, reminding the nation of their obligations to the cause of the Covenant. A few of their number were tempted to forsake their principles, and accept bishoprics and other offices of dignity in the new church—the most conspicuous of whom was James Sharp, appointed Archbishop of St Andrews. The majority, however, stood firm; and of all the synods which held meetings to consider the state of affairs, the synod of Aberdeen alone seemed to favour Episcopacy.

Still, there appeared no disposition to rise in revolt in behalf of Presbyterianism; but the coarse and blundering furiousness of Middleton and his colleagues brought matters to a crash. One of their first acts was to single out as victims certain persons who had taken an active part in the civil wars either against the king or for the interests of Presbyterianism. Thirteen or fourteen such persons were marked out for capital punishment, of whom, however, only four were brought to the scaffold—the Marquis of Argyll; Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston; the Rev. James Guthrie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who had made himself obnoxious by denying the king's right over the consciences of his subjects, and by writing a book called *The Causes of God's Wrath;* and a Captain Govan, who had brought the news of the death of Charles I. to Scotland, and mentioned it with approbation.

Even these cruelties, as professing to be acts of mere political vengeance, might have failed to produce a permanently bad effect; but what followed was a piece of unparalleled barbarity. In England, an Act of Conformity had been passed in August 1662, by which about two thousand clergymen, refusing to submit to Episcopacy, were ejected from their parishes, and subjected to innumerable hardships. Determined not to be outdone by the English ministry in their zeal for Episcopacy, Middleton and his council met at Glasgow on the 1st of October, and passed an act requiring all clergymen admitted since 1649 to submit, before the 1st of November, to be reappointed to their parishes by the patrons, and reordained by the bishops; removing from their livings all who should refuse obedience, and prohibiting the people from attending their services, or in any way acknowledging them as their pastors. This atrocious act, known as the Act of Glasgow, was passed when all the councillors were in a state of intoxication.

Upwards of three hundred and fifty clergymen, or a third part of all the clergy of the country, were thrust out of their livings for refusing to conform. Several of the most zealous and eminent of their number were banished or imprisoned, as an example to the rest. The ejected clergy belonged chiefly to the western and southern districts of Scotland, which have always been the strongholds of Presbyterian sentiment: in the north and along the east coast, the majority conformed. The men who thus heroically braved the chances of poverty, the hardships of an unsettled life, and the vengeance of an oppressive government, rather than sacrifice what their consciences bade them maintain as the truth, were most of them men of ability, energy, and learning, and all of them men of pure lives and the most sincere piety, and beloved by their flocks. Their successors, the new incumbents, or *curates*, as they were called, were not calculated to bring Episcopacy into repute among the enraged and sorrowing people. They were, for the most part, raw and half-educated youths; 'very mean and despicable,' says Bishop Burnet, 'in all respects the worst preachers I ever heard, ignorant to a reproach, and many of them openly vicious.'

Never, perhaps, was religious feeling stronger among the people of Scotland than at this time. There never was a more devout or well-behaved population than the peasantry of Scotland during the age preceding the restoration of Charles II. Among such a population, obedience to the edicts establishing religious forms repugnant to their feelings could not be expected. Refusing to attend the ministrations of the new curates, whom they treated as hirelings, who had usurped the place of the true pastors—dissatisfied also with the preaching of the older clergy, who, having been appointed previous to 1649, were not yet affected by the Act of Uniformity, but in whom they discerned a great falling off in earnestness of character since the Restoration, they followed the ejected ministers into their retreats, and implored them to continue their services among them. Thus, secret meetings for prayer and worship began to be held in all parts of the country, especially in the south and west; sometimes in private houses, sometimes in barns, and sometimes, when many were assembled, in the open air. This was the origin of the conventicles and field-meetings so famous in the history of Scotland.

In the beginning of the year 1663, Middleton fell into disfavour with Charles II., and was obliged to resign office, and retire into private life. Lauderdale, who had hitherto filled the office of secretary of state, was appointed his successor. Lauderdale had the same object at heart as his predecessor; and the only difference in their modes of pursuing it was, that Lauderdale, who was the abler man, studied the pleasure of Charles more assiduously than Middleton had done. The most severe measures were now adopted by the privy-council to suppress the field-meetings, and compel the people to attend the services of the curates in the parish churches. An act called the Scots Mile Act was passed, ordering all the ejected ministers, as well as all of the older clergy who did not conform, to remove themselves, their families, and their property out of their respective parishes, and not to approach within twenty miles of the same. And in order to enforce this act, and deter the people from harbouring the ejected clergymen in their houses, or following them to their retreats, parties of troops were quartered in those districts where the nonconforming spirit was strongest—particularly in the shires of Dumfries, Ayr, and Galloway—charged with the task of seeing that the people regularly attended the parish church, and of levying the fines which the law imposed upon such as refused to do so. In whatever village they took up their quarters, they were a pest and a torment, committing all sorts of outrages, and exacting money and provisions without warrant. As it was part of the duty of these 'booted apostles,' as they were termed, to force people to attend the parish church, it was customary for the curates to have a catalogue of the names of their parishioners, which they called over on Sunday after sermon, marking those who were absent, and afterwards reporting them to the commanding-officer of the nearest company—or even to a private sentinel—who accordingly sent his men, or came himself, to levy the fine incurred. 'The process,' we are told, 'was very short. No witnesses or proof was required. The soldier summarily pronounced and executed his own sentence, and that with the greater cheerfulness, as the money, generally speaking, went to his own pocket. They behaved just as if they had been in an enemy's country. If a tenant or head of a family was unwilling or unable to pay, the soldiers quartered on him till they had destroyed ten times the value of the fine; and when poor families were no longer able to sustain them, their goods were distrained, and sold for a trifle.' It was also common for the soldiers to station themselves at the doors of the churches in which the old Presbyterian clergy were still permitted to preach, and, as the congregation dispersed, to force the people to declare upon oath, one by one, whether they belonged to that parish; and all who were found to be strangers were robbed, by way of fine, of whatever money they had about them. If they had no money, their Bibles, the men's greatcoats, and the women's plaids, were taken from them.

In order the more effectually to crush the spirit of nonconformity, a Court of High Commission was appointed in 1664 by the king, at the solicitations of Sharp, consisting of nine prelates and thirty-five laymen, of which one bishop and four laymen were to constitute a quorum, with power to prosecute and punish all who held conventicles, refused to attend the parish church, or in any way shewed disrespect for Episcopacy. The proceedings of this court were so infamous, that at length laymen could not be found willing to act in it; it being worthy of remark, that by far the most zealous persecutors were the prelates. While it sat, however, the commission court wrought with the most remorseless activity. Many persons of rank and property were called before it, and heavily fined or imprisoned for allowing private meetings for worship to be held in their houses, or for being present at such meetings elsewhere. Many clergymen were also brought before the court for nonconformity, and punished with imprisonment or banishment to some remote part of the country. Others were exposed to calamities of various kinds. Every day the persecution became hotter; until at length, by the outrages of the soldiery and the exaction of heavy fines, the whole population in the south and west of Scotland were reduced to the most wretched condition. Their sufferings had the effect of only increasing their attachment to Presbyterianism and their hatred of Episcopacy; and whereas, according to a Presbyterian historian, 'the auditories of the curates had been at first in many parts reasonable throng,' they now dwindled away, and attendance on the preaching of a curate was regarded as a sinful act.

FIELD-MEETINGS—THE PENTLAND RISING—SEVERITIES OF THE GOVERNMENT.

At first, the ejected ministers had preached only in their own houses to such persons as stole in to visit them; and, except in a few districts, not many field-preachings had been held. Towards the end of the year 1665, however, they became somewhat more common; and several of the most pious and earnest of the nonconforming clergymen, especially Mr John Welch of Irongray, and Mr Gabriel Semple, began to hold meetings in the woods and among the hills, where they preached and administered religious ordinances. Sir Walter Scott gives the following description of one of these conventicles or field-meetings, which he obtained from a lady, whose mother had frequently been present at them: 'The meeting in question was held on the Eildon Hills, in the hollow betwixt two of the three conical tops which form the crest of the mountain. Trusty sentinels were placed on advanced posts all around, so as to command a view of the country below, and give the earliest notice of the approach of any unfriendly party. The clergyman occupied an elevated temporary pulpit, with his back to the wind. There were few or no gentlemen of property or quality; for such persons could not escape detection, and were liable to ruin from the consequences. But many women of good condition, and holding the rank of ladies, ventured to attend the forbidden meeting, and were allowed to sit in front of the assembly. Their side-saddles were placed on the ground, to serve for seats, and their horses were *tethered* in the rear of the congregation. Before the females, and in the space between them and the pulpit, the arms of the men present—pikes, swords, and muskets—were regularly piled in such order as is used by soldiers, so that each man might in an instant assume his own weapons.' It is evident that such meetings could not become common without leading to general risings among the people. If, while the congregation was singing, or the minister preaching, a troop of dragoons came in sight, the men present would seize their arms, and place themselves in front of their wives, daughters, and sisters, so as to cover their retreat. Sometimes shots would be exchanged, and blood would be spilt. Not only so, but the habit of meeting in the open air, among scenes of sublimity and grandeur, in mountain glens or by the sides of cataracts, where, perhaps, in former times, their fathers had fought against the invaders of their country—this, and the long and lonesome journeys by night, which it was necessary to take in order to reach the places where the conventicles were held, had a direct effect in rousing the spirits of the Covenanters to a pitch of enthusiasm of which we in modern times can form no conception. The doctrine of resistance to tyrannical governments began to be openly maintained among the more zealous of their number, and the judgments of God to be denounced on their persecutors.

One of the most distinguished and active agents of the privy-council in suppressing Presbyterianism in the west of Scotland was Sir James Turner, an English soldier of fortune, who had been appointed to the command of the dragoons in that district. This officer had been guilty of great cruelties to the people of Galloway and Nithsdale, using his authority in the most merciless manner, and ruining hundreds of families by his rigour in exacting fines. In the course of three visits, he had levied from twenty-three parishes the enormous sum, considering the poverty of the people, of £91,500 Scots money. The whole country was full of the terror of his name. The following touching little story will give an idea of the manner in which he and his dragoons performed their wretched office. One of the ejected clergymen was Mr John Blackadder, minister at Troqueer, near Dumfries. On being ejected, he had removed with his family to Glencairn, a sequestered part of the country, where he continued to preach, and in other respects officiate as a clergyman. This made him obnoxious to the authorities, and subjected him to so many annoyances, that he resolved to leave Glencairn, and conceal himself for some time in Edinburgh. Accordingly, he and his wife departed for Edinburgh, leaving their three children at Glencairn, under the charge of a nurse and a servant. The day after his departure, Turner and a party of soldiers came to apprehend him. The rest we give in the words of Mr Blackadder's son, then a boy of ten years of age. 'The ruffians beset our house round about two o'clock in the morning; then gave the cry: "Open the door." Upon which we all got up, young and old, except my sister, with the nurse and the child at her breast. When they came in, the fire was gone out. They roared out again: "Light a candle immediately, and on with a fire quickly, or else we'll roast nurse, and bairn, and all in the fire, and mak a bra' bleeze [a brave blaze]." When the candle was lighted, they drew out their swords, and went to the stools and chairs, and clove them down to make the fire with; and they made me hold a candle to them, trembling all along, and fearing every moment to be thrown alive into the fire. Then they went to search the house for my father, running their swords down through bed and bed-clothes, crying: "Come out, rebel dog!" They made narrow search for him in all corners of the house, ransacking presses, chests, and flesh-stands.' After describing their visits to the library, the hencoop, the *meat ambry*, and the meal-barrels, all of which they emptied, he continues : 'All this I was an eye-witness to, holding the candle, trembling and shivering all the while, having nothing but my short shirt upon me. So soon as I was relieved of my office, I begins to think, if possible, of making my escape. I goes to the door, where there was a sentry on every side, standing, with their swords drawn. I approached nearer and nearer by small degrees, making as if I were playing myself. At last I gets out, making still as if I were playing, till I came to the house-gate ; then, with all the little speed I had, looking behind me now and then to see if they were pursuing me, I ran the length of half a mile in the dark night, naked to the shirt. I got to a neighbouring town, called the Brig-end of Minihive, where, thinking to creep into some house to save my life, I found all the doors shut, and the people sleeping. Upon which I went to the cross of the town, and got up to the uppermost step of it, and there I sat me down, and fell fast asleep till the morning. Between five and six, a door opens, and an old woman comes out, and seeing a white thing upon the cross, comes near to it ; and when she found it was a little boy, cries out : "Guid save us ! what art thou ?" With that I awaked, and answered her : "I 'm Mr Blackadder's son." "Oh, my puir bairn ! what brought thee here ?" I answers : "There 's a hantle [number] of fearful men, with red coats, have brunt all our house, my breether, and sister, and all the family." "Oh, puir thing !" says she ; "come in and lie down in my warm bed ;" which I did, and it was the sweetest bed that I ever met with.'

Turner's cruelty brought matters to a head. It so happened that, on the 13th of November 1666, a few of his troopers seized on a poor old man in the village of Dalry in Galloway, whom they proceeded to treat in the most savage manner—stripping him naked, it is said, for the purpose of placing him on a red-hot gridiron. A party of peasants hearing of the outrage, ran to the house, and rescued the old man ; and being joined by a number more, they attacked and disarmed the small garrison of the village, killing one soldier. Dreading the consequences of their own act, they thought it best to remain together in an armed body ; and the feeling of the country being roused, they were speedily joined by the Lairds of Barscob and Corsack, and a few other country-gentlemen. The band, now amounting to about fifty horse, and half as many foot, marched to Dumfries so suddenly as to surprise Sir James Turner, and make him prisoner. The news of this rising soon reached Edinburgh, where it caused no small alarm. The council lost no time in taking measures to suppress it. Issuing a proclamation, commanding all the king's loyal subjects to assist in putting down the insurrection, they despatched a body of troops to the west, who were to pursue the rebels, and attack them wherever they could come up with them. The command of these troops was given to General Dalziel, better known as General Tom Dalyell—a name notorious in the history of the period. He had served under Montrose, and afterwards in the Russian wars, and was a man of ferocious character and eccentric habits, and so devoted a royalist, that he had never shaved his beard since the execution of Charles I. His appearance was so singular—both on account of his dress and his long white bushy beard—that when he went to London, which he did occasionally, to have the honour of kissing the king's hand, the boys used to follow him in the streets in crowds with cheers and huzzas.

Meanwhile the insurgents had increased considerably in numbers; and had it not been that most of the Presbyterian gentry of the west country were in prison at the time, it is probable they might have mustered a formidable force. As it was, they amounted to about fifteen hundred or two thousand men, among whom were several of the ejected clergymen. For their commander they chose James Wallace of Auchens, a man greatly respected, and who had served with distinction as a lieutenant-colonel in the parliamentary army during the civil wars. Disregarding a proclamation of the council, which ordered them to surrender unconditionally within twenty-four hours, they resolved to continue in arms, and endeavour to rouse the country. It was at first proposed among them to put their prisoner, Sir James Turner, to death; but finding, it is said, that his cruelties, great as they were, were still less than his instructions authorised him to commit, they spared his life, and carried him along with them. On the 25th of November they marched to Lanark, where next day, after sermons preached in the streets by Mr John Guthrie, Mr Gabriel Semple, and other clergymen, they publicly renewed the Covenants, and solemnly swore to observe them as long as they lived. At the same time they issued a declaration stating the causes of their rising, and defending themselves against the charge of being rebels to the king's authority. From Lanark, the poor men, deceived by the expectation that all West Lothian was ready to rise in their favour, marched towards Edinburgh, with Dalziel in full pursuit after them. At length they halted at Colinton, about three miles from the capital, at the foot of the Pentland Hills. Finding themselves reduced to about nine hundred men, weary with their long marches, and 'looking more like dying persons than like men going to a battle,' they made an attempt to procure terms from Dalziel. No answer, however, was returned to their letter; and Dalziel descending upon them from the hills, a battle took place on Rullion Green, in which, notwithstanding much skill on the part of Wallace and his subordinates, Learmont and Arnot, and much desperate courage on the part of the men, the Covenanters were totally routed. About fifty of their number, including two clergymen from Ireland, were slain on the field of battle—Dalziel's cavaliers, most of them gentlemen, taking pity upon the poor peasants; but many more were killed in the flight by the country-people of the neighbourhood. A large number were conducted in an ignominious manner to Edinburgh as prisoners, and confined in one of the old churches of the town.

The whole month of December was occupied in searching out such as had taken part in the rising, but had escaped, and in bringing the prisoners to trial. On the 4th of the month a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of any of the fugitive rebels, upwards of fifty of whom, both laymen and clergymen, were mentioned by name; and on the same day eleven of the prisoners—John Macculloch, Andrew Arnot, Thomas Paterson, John and Robert Gordon, John Parker, Gavin and James Hamilton, John Ross, John Shields, and Christopher Strang—were tried, and sentenced to death. All of these, except Paterson, who died of his wounds in prison, were hanged on one gibbet at the market-cross on the 7th of December; their heads and right arms being afterwards cut off, to be exposed in public places. They died with the utmost firmness and composure. Perhaps the following touching letter, written to one of them (Arnot) the night before his execution by a fellow-prisoner, whose trial had not yet taken place, may serve to give an idea of the spirit which animated these, it may be in some respects blameworthy, but at least noble and brave men: 'DEAR FRIEND—Now in tears, but ere long in joy, I drink this cup to you; but the cup of salvation will be your draught ere long. I have had much liberty [in prayer] for you this night. Run the race with courage; make stepping-stones of your wife and children; it is an excellent change and niffer [bargain] you are to make. Instead of the wife of your bosom, handsome and heartsome, enjoyment of Christ without intermission; instead of peace with the world, peace with God and peace of conscience, which will give you the true enjoyment of just peace with God. You are credited with that which hath been the desire of precious, godly men, and yet the Lord would not make use of them as vessels to pour such liquor into; and He hath chosen you. O give Him thanks! O praise; O bless, bless, bless Him! Ye have the forestart of me. O if I were counted worthy! No more, being in haste; but leaves you to Him, who will wipe away all tears from your eyes with the napkin of pardoning mercy.' Eight days afterwards, the writer of this letter, Alexander Robertson, a preacher of the gospel, suffered the same fate as his friend, being hanged along with four fellow-prisoners.

Besides these fifteen persons, six more were executed for the same crime on the 22d of December. The fate of one of these, a young man of the name of Hugh M'Kail, excited, even at the time, the deepest commiseration. This young man, whose constancy under his sufferings truly entitles him to the appellation of a martyr, had been licensed as a preacher of the gospel by the presbytery of

Edinburgh in the year 1661, when he was twenty years of age; but shortly afterwards, on the passing of the Act of Conformity, he had gone into exile on the continent. Returning to Scotland in the year 1665, M'Kail lived obscurely for some time; but being in Galloway at the time of the Pentland rising, he joined it. He was not present at the battle of Rullion Green, having been obliged, by fatigue and ill health, to leave the army during its march to Edinburgh. Two days afterwards, he was taken at a place called Braid's Craigs by some dragoons, whom he met by chance. It was resolved to make him a victim. After two examinations, in which he confessed all that he knew of the motives which had induced the people to rise, he was a third time brought before the council on the 4th of December; and on declaring that he had nothing more to confess, he was put to the torture. The instrument of torture was that horrible one called *the boot*—a square wooden box, with movable plates inside. The leg of the person to be tortured was placed into this box, and between the frame and the plates wedges were driven in with a mallet, so as to crush the limb, and produce the most excruciating pain; the pain being the greater the farther the wedges were driven in. Poor M'Kail's leg being placed in the boot, the wedges slipped in, and the executioner standing ready with his mallet to strike, he was asked to make a further confession. As he repeated his former assertion, that he had nothing more to confess, the torture began; ten or eleven blows with the mallet were struck, at considerable intervals, the sufferer protesting before the last three that he 'could say no more though all the joints in his body were in as great torture as that poor leg.' At the eleventh stroke the bone was splintered, and the blood and marrow spurted in the faces of the judges. The torture brought on a fever, which delayed his execution till the 22d, when, as before stated, he was hanged along with five others. His words on the scaffold surpass all that was ever uttered on similar occasions. 'The napkin,' says a historian, 'being put over his face, he prayed a little within himself; after which he put up the cloth, saying he had one word more to say, in order to shew them the comfort he had in his death. And thus he said: "I hope you have perceived no alteration or discouragement in my countenance and carriage; and as it may be your wonder, so I profess it is a wonder to myself; but I will tell you the reason of it. Besides the justness of my cause, this is my comfort, which was said of Lazarus when he died, that the angels did carry his soul into Abraham's bosom; so that as there is a great solemnity here—of a confluence of people, a scaffold, a gallows, and a people looking out at windows—so there is a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven, of angels to carry my soul to Christ's bosom." And after speaking a little to the same purpose, he concluded thus: "And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to thee, O Lord; and now I begin my intercourse with God, which shall never be broken off. Farewell, father and mother, friends and relations; farewell, the world and all delights; farewell, meat and drink; farewell, sun, moon, and stars; welcome, God and Father; welcome, sweet Jesus, the Mediator of the new Covenant; welcome, blessed Spirit of grace, and God of all consolation; welcome glory, welcome eternal life, welcome death!"' There was not a dry eye among the spectators at the execution of this young man; and such was the effect of his angel-like eloquence upon the multitude, that, on future occasions, those who superintended the executions of the Covenanters resorted to the practice of causing the trumpets to be blown and the drums to be beaten, so as to drown the last words of the sufferers.

The executions in Edinburgh were but a small part of the vengeance taken by government for the Pentland rising. Twelve persons who were concerned in it were tried by commission at Ayr on the 24th of December, and condemned to death; eight of them to be executed at Ayr, two at Dumfries, and two at Irvine.

In addition to those who were executed for the Pentland rising, numbers more were banished to the plantations; and fifty persons who had escaped, including fifteen clergymen, were outlawed, and their property confiscated. The cruelties, too, which were perpetrated by the military, who had been sent under the command of Dalziel to scour the shires of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries after the rising, more than supplemented the severities of the law. In the parish of Newmills, one David Finlay, who had been in Lanark when the insurgents passed through the town, was shot dead by Dalziel's orders for refusing to tell the names of the persons he saw in their ranks. At Kilmarnock, a poor woman, in whose house one of the fugitives had taken shelter, was thrown into a deep pit, full of toads and reptiles, where she was left shrieking, no one daring to help her out so long as the soldiers were near. Two men, who had given a night's lodging to some of the rebels, were bound, and tied up by the thumbs to a tree, in which situation they might have died, had not some of their neighbours come and cut them down, at the hazard of their own lives. In the parish of Dalry, the wife of David M'Gill, one of the fugitives, having assisted her husband to escape, was seized by a party of soldiers under Sir William Bannatyne, and having been bound, burning matches were fixed between her fingers, from which she endured such torture, that she died a few days after.

THE INDULGENCE—MEASURES FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF CONVENTICLES.

These atrocities were at length suspended. Lauderdale, whose power was now in the ascendant, was inclined to rid himself of the company of the prelates, who had been the principal prompters of the severe measures against the Presbyterians, and to attempt to govern the country in a somewhat milder spirit. The king, likewise, and his English counsellors—although by no means very pitifully disposed to the nonconformists—were shocked by reports of what was occurring in Scotland. It was now resolved to pursue a more moderate course. Sharp was removed from the administration, and ordered to confine himself to his diocese; Sir James Turner and Sir William Bannatyne were brought to trial for the excesses they had committed in the districts in which they were quartered; and an act of indemnity was passed to all concerned in the rising, except the persons who had been outlawed, on condition of their subscribing a bond to keep the peace, and never again to assume arms for Presbytery—those who refused the bond, to be banished from the realm.

During the lull of 1667–8–9, which followed the Pentland rising, the interests of nonconformity seemed to be gaining ground both in Scotland and England, and a general expectation prevailed that something was to be done by government in behalf of the ejected ministers. In the meantime, however, the Presbyterians of Scotland were harassed by numerous petty persecutions. Conventicles were still treated as 'rendezvouses of rebellion;' and those who held or frequented them were severely fined if discovered. Another cause of irritation to the public mind was, that search was still kept up for those of the Pentland fugitives who had been excepted from the indemnity. Although, therefore, the condition of affairs was on the whole improved, the Presbyterians were still subject to discomforts and annoyances which at the present day would be deemed intolerable, to which, in fact, no high-spirited people would now for an instant submit.

In the summer of 1668, an event happened which had considerable influence both then and afterwards. One of the persons exempted from the indemnity for the Pentland rising was James Mitchell, a young preacher, who, being in Galloway at the time of the insurrection, had joined the rebels. He had gone to Flanders, but returned to Scotland clandestinely in the beginning of 1668; and the continual harassment in which he was kept by his fears of being taken, seems to have driven him into the desperate resolution of attempting to assassinate Archbishop Sharp, whom he regarded as the cause of his not being admitted to the benefits of the indemnity. Watching his opportunity, he fired a loaded pistol at the primate as he and Honeyman, Bishop of Orkney, were going into a coach near the archbishop's lodgings at the head of Blackfriars Wynd, in the High Street of Edinburgh. The shot missed Sharp, but wounded Honeyman in the wrist. It was broad daylight, many people were passing, and the alarm was soon given that a man had been killed; but some replying that 'it was only a bishop,' no attempt was made to capture the culprit, who was seen to cross the street leisurely, and descend Niddry's Wynd, on the other side. Before the pursuit was begun, Mitchell had changed his clothes in a house near, and escaped. Immediately a proclamation was issued, and a reward offered for his apprehension; the city gates were shut, and a rigorous search instituted through the houses of all parties with whom he might be supposed to have sought shelter. As the town was at that time very full of Whigs not included in the indemnity, many of them ran great risks of being taken by the soldiers who were in pursuit of Mitchell. A gentleman of property, in particular, Mr Maxwell of Moncrieff, made a hairbreadth escape. Hearing of the search that was going on in the town, and that the city gates were shut, he came to the house of Nicol Moffat, stabler in the Horse Wynd, and begged shelter. Moffat replied that his house, being a place where soldiers came to drink, was one of the most unsafe in Edinburgh; and that he had no hiding-place to offer him, unless he chose to go into that meal-barrel—pointing to a large empty hogshead, with a cover over it. Rather than venture into the streets, Maxwell accepted the offer; and ensconcing himself in the barrel, Moffat put on the lid. He had scarcely done so, when a party of soldiers entered, and asked Moffat if there were any Whigs with him. Moffat said they might search; and the soldiers, deceived by his careless manner, sat down and asked for some ale. While they were drinking, they began to talk of the bad success of their search; and one of them remarked he was sure there were many Whigs in town, and probably some of them not far off. 'I should not wonder,' said another, striking the lid of the meal-barrel with his fist, 'though there were one in this barrel: they'll hide anywhere.' The joke was received with an applauding laugh; and the soldiers having drunk out their ale, left the house, while Mr Maxwell was perspiring with fear in the barrel.

The attempt on the archbishop's life was at first followed by increased severities against the Presbyterians, especially in Edinburgh, where many citizens were punished for holding or attending conventicles. Upon the whole, however, it seems to have had the effect of convincing the council that they must study gentle dealing; in particular, it seems to have had this effect on Sharp himself, who from that time offered less opposition to the proposal of the more moderate friends of Episcopacy, to grant an *indulgence*, as it was called, to a certain number of the ejected clergy. This indulgence, after being long talked of, was at length decreed by a royal letter, dated Whitehall, the 7th of June 1669. The letter authorised the privy-council to permit as many of the ejected clergy as had conducted themselves inoffensively to return to their parishes, if they were vacant, to preach and administer ordinances there as before; or, if their old parishes were not vacant, to be appointed to others by patrons. Of such reinstated clergymen, all who should acknowledge the bishop's authority, so far as to receive collation from him, and attend church courts, were to be entitled to the entire fruits of the living; those who should refuse collation by the bishop, were to be entitled only to the manse and the glebe, with such an allowance as might be deemed suitable out of a fund made up of all the vacant stipends. Such of the ejected clergy as, from their conduct, should be thought worthy of indulgence, but for whom there was no living ready, were to be allowed 400 merks Scots yearly out of the same fund, until such time as they could be provided for. The letter concluded by saying that, since by these acts of leniency all pretexts for conventicles were now taken away, it was his majesty's express will and pleasure that the holders and frequenters of such illegal meetings should be rigorously sought out and punished.

Only about forty of the ejected clergymen availed themselves of the indulgence; the great majority scouted it, and regarded the acceptance of it as a sinful act of compliance. While, therefore, a few mild and estimable men thought themselves justified in accepting the security offered them, and their ministrations were attended by a considerable number of the more wealthy Presbyterians, who were glad of the liberty thus afforded them of listening to what they considered sound doctrine, without risk of being fined for doing so, the great mass of the people loudly denounced the indulgence, and accused those who countenanced it of being Erastians and time-servers. In energy of character, however, as well as in force of numbers, the opponents of the indulgence had infinitely the advantage. Growing bolder and more enthusiastic in their attachment to the doctrine of unrestrained liberty of conscience, they preferred danger and persecution to what they regarded as a dishonourably obtained ease. Conventicles and field-meetings now became numerous and frequent; and all the exertions of the authorities were unable to put them down. Fresh acts were passed against them; and the punishments of fine and imprisonment denounced in these acts were rigorously inflicted in numerous instances, both against clergymen and laymen; but all without effect.

Enraged at the obstinacy of the Presbyterians, Lauderdale and his colleagues seemed to repent having adopted what they considered a lenient policy; and during the years 1670 and 1671, they displayed their disappointment in many acts of persecution. In September 1672, however, another attempt was made to restore tranquillity by a concession to the popular spirit. A second *indulgence* was passed by the council, ordering one hundred and sixteen of the ejected ministers, who were mentioned by name, to repair to the parishes where their services were required, there to confine themselves, and exercise their sacred office under certain restrictions. There was much difference of opinion among the parties interested as to the propriety of accepting this indulgence; some arguing that it ought to be accepted under protest; others maintaining that it was 'clogged with so many involvements contrary to their principles and consciences, and with so many inconveniences as to their persons and families, and to the congregations,' that to accept it would be a sin. Upon the whole, the second indulgence was as ineffective as the first. It was followed by a fresh shower of prosecutions against the holders of conventicles. To give an idea of the penalties to which persons were subjected at that time in Scotland for the crime of nonconformity, we may mention that the fines incurred for that crime during three years, by only eleven gentlemen, amounted, when added together, to the sum of £368,031, 13s. 4d. Scots money, or £30,669 sterling. One of these gentlemen, Sir George Maxwel of Newark, had incurred penalties amounting to no less than £94,800 Scots; the items of which were as follows: 'For three years' absence from his parish church, £31,200; for a weekly conventicle during that time, £62,400; for three disorderly baptisms in his family during that time, £1200.' When the fines amounted to such enormous sums, a composition was usually effected; else the individuals would have been ruined—as indeed hundreds were.

A momentary check was given at this time to Lauderdale's power by the bold conduct of the English House of Commons in denouncing the famous *Cabal* ministry, of which he was a member, and whose intentions seemed to be the total destruction of the liberties of the subject. Lauderdale, however, preserved his place in Charles's favour; and in May 1674, he succeeded in getting the privy-council remodelled according to his own views, removing all who were likely to prove opponents to his measures or rivals to his authority.

The new government avowed their determination of rooting out every remnant of what they called seditious feeling in Scotland. Their severities against conventicles surpassed all that had yet been experienced. On the 18th of June 1674, they issued two proclamations against conventicles. By the first of these, all masters of families were required to dismiss from their service all who attended such meetings; and all heritors and landlords were required to subscribe a bond, obliging themselves, their wives, children, tenants, and servants, not to be present at any conventicles, either in houses or in the fields, under the following penalties: For a tenant, £25 Scots for each attendance on a house-conventicle; for a cotter, £12; for a man-servant, a fourth part of his year's wages: for each attendance on a field-conventicle, double the above sums: the fine for the wives or children of a tenant or cotter to be half what would be incurred by the tenant or cotter himself for the same offence. By the same proclamation, heritors and landlords were required to bind their tenants, &c. by separate bonds, or by clauses in their leases to the same effect; and all refractory tenants were to be put to the horn.

The severe and tyrannical measures adopted for the suppression of conventicles, were followed by results directly contrary to what was anticipated. Those who had been already in the habit of attending conventicles, seemed now to lose all sense of danger in their zeal for what they esteemed the cause of God; and many who had hitherto obeyed the authorities, and conformed, now abandoned the curates, and attended the services of the field-preachers. Several even of the conforming and indulged clergy changed their minds, and, after confessing the sin of their past conduct, were received into the ranks of the persecuted. The enthusiasm which had long been burning with a steady heat, blazed up in flame; and emotions which people in quiet and orderly times are totally unacquainted with, were then habitual and familiar. The spirit of the Old Testament seemed revived with its phraseology; and as the plaided Covenanters, in their mountain retreats, sang from their own metrical version of the Psalms of David, the words were uttered with a depth of feeling, the like of which has probably never been experienced, except by the Hebrews themselves—

'O God, why hast thou cast us off?
  Is it for evermore?
Against thy pasture-sheep why doth
  Thine anger smoke so sore?'

Compared with the transport and elevation of heart which were felt at these field-meetings, and which, on some occasions, to use the language of a historian of the times, 'were so great, that the eldest Christians declared they had never been witnesses to the like,' ordinary religious worship in churches or houses appeared tame and unsatisfactory. Field-meetings therefore multiplied more and more. The place of meeting being announced some days before, men, women, and children would leave their houses early in the morning of the day appointed, and wend their way through the hills to the spot fixed upon, some travelling fifteen or twenty miles. The whole day would then be spent in spiritual exercises; and, late in the afternoon, the congregation would break up and walk homeward in parties. Sometimes a scuffle would ensue between the men of one of these parties and any body of dragoons which they chanced to fall in with. From the precautions which the Covenanters adopted, it was only rarely that the dragoons came by surprise on a whole congregation; and when they did so, they seldom ventured to attack it.

Finding their efforts to suppress field-conventicles vain, Lauderdale and his colleagues lost all sense of justice and prudence; and 'as if Satan himself,' to use the language of Sir Walter Scott, 'were suggesting the means of oppression, they raked out of oblivion the old and barbarous laws which had been adopted in the fiercest times, and directed them against the nonconformists.' The most detestable of those obsolete laws was one by which the king could issue what was called Letters of Intercommuning against such criminals as could not be brought to justice. This law was employed against the Covenanters, and, by orders of the council, letters of intercommuning were read at the market-crosses of all the principal towns in the south and west of Scotland, by which 'his majesty commanded all his dutiful subjects not to intercommune with any of the rebels aforesaid, nor furnish them with meat, drink, house, harbour, victual, nor any other thing useful or comfortable to them, nor to have intelligence with any of them by word, writ, or message, under pain of being considered guilty of the same crimes as the persons intercommuned.' By this horrible measure it is calculated that upwards of 17,000 persons were cut off from society, and forced to become wanderers among the mountains, and to visit their homes, or the houses of their friends, only by stealth, when the dragoons were thought to be out of the way. Many clergymen, after being hunted from place to place for weeks and months, were obliged reluctantly to leave the country, and take refuge in Ireland or on the continent.

Had the Covenanters been but a small fraction of the population, the letters of intercommuning might have produced some such effect as the council desired; but to crush the spirit of whole provinces, some more extensive method of persecution was necessary. Small garrisons planted in the heart of the refractory districts, or a rural military police sent to scour them occasionally, could only harass the people, without reducing them to complete submission. To accomplish this, a project of a most extraordinary kind was resorted to. It was resolved to invite the Highland clans to invade the Lowlands, especially the western shires, where, in return for their services in repressing conventicles, they were to be allowed free quarters, and liberty to pillage the disaffected. The proposal was no sooner made known in the Highlands, into which Presbyterian principles had hardly yet penetrated, than 6000 men were in readiness to be led, as they imagined, against an enemy. So effectually did the Highland host, as it was called, perform its assigned task, by ravaging and devastating the western shires, that even those who had proposed the scheme became at length alarmed at the consequences of it; and, after a stay of three months, the mountaineers were sent back to their homes in February 1678. Their march back was like the removal of a whole county, so loaded were they with spoil—cloth, furniture, provisions, and whatever was portable; and the visit of the Highland host was long remembered with shuddering by the Presbyterians of the west. Ayrshire alone sustained losses to the amount of £12,000 sterling—a large sum in those days. 'Better, however,' said Lauderdale, when he was informed of the ravages of the Highlanders, 'that the west bore nothing but windlestraws and sandy laverocks [dog's grass and sea-larks], than that it should bear rebels to the king.'

The place of the Highland host was supplied by regular troops, Scotch and English, fully armed, and distributed in garrisons over the obnoxious districts. The command of one of these—a troop of horse—was given to John Graham of Claverhouse, a scion of a distinguished Scottish family, a high Episcopalian, and who had already served as an officer on the continent. Claverhouse, or, as he was popularly called, Clavers, soon began to outstrip all others in the zeal with which he executed the orders of the council against the Covenanters. These orders were now of the most sanguinary character. The bonds pledging suspected parties not to attend conventicles had been renewed; and it is said that Lauderdale, sitting at the council board, had bared his arms above the elbow, and sworn by the sacred name of the Deity that he would force subscription to these bonds.

MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SHARP—BATTLES OF DRUMCLOG AND BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

Mitchell, the man who had attempted to assassinate Sharp, contrived for six years to elude pursuit. In the beginning of the year 1674, however, he was apprehended. On being examined before the privy-council, he positively denied his crime: privately, however, after receiving a solemn promise, confirmed by oath, that his life should be safe, he confessed to the lord chancellor that he had fired the shot which wounded Bishop Honeyman. As this promise stood in the way of his execution, which Sharp was bent upon, his trial was deferred from time to time, in order to find fresh matter of accusation against him. After nearly two years' imprisonment, he was brought before the council in January 1676, and examined as to his concern in the Pentland rising. Refusing to say anything which would criminate himself, he was put to the torture of the boot. At the ninth stroke of the mallet, he fainted, and, no confession having been elicited from him, he was sent back to prison. Here he remained for other two years; but being brought to trial again on the 7th of January 1678, he was condemned to death upon his own private extra-judicial confession—a proceeding contrary to all form of law. Notwithstanding the exertions of his counsel, he was not allowed to plead the promise of pardon which had been given him; and 'it is shameful,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'to be obliged to add, that the Duke of Lauderdale would not permit the records of the privy-council to be produced, and that some of the privy-councillors swore that no assurance of life had been granted; although it had been accurately entered, and is now to be seen on the record.' Mitchell was executed on the 18th of January, amid a general feeling of compassion; the consideration of the man's undoubted guilt being lost in hatred to Sharp, and in the popular sense of the injustice with which the trial had been conducted.

Archbishop Sharp was universally regarded as the most zealous and cruel of the persecutors. Besides his baleful influence in the general government of the kingdom, his severities to the nonconformists of Fife, where he had his own residence, made him the object of special detestation. These severities seem to have been unusually great during the year 1678, as if the archbishop intended to hold up Fifeshire to the rest of the kingdom as a specimen of a district thoroughly purged of nonconformity. One of the primate's chief agents in the work of persecution was a person named William Carmichael. So obnoxious was this man on account of his cruelties, that a party of Fifeshire gentlemen, the chief of whom were David Hackstoun of Rathillet, and his brother-in-law, John Balfour of Kinloch, usually known by the name of Burley, a stout, squint-eyed man, of desperate character, determined to despatch him; 'being fired,' as they said, 'with zeal for God's glory, and resolved, like Phineas, to execute that justice which the law denied them upon such as lifted up their hand against God's poor people.' Accordingly, on the 3d of May 1679, nine of them, among whom were Hackstoun and Burley, waylaid Carmichael near the town of Cupar, for the purpose of killing him. Their intended victim had, however, been forewarned of his danger; and, disappointed of finding him, the party were on the point of separating, when a farmer's wife sent a boy to tell them that the archbishop's coach was on the road to St Andrews, some way before them. 'It was immediately suggested to us,' says one of them, 'that albeit we had missed the man we sought for, yet God had, by a wonderful providence, delivered the great and capital enemy of his church into our hands, and that it was a visible call to us from Heaven not to let him escape.' Such was the spirit of the times, that these lawless sentiments determined the whole party, except Hackstoun of Rathillet, who declined acting as their leader on the occasion, or taking any share in the action, but said he would accompany them as a spectator. On this Balfour volunteered to be leader, and the whole party galloped off in pursuit of the archbishop. They overtook the coach on a barren heath called Magus Moor, a few miles from St Andrews. The archbishop, who had his daughter in the coach with him, perceived his danger, and called out to his servants to drive on at full speed. The pursuers fired a volley after the carriage, and then coming up with it, cut the traces of the horses, and disarmed the postillions. Balfour then ordered the primate to come out; and when he refused, two of them fired into the carriage, but without injuring him, his daughter all the while shrieking piteously by his side. 'Come out,' said the relentless Burley. 'I take God to witness that it is not out of any hatred of your person, nor from any prejudice you have done or could have done me, that I intend now to take your life; but because you have been, and still continue to be, an avowed opposer of the gospel and kingdom of Christ, and a murderer of his saints, whose blood you have shed like water.' At length, after being wounded by a sword-thrust, the old man left the coach, and creeping on his knees to Hackstoun, said: 'You are a gentleman; you will protect me.' 'I will not lay a hand upon you,' said Hackstoun, turning away. 'Spare his gray hairs,' cried another; but the rest, after firing upon him, drew their swords, and despatched him with many wounds—his daughter, who threw herself between her father and the assassins, also receiving one or two wounds in the scuffle. After rifling the coach of the arms and papers which it contained, they rode off, leaving the mangled body of their victim lying on the highway.

The news of this bloody deed soon spread over the whole country. The great proportion of the Presbyterians, although they regarded Sharp's violent death as a just judgment of God, disowned and condemned the action; and only a few of the more wild and desperate of their number dared to defend it. The government, on the other hand, visited the crime on the whole body of the nonconformists, and made it the pretext for fresh proclamations and increased severities against them. Every attendance on a field-conventicle was declared high treason, new troops were raised, and their officers invested with the most unlimited authority against the seditious.

Meanwhile, Balfour, Hackstoun of Rathillet, and the rest of the assassins, escaped to the west. Having committed themselves beyond all hope of pardon, their only chance of safety lay in open insurrection; and there were many kindred spirits among 'the chased and tossed men' in that part of the country ready to join them. Among these was Robert Hamilton, brother of Sir William Hamilton of Preston, and a most zealous Covenanter. Having assembled a body of eighty horse, Hamilton, Burley, and Hackstoun entered the royal burgh of Rutherglen, near Glasgow, on the 29th of May 1679, and made a public protest against the proceedings of the government, extinguishing the bonfire which had been kindled in honour of the day as the anniversary of the Restoration, and burning all the acts of the Scottish parliament in favour of Prelacy. Thus openly declared rebels, they were joined by a number of peasantry, eager, but ill armed, and took up their position on Loudon Hill. Receiving intelligence of the outbreak, Graham of Claverhouse, who was then stationed at Glasgow, marched to suppress it at the head of a hundred and fifty cavalry. Learning his approach, the Covenanters, to the number of forty horse, and a hundred and fifty or two hundred foot, met him at Drumclog, a boggy piece of ground about a mile distant from Loudon Hill; and a desperate engagement followed, in which, principally by the bravery of Burley, Claverhouse was defeated, and forced to flee—his horse, whose belly had been cut open by the stroke of a scythe, so that the bowels trailed on the ground, carrying him off the field with the greatest difficulty.

After the defeat of Claverhouse at Drumclog, the insurgent army gained such an accession of numbers, as to count six or seven thousand men, among whom were several of the west-country gentry, and a considerable number of the outlawed clergy. An attack was made upon Glasgow, which was not successful, but which had the effect of inducing Claverhouse to evacuate the city, and proceed eastward, leaving the Covenanters masters of the west country. In the meantime the privy-council, greatly alarmed, were making what preparations they could to meet the emergency. At London also, to which intelligence of the rising had been immediately forwarded, the affair was viewed in a serious light; and Charles, in whose mind the conviction was growing, that his representatives in Scotland were driving matters to extremities, sent down his natural son, the popular and mild-tempered James, Duke of Monmouth, to assume the command of the army in Scotland, and endeavour to restore order. At the head of a well-disciplined army of about ten thousand men, Monmouth, with Claverhouse as commander of the cavalry, reached Bothwell, a village on the banks of the Clyde, near the rebel encampment, on Sunday the 22d of June. The two armies occupied opposite sides of the river, which was crossed by a high, steep, and narrow bridge, having a gateway in the centre. The insurgents were in no condition to meet such a foe—being not only inferior in numbers and discipline, but also wofully divided in their counsels. There were among them, or rather among their clergy, two distinct parties—a moderate party, at the head of which were Mr John Welch and Mr David Hume, who were anxious for an accommodation, if it could be obtained on tolerable terms; and an extreme or fanatical party, headed by Mr Donald Cargill and Mr John King, who would consent to no compromise. For upwards of a fortnight the most violent disputes had been going on between these two parties on political and theological points; and at the very time when Monmouth's army came in sight, their camp was the scene of vehement controversy, which ended in the triumph of the more violent party. The consequence was the total defeat of the insurgents. Balfour, Hackstoun of Rathillet, and a few others, behaved with bravery, and defended the bridge as long as possible; but the rest seemed, in the words of the historian Burnet, 'to have neither the grace to submit, the courage to fight, nor the sense to run away.' Monmouth's anxiety to spare blood restrained the fury of the royalist officers, and the carnage was not so great as might have been anticipated. Claverhouse, however, burning with the recollection of his defeat at Drumclog, would not be altogether balked of his revenge, and four hundred of the Covenanters were left dead on the field.

The consequences of the insurrection thus terminated resembled those of the Pentland rising. The prisoners taken at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, amounting to about twelve hundred, were marched to Edinburgh, tied two and two, and locked up in the Greyfriars churchyard, like cattle in a penfold, with sentinels watching them, to prevent their escape. Here they remained for nearly five months, sleeping among the graves during the night, and standing among them all day, without the slightest accommodation, till within a short time of their liberation, when a few deal sheds were put up. From their number several were selected for execution, either on account of the rising itself, or their supposed connection with the murder of Archbishop Sharp; and among these were two clergymen, Messrs Kid and King. Of the rest, those who would acknowledge the rising to be *rebellion*, and the archbishop's death to be *murder*, were at last released; such, however, as were refractory, and refused to make these admissions, were sold as slaves to the plantations. Many of the latter were drowned at sea.

A great many fugitives from the battle of Bothwell Bridge continued skulking in various hiding-places; and, under the pretext of searching for them, many cruelties were perpetrated by the soldiers, instances being recorded in which innocent men were shot dead in the open fields because seen with a book in their hands. Most of the fugitives contrived at last to return to their homes, or to quit the country; some of them, however, continued wanderers for many months. Among the latter were Hackstoun of Rathillet, and the clergymen Richard Cameron and Donald Cargill. These men still keeping together, formed the nucleus of a small body of Covenanters, who, adopting, as was natural in their circumstances, the most extreme tenets, ranged up and down the country, holding armed meetings among the hills. On the 22d of June 1680, they affixed a declaration to the market-cross of the burgh of Sanquhar, renouncing Charles II. as a tyrant, and denying the Duke of York's right to the succession. This act, as well as their past offences, made government particularly anxious to extirpate them, and the little band of Cameronians, as they were called after their leader, was chased for weeks through the shires of Dumfries and Ayr. At length they were surprised at a desolate place in Ayrshire, called Aird's Moss, by a body of dragoons, commanded by Bruce of Earlshall. The wanderers resolved to fight, although with no hope of success. Before the engagement, Cameron offered up a prayer, in which he three times made use of the striking expression: 'Lord, spare the green, and take the ripe!' After a desperate battle, in which a number on both sides were killed, among whom was Cameron, who fell almost by the first shot, the Covenanters were defeated. Hackstoun of Rathillet was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Edinburgh, where he was executed with all the circumstances of barbarity common in that age. His head and hands, along with those of Cameron, were fixed on the Netherbow port; the hands of Cameron being stretched out as if in prayer.

Donald Cargill continued for some time to elude pursuit. At a conventicle held in the Torwood, in September 1680, he pronounced sentence of excommunication against the king, the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, Lauderdale, Rothes, the lord advocate, and General Dalziel. A reward was set on his head; and, having been apprehended in the month of July 1681, he was executed along with four others.

REVOLUTION OF 1688—END OF THE PERSECUTIONS.

In the midst of these severities against the Bothwell insurgents and the Cameronians, the king's brother, James, Duke of York, afterwards James VII., arrived in Scotland to assume the administration of affairs. In July 1681, a Scottish parliament met under his auspices, in which various acts were passed hostile to the liberties of the subject, both civil and religious—among others, an act requiring all persons in authority to subscribe a test acknowledging the king's absolute supremacy in church and state. Alarmed at these proceedings, and seeing no hope of security in their own country, upwards of thirty-six Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, attached to Presbyterianism, resolved to emigrate. While making preparations to leave the country, they were informed of the secret designs of Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and other English patriots, who had entered into a conspiracy to attempt a political revolution in the kingdom. In hopes to effect something beneficial for Scotland, the greater part of them joined this conspiracy; and on its premature discovery, they shared the sufferings of the English patriots. Upwards of two thousand persons were denounced or outlawed for their concern in the conspiracy; and one leader, Baillie of Jerviswood, was executed.

While the upper classes were suffering for these political or politico-religious offences, the Presbyterian population generally were in the most miserable condition imaginable. 'All usual forms of law,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'all the bulwarks by which the subjects of a country are protected against the violence of armed power, were at once broken down; and officers and soldiers received commissions not only to apprehend, but to interrogate and punish any persons whom they might suspect of fanatical principles; and, if they thought proper, they might put them to death on the spot.' This state of things continued, with scarcely any intermission, from the year 1680 to the year 1685; and a true history of Scotland during that period would consist of little else than a list of trials for nonconformity, and a collection of anecdotes respecting the sufferings of the wandering Covenanters. The principal agent in these persecutions was Graham of Claverhouse, who had been appointed sheriff of Wigton in 1682, and an account of whose raids against the nonconformists would fill a volume. Many a rough stone, decked with rude sculpture and uncouth rhymes, marks out to the peasantry of the present day the spot where some pious ancestor was shot by the dragoons of Lagg or Claverhouse. Of all the stories which the annals of the time have preserved to us, none is so affecting as that of John Brown of Priesthill. The farm of Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, was occupied during 'the trying times' by John Brown, by profession a carrier, and a man respected all the country round for his piety and upright character. He had not been present either at Pentland or Bothwell, but was well known for his attachment to the persecuted cause. His wife, Marion Weir, was a very superior woman, of a lively and humorous disposition. They were married in 1682, at a conventicle, by Mr Peden, one of the most noted of the Cameronian preachers. 'You have got a good husband,' said he to Marion Weir when the ceremony was over; 'value him highly; keep linen for a winding-sheet beside you, for in a day when you least expect it, he may be taken from you.' The house of Priesthill, occupied by this pious couple, with a little daughter of the husband's by a former wife, stands to this day. It is on the brow of a hill, behind which rises an extensive tract of heath, moss-hags, and rocks. Here many a little meeting for worship had been held at the carrier's fireside, and many a wanderer had found shelter. One evening, in May 1685, Peden, who had been in Ireland for some time, but had now returned to Scotland, paid a visit to Priesthill. He stayed all night, and in the morning, when he took farewell, he said to Marion Weir: 'Poor woman—a fearful morning!' 'A dark and misty morning!' When Peden was gone, John Brown took a spade in his hand, and went out to make ready some peat-ground. It was a thick mist; and, before he was aware, he was surrounded by a body of dragoons, with Claverhouse at their head. To all the questions which were put to him, he returned distinct and fluent answers—a circumstance the more extraordinary, as he usually stammered much when addressing a stranger. Surprised at his composure, Claverhouse asked if he was a preacher. Those who had guided him to the house replied: 'No, no; he never was a preacher.'

'If he has never preached,' said Claverhouse, 'meikle has he prayed in his time.' Then turning to Brown, he said: 'Go to your prayers now for the last time, for you shall immediately die.' The poor man obeyed; and kneeling down, began to pray earnestly. Three times Claverhouse interrupted him: once when, in allusion to the state of the times, 'he was pleading that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger.' 'I gave you time,' said Claverhouse, 'to pray, and ye are begun to preach.'

'Sir,' said Brown, turning round on his knees, 'you know the nature neither of preaching nor praying, if you call this preaching.'

When he had ended, Claverhouse said: 'Take good-night of your wife and children.'

Turning to his wife, who was standing by with her child in her arms, and her husband's little daughter by her side, he said: 'Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come, when I spake first to you of marrying me.'

She said: 'Indeed, John, in this cause I am willing to part with you.'

'Then,' he said, 'this is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die.'

'He kissed,' continues the narrative, 'his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied to them and his blessing. Clavers ordered six soldiers to shoot him. The most part of the bullets came upon his head, and scattered his brains upon the ground. Marion Weir had never before that been able to look on blood without being in danger to faint, yet she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion, except that, when the shots went off, her eyes dazzled. When the deed was over, Claverhouse said to her: "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" "I ever thought meikle o' him," she replied, "and now more than ever." "It were but justice," said he, "to lay thee beside him." "If you were permitted," she said, "I doubt not but your cruelty would go to that length; but how will ye answer for this morning's work?" "To man," he said, "I can be answerable; and as for God, I will take him in my own hand." He then mounted his horse and rode off, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there. She set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him in her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her.'

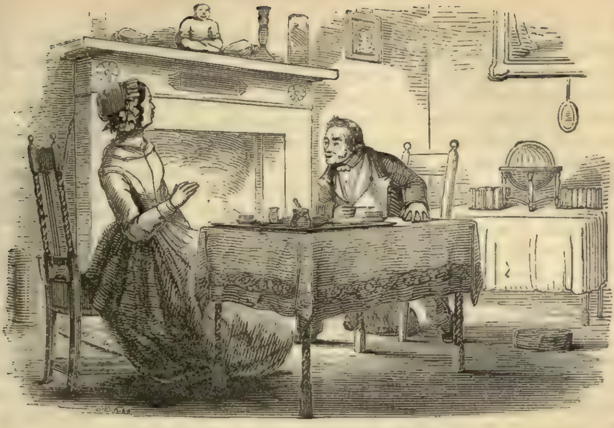
The accession of James VII. to the throne, which took place on the 6th of February 1685, by the death of his brother, Charles II., did not improve the condition of Scotland; on the contrary, the sufferings of the Covenanters were aggravated in the beginning of his reign. On the 11th of May 1685, two women, Margaret Maclaughlan, aged sixty-three, and Margaret Wilson, aged only eighteen years, were executed at Wigton for nonconformity—that is, for attending field-preachings. The sentence, which was, that they should be drowned by being tied to stakes in the sea while the tide was advancing, was carried into effect with circumstances of great cruelty, in the presence of Major Windram, the Laird of Lagg, and a vast concourse of spectators.

During the years 1686 and 1687, the Covenanters enjoyed a period of comparative quiet; the attention of the most active persecutors being diverted from them by the struggle which James VII. was carrying on with his subjects for the restoration of the Catholic religion. The struggle ended, as all know, in the Revolution of

1688, which expelled James VII. from the kingdom, and placed William and Mary on the throne. This Revolution restored peace to Scotland: the last who suffered in the cause of religion being Mr James Renwick, a young man, a preacher of the gospel, who was executed at Edinburgh on the 17th of February 1688. In July 1689, Prelacy was formally abolished in Scotland, and Presbyterianism restored.

CONCLUSION.

Thus closed the 'persecutions in Scotland,' as they are very properly called. These persecutions, as has been seen, commenced almost at the accession of James I. to the throne of England, and did not cease till the Revolution of 1688—the more outrageous of the proceedings having taken place during the last twenty-eight years. Altogether, there was pretty nearly a century of strife: tyranny on the one hand, and suffering on the other. According to the most credible authority, not fewer than 18,000 persons suffered death, or the utmost extremities and hardships. Of these, 1700 were banished to the plantations—which was equivalent to becoming slaves; 750 were banished to the northern islands; 2800 were imprisoned for a long period; 7000 fled from the country; 680 were killed in battle; 498 were murdered in cold blood; and 362 were executed in form of law. The remainder of the 18,000 are summed up in those who perished through cold, hunger, and other privations. But besides all this amount of suffering and loss of life, the nation at large was exposed to numerous injuries, which it was long in recovering. Judged by the spirit of the present age, the persecutions so relentlessly projected by the latter members of the house of Stuart fill one with horror and amazement. We can scarcely comprehend how any men in their senses should have plunged into, and maintained such a career of wickedness and folly—the wickedness of attempting to dragoon a whole nation into opinions to which they expressed a settled repugnance; the folly of expecting to be successful. That they completely failed in their efforts, has just been shewn; but more than this, they actually damaged the cause which they espoused. Their persecutions impressed a rooted hatred of Episcopacy, and an equally intense love of Presbyterianism, in Scotland—sentiments, to all appearance, not likely soon to be weakened. To the present day, the Scotch refer, with natural pride and enthusiasm, to the great stand made by their ancestors for conscience' sake in the seventeenth century; and in their popular tales, the achievements of the Covenanters have eclipsed those of Wallace, Bruce, and other national heroes. May the remembrance of these deeds serve only to cherish mutual forbearance and toleration, with every other Christian virtue!



THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

A MORE simple and kind-hearted being than Bob Parsons—*little* Bob Parsons, as he was called, on account of his somewhat diminutive size—was not known within the sound of Bow Bells. Bob had for years been a slave to the counting-house; and, while other clerks were occasionally indulged with a holiday, he was quite contented to toil on as usual, without any idea that he deserved or required a similar relaxation. At length the little man's time came. Bob, unasked, got a week's holiday at Christmas; and having such a monstrous allowance of time, he resolved to spend it in the country. In the country!—Christmas spent in the country!—that sounds like going to visit at some castle, or manor, or old farm-house at the very least; where roaring fires are kept up all day and all night, where casks of ale are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, and where roast beef and plum-pudding are by no means dainties, but quite ordinary everyday occurrences.

But it was to no place so grand as a farm-house even that Bob thought of going on this particular Christmas. Bob's relations, he believed, were few—and those few, as far as he knew, were all poor; but it was a very long time since he had seen any of them.

He had been a clerk in the firm of Linsey, Woolsey, & Co., Aldermanbury, for the last twenty years, and he was now hard upon five-and-forty. During these years he had maintained little intercourse with the place of his nativity—a remote village in Lincolnshire, called Littlethorpe, which I defy you to find on the map.

Bob's father and mother were dead long ago, and so were Bob's sisters and brothers: that he knew well enough; but he did not know what number of aunts, uncles, and cousins he might have living still just on the other side of Grantham. As he felt a strange yearning to see or hear something about his kindred on this occasion—a yearning which he could not very easily account for, as he was not much given to the romantic—Bob made up his mind to go down into Lincolnshire, and announced his intention accordingly.

This announcement astonished his friends in the counting-house; and Jack Hooper was so incredulous on the subject, that he was heard to declare 'he believed it was all a joke—that Little Bob Parsons was not going into the country at all. He had known Bob thirty years, as long as he (Jack Hooper) could remember, and he had never heard of Bob's knowing any one out of London. As to Bob's relations, he believed they were all merely ideal.' As Jack was the wag of the counting-house, every one joined him in laughing at the idea of Little Bob Parsons' journey into the country; and they were quite sure nothing would ever come of it. Now, we shall see that they were never more mistaken in their lives. It was in the days of long stages—before these panting, screeching, flying railway days—that Bob and his portmanteau were hoisted to the top of the Grantham coach on a fine 23d of December morning. It was a sharp frost, to be sure; but Bob's greatcoat was a very great one indeed for so little a man, and it wrapped him well from head to foot, so that he did not mind the cold; beside his portmanteau, on the roof of the coach, Bob placed a small basket, which his landlady had stored with provender for the inward man; including a small bottle of brandy—a sacred deposit, made by Bob himself, with a view to spiritual comfort on the road.

By the time the coach stopped at Barnet, Bob felt ten years younger than he had seemed the day before, when his mates in the counting-house had wished him 'a very merry Christmas, with nobody, at nowhere, in Lincolnshire.' Bob ate some sandwiches at Barnet, and felt as strong as a giant afterwards. When the coach started once more, he gave himself up to thoughts something like these:

'Well, it is a pleasing thing to live in such improving times! I scarcely remember this road at all. To be sure, it is thirty years ago since I travelled it. How strange! it seems but yesterday since I left the old place down there. I wonder whether that's altered? Ah, it *is* long ago! How well I remember poor mother's kissing and hugging me, and crying like anything all the time when I was coming away to London. "Robert," says she to my father, as he sat ready in the cart—"Robert, something tells me I shall never see him again. He's going all the way to London, and he's sure to die or make his fortune there; and either way, I'm afraid he'll never come here to see his old mother again!" Ah! didn't I kiss her then? Poor mother! And my father said: "Nonsense, woman," says he; "you'll see him fast enough in a year or two. There, let him go now; the horse won't stand." And so I got into the cart; and, sure enough, mother was right; she never did see me any more; nor father either. But I always wrote to them regularly, and I know they never wanted for anything. Brothers and sisters all dead too! Poor Polly! I think I loved her the best, though she was a little sharp-tempered; she was always so kind to me because I was the youngest, and the least, and the weakest. So she's gone! But she had children; I may see them. And Dick, what a fellow he was, to be sure! The daring things he used to do. But he is gone also; and all his little ones but two, they tell me. The girl married somewhere about Littlethorpe, and the boy settled at Wisbeach. And sister Anne, and Bill—both dead too! and never married, like myself. I wonder whether the people in Littlethorpe will know me again? I must be altered a good deal. Thirty years is a long time!'

Here Bob felt his face with his hand, and tried to take a survey of his figure, the lower part of which was eclipsed by the somewhat globular form of the central portion. On the whole, Bob had worn well. He was of a contented, cheerful, kindly disposition: much given to mirth, and by no means averse to good cheer in moderation. He took a gentle interest in politics, but was disposed to believe that Providence ordered all things for the best; and he had no new lights on religion to trouble his soul. He always went to church twice on the Sunday; and when a free-thinking friend tried to argue him out of the habit, he listened quietly to what was said, and never contradicted him; for Bob had learned, by experience, that arguing about religion was not the way to be religious. He went to church on Sunday to worship God in his own way; and he believed in God, and trusted in His goodness all the rest of the week, without thinking himself better or wiser than his neighbours; in which last respect he did not resemble most of his free-thinking, free-living friends.

For worldly matters, certainly Bob was not rich: but he was not poor; and he was contented with what he had. His salary had been £150 per annum for the last ten years, and he had contrived to save about half of that; for he dined with the other clerks at his employers' expense. He did not smoke, and he was economical in all things, except that he never denied himself a penny to give to a poor body in the street, or sometimes a sixpence, if the poor body happened to be a woman; for Bob was a bachelor, and retained his youthful feeling of chivalrous reverence for the sex, and took shame to himself when he saw a woman starving, and never could be virtuous enough to think that 'it served her right for her misconduct.'

To return. The Grantham coach, with Bob on the top, went on, on all day, and at about seven o'clock in the evening it stopped at the *George Inn* at Grantham. Whoever knows this inn needs no description of it. To all my readers who do not know it, let me say briefly that it is, or was, *perfect.* Our friend Bob was quite afraid of its grandeur at first, but he took courage from the respect paid him by the waiters; and he said to himself: 'This one night I'll enjoy myself like one of the *firm.* I'll have a first-rate supper, and I'll sleep in a first-rate bed.' So he ordered one man to take his portmanteau to a bedroom, and to light a fire there directly; and he ordered another man to take him to a small sitting-room; and then he ordered tea and supper all in one; for Bob could not do without his tea.

Bob slept soundly that night, in spite of the surpassing grandeur of the rose-coloured damask curtains of his bed, and the unparalleled luxury of a fire, which flickered, and glimmered, and crackled, to his intense satisfaction, long after he was in bed. He slept, and dreamed he was again a boy at Littlethorpe. Everything that occurred when he was a boy seemed to come over again. Real people, or people who had been real in bygone days, went and came. They spoke to him—sat beside him—looked kindly into his eyes; and when he awoke, he rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed: 'How strange! Was that all thirty years ago? Why not again now?'

Ah, Bob Parsons—why not again now? Because such things never come again, except in dreams and in memory, where they look fairer and brighter than they really were. It is better only to dream of, and remember them.

While he dressed and ate his breakfast, Bob meditated on the probability that no one at Littlethorpe would remember him. Mr Greenbury, the old schoolmaster, to whom he used to write after his father and mother were dead, and who gave him news of the village about every two years, had ceased to write five years ago, and Bob feared he too was dead. But if so, why had not his daughter written to tell him so? She could write, could Esther Greenbury—a very nice hand too for a girl. Bob remembered her as she was thirty years ago. A kind, bright-eyed, fresh-coloured lass, some three years his senior, and at the top of the writing-class, in those days when boys and girls learned together. And now Bob recalled to mind distinctly a little affair that happened at that period. He remembered how Esther, with her stout arm, had one day tried to defend him from the attack of a big boy. This big boy had been reproved by the master for idleness, and had been told to take example from Little Bob Parsons. Of course the big boy watched the first opportunity to bully Bob; it was in the old schoolroom, after the rest of the scholars were gone, that the said big boy proceeded 'to give it him well,' and 'to teach him how to set himself up above his betters;' when Esther Greenbury, who was not gone with the rest, and who had a particular dislike to the said big boy, interfered in behalf of Little Bob, who was a favourite of hers, and, armed with a ruler, warded off the blows which would otherwise have fallen upon poor Bob's head. She, in short, saved Bob from injury; and Bob, in turn, assisted her to get out of the clutches of the tyrant. It was a mutual benefit; and founding on the circumstance, Bob endeavoured, boy as he was, to raise an interest in Esther's feelings; but somehow he never was able to make himself understood, which occasioned him some little unhappiness; and he even went the length of being piqued with his kind-hearted deliverer, which she of course could never comprehend.

Bob smiled at this and other recollections of his childhood. And then he called for his bill, and told the waiter to take care of his portmanteau till he sent for it in the course of the day. Then he set off from the *George Inn.* He turned back, however, in a few minutes, with a sadder face, to tell the waiter that he *might* perhaps return again that night. The thought had come across his mind that perhaps, after all, no one at Littlethorpe might know him, or be disposed to receive him as a guest. This thought made him sorrowful for a little while; but he soon recovered his usual cheerfulness, and said to himself, as he walked briskly out of Grantham: 'God is very good. Who knows I may find many kind friends living still?'

When he got to the half-way house—that is, about three miles on his road—he had a glass of ale, and after that he seemed to recall everything he came to. The alterations hereabouts were very trifling, and he recognised almost every farm and gate that he saw. When he came to the brow of the hill that overlooks Littlethorpe, he sat down on a stile to rest himself, and determine who he would ask for first in the village. There it lay below him—looking just as it used to look. There was the old church, with its green environment, where lay so many who were dear to him. Bob felt a tear in his eye; but at that moment the church bells rang out merrily, and he reflected that it was Christmas eve, and not at all a time of year to give way to feelings of sadness. So he dashed aside the tear, and muttered to himself: 'They are happy in heaven!' and then began to descend the hill at a brisk pace.

The first place in the village that he came to was the blacksmith's forge. Often and often had he stood there, to watch the bright sparks fall from the anvil, when he was a boy; and now he stood there again a man. Not one of the group before the forge knew him. They all stared at him after the fashion of countrymen looking at a Londoner. Bob stared at the blacksmith himself, with a notion that he ought to know that face. He watched it in the light of the fire. It was an honest, broad, somewhat coarse and heavy face. Yes; something like that face he had known years ago. He could not recollect who it was, till some one of the lookers-on called out to the smith: 'I say, Nat Gibbs, what dost say to a sup of beer?'

The smith's face relaxed into a laugh as he said: 'Ay, ay; it's Christmas eve, and I'm ready for beer any time in the day.'

'Nat Gibbs!' said Bob to himself. 'To be sure it is Nat Gibbs; how could I forget him?' The very big boy he knocked over the head with a ruler in Esther Greenbury's defence. In a moment Bob forgot his grudge in his eagerness to greet an old acquaintance. He pushed through the group into the forge, and caught hold of the big smith's brawny hand without speaking.

'Hollo!' exclaimed the latter. 'Who are you, eh?'

'Why, sir, I beg your pardon'—Bob was always a pretty-spoken man—'I daresay you do not remember me. I am your old schoolmate, Bob Parsons.'

'Why, surely you ben't Little Bob Parsons come back again?' cried the smith, starting back with astonishment, and then shaking him violently by the hand, as he saw traces of Little Bob the boy in the person of Little Bob the man. 'Well, who'd ha' thought of seeing you back in the old place again! Anyhow, I'm glad to see thee, and looking so hearty too. My missus will be very pleased to see thee too; for she is a relation of your own—a Parsons. Why, now I come to think on 't, she is your own brother's daughter—your eldest brother Dick's child.'

'Indeed!' cried Bob. 'Why, Nat, she is rather young for you; isn't she?'

'Why, that was her look-out, you know. I'm not fifty yet, and we've been married nigh ten years. She fancied me, and I was glad to have her, for I like the stock she came of. The Parsonses are a good lot; leastways most on 'em. Now, come along with me; I'm going home to dinner, and you must take pot-luck with us. How my Martha will stare when I tell her you are her own Uncle Bob I've often told her about!—Here, you, Joe, come and finish this shoe. I've done work for to-day. Mind you lock up the place all safe, and put the fire out before you go home.'

Having said this, Nat Gibbs quickly divested himself of his apron, washed his face in a corner of the forge, pulled down his shirt-sleeves, and put on his coat. This slight toilet was much to the advantage of his personal appearance, in the opinion of Bob, who thought his nephew-in-law looked a little more genteel than at first. Bob was a London clerk, be it remembered, and liked to see his friends look neat and respectable. You and I, reader, might have preferred the smith in his working costume.

When Nat Gibbs came out with Bob to the front of his forge, he told all the loungers there that 'this was Bob Parsons, who went away quite a boy thirty years ago, and had come back once more to see the place he was born in.' Hereupon, two middle-aged men came forward and shook hands with Bob, and said how glad they were to see him. Who were they? Why, they were Jim Bates and Tom Greenbury, to be sure. And then they all four walked together down the village towards Nat Gibbs' house.

To Bob's surprise and sorrow, they only met one man who recollected him. They talked over old days as they went along; but Bob found that so many people he asked about were dead, so many others had turned out ill, and so many had been unfortunate, that none of them were in good spirits when they stopped at the smith's neat little house at the other end of the village. Nat Gibbs recovered himself the first. 'Come, come,' cried he, slapping Bob on the back, 'don't be down-hearted. We must all die, you know; but I never could see the good of making one's-self miserable because of that.'

He then invited Bates and Greenbury to walk in, but they said: 'No; they must make haste home now.'

'Well, then, they must promise to bring their wives and the young uns to tea, and spend the evening. It was Christmas eve, and they would make a night of it in honour of Bob here.' And they said they would come; and saying 'Good-bye for the present,' they went away.

Then the burly smith lifted the latch of his own door, and in the ardours of hospitality pushed Bob down a steep step into a passage paved with red brick, which ran through the little house, and opened by another door into a yard at the back, in which some chilly-looking hens might be seen creeping about in a disconsolate manner. Bob had no time to observe anything else, for in a moment Nat Gibbs' voice sounded through the house: 'Here, Matty—Matty! Where are you, girl? Come along here.' Then, before any answer could be given, he pushed open a door, and Bob saw a young woman, with a child in her arms, rise from a chair by a blazing fire, in a snug little general-living room, which was drawing-room, dining-room, nursery, play-room, all in one, and a great deal more than all that put together. Two little boys, of seven and nine years of age, were seated at a table, each with a large pile of raisins before him, which he was busily stoning for to-morrow's pudding.

'Hollo! here you are all of you! I say, old fellow!' Here the father gave the baby a poke in the ribs, to which that tender individual replied by kicking its legs, and laughing like a little Puck. —'Hey! what, Master Natty, does mother trust you to stone plums for the pudding?—And you too, young Jack? Why, I didn't think she could be so foolish.' To this attack the two boys replied by jumping up to caress their father, and clawing his face and clothes all over with their sticky fingers. Little Bob Parsons stood by, a momentary silent spectator of this family group. His niece looked at him with curiosity. How like she was to his poor brother! She had just his merry, frank, clear dark eye, and the same rather impertinent turn-up of the nose. He felt the strongest inclination to fold her in his arms; but he waited a moment, for fear of alarming her, and also perhaps for fear of hurting the baby; for Bob, like many bachelors, did not know how tough a thing a baby is, after all that may be said about its softness and delicacy.

At last Nat Gibbs turned his wife's attention to the stranger. 'Now, Mat, guess who this is? You don't remember him?'

How should she? She was born nearly two years after Bob left Littlethorpe, and of course was obliged to give up guessing as a bad job. When it came out that this was her own Uncle Bob, who had gone away to London years ago, and of whom she had heard so many stories, she was obliged to put down the child for surprise, and to take breath; and in another instant she had her arms round his neck, and he found a tear or two of hers on his cheek; for the sight of him brought up the thought of her father and mother, and Matty could never think of them without crying: she was rather a nervous, excitable woman. In a short time she recovered, and was in excellent spirits, stirring herself to get dinner in a superior style, as Bob was to be honoured as a relation, as a guest, and as a Londoner, who was of course accustomed to have everything quite fashionable. At last dinner was on the table—as nice an Irish stew as one could wish to eat; and every one did justice to it, especially Bob, who was hungry after his walk, and with the novelty of his situation. He praised the dish beyond anything attainable in a London eating-house; and thereby made his niece, Mrs Gibbs, his firm friend for life, for she prided herself on her Irish stews. After dinner, the boys cleared away the plates and dishes, and went into the kitchen to wash them; for their mother had found means to make them useful. She herself swept up the hearth, cleared the room of all litters, apologised to Uncle Bob, for the twentieth time, for 'not having cleaned herself and for doing all these things before him, because *the woman*, Mrs Bennett, was gone to Grantham, to bring home things for to-morrow—it being Christmas-day.' Her husband told her of his invitation to the Bateses and the Greenburies for that evening. At first, Mrs Gibbs' countenance was clouded, and she 'wondered he had not remembered that Mother Bennett was away, and that there was nothing but bacon and cheese in the house.' But when her husband said that Uncle Bob's unexpected return had made him forget everything but doing him honour, she brightened again, and said: 'Well, never mind now, Nat: it can't be helped. And I daresay they won't mind taking things in the rough, though it is Christmas eve, and Littlethorpe Feast too; and, please the pigs! we will have a good game at snapdragon for the children. I can manage that: I have plenty of plums.'

And then Nat got up and said he must go and buy some tobacco for the evening; and Martha, with a wistful face, said: 'You won't stop long at the *Lion*, Nat?'

'No, no, child; not with Bob Parsons here. How could you think I should?' She went out of the room to shut the house-door after him, and when she came back to her place by the fire, Bob thought she looked anxious and serious; so he asked her what made her look so grave: and his niece laughed, and said: 'Nothing!—did she look grave?'

They began to talk of their family, and all the Littlethorpe people. At last Bob said: 'So they are all dead, are they? And did my sister Polly leave no children? She was married, I know, to old Greenbury the schoolmaster's nephew.'

'Yes,' said his niece; 'to the brother of the Greenbury you saw to-day, and who is coming here to-night.'

'Well, had they no children?'

'Yes, three; but they are all dead.'

'Did they all die young?' asked Bob.

'No, no. It would have been a good thing if they had.'

'How so?'

'Why, it's a sad story. But perhaps you ought to know it, as you are so near a relation, and for the sake of her who has been so good through all the business. But before I begin, you must take another glass of my elder-wine.—And now, boys, you may run down to the Bateses, and ask them to lend us a pack of cards for to-night, and their large tin for the snapdragon.—Put on your comforter, Bobby, dear.—He's named after you, uncle, you see.—Now, be off.'

Thus left alone with her uncle, Mrs Gibbs began. 'Aunt Polly's eldest girls, as you know, died before they were grown up; but Jenny, the youngest, lived till about eighteen months ago. She was a sweet, pretty little delicate thing as a child, and her father's pet; and her mother was afraid she would be spoiled, and somehow got into a habit of finding fault with her, and constantly nagging at her. Jenny and I were of the same age, and great cronies, let alone being first-cousins. We both went to school together, and the mistress liked us both, but Jenny was her favourite; partly because she was so gentle and good, and partly because she was Aunt Polly's child; for Aunt Polly and Miss Greenbury were very great friends.'

Here Bob interrupted: 'Do you mean *Esther* Greenbury?'

'Yes; daughter of old Greenbury you used to write to before he died.'

'Why, you don't mean to say that Esther Greenbury never got married?'

'I do, though. But that was her own fault. To my certain knowledge, she might have had my Nat over and over again if she liked; besides others I could mention. Well, as I was saying about Jenny Greenbury—*her* name was Greenbury too, you know—she was a beautiful child, to be sure; and when she was eighteen, she was the prettiest girl in the place. But she was not strong, and her mother used to have words with her about her not doing the housework, and reading of books at every odd moment; for she was much too fond of reading, and an excellent scholar was Jenny. The young men about were all after her; but I don't know how it was, she often told me there wasn't one of them she could fancy for a husband; though I must say some of them were very respectable indeed, and rather above us. However, she sent them all off with a civil word. So, while I and the rest of the Littlethorpe girls were going about to fairs and feasts, and trying to get sweethearts, Jenny was spending all her spare time at Esther Greenbury's, reading and doing needle-work; for she had made up her mind to be a dressmaker, as she was not strong enough for other work. And she was very handy with her needle, I promise you, and made such tasty caps and bonnets. Poor girl! I'll shew you some of her work to-morrow. Poor Jenny! she's done her work now. Well, things went on very well for some time, and she was getting a nice little connection, and was likely to get a good business, when one day one of the great ladies up at the castle—the new family who had just come—I think it was Lady Merivale herself, sent for Jenny to go and work for her at the castle. How pleased Jenny was when she got the message, to be sure! Now she was sure to have plenty of custom from the farmers' wives and other people about, when it was known that she had actually made a gown for Lady Merivale. I walked with her up to the castle the first day she went, and I could not help thinking how very pretty she looked; for she had dressed herself better than usual, and had got such a sweet colour in her cheeks with the walk and the excitement together. I felt sure my lady would be pleased with her. Just as we went in at the park gate, we met a fine handsome gentleman on horseback. I wondered who he was; and soon after we met Cousin Tom, who was working at the castle then, and he told us that the gentleman was the Honourable Mr Henry Merivale, Lord Merivale's second son, and that he was a very kind, generous, free-spoken, affable young man, and a great favourite with all the world.

'Well, Jenny gave great satisfaction to my lady, and spent most of her time up at the castle working. And she grew more and more beautiful, and was quite rosy and fat; and the young men came after her very much again, but she seemed to like them less than before. At last it got whispered about that it was no wonder Jenny Greenbury would have nothing to say to simple, plain country lads, when young Mr Henry at the castle was always watching opportunities of talking to her—going into the room where she was at work—meeting her in the park as she went and came—trying to make her accept presents of books and things. Every one began to look shy on Jenny, who, as I am told, got letters from Mr Merivale sometimes. You must understand her mother was a widow now, and ruled everything; and since her father's death, she seemed harder than ever upon the poor girl, and used to taunt her with what was said of her, and ask her "why she would not marry when she could?" and "who did she think would have her now, after all the things that had been said?" "What did she think would become of her?" And Jenny made answer once, and said she did not care what became of her. And I really do believe that was true; for her mother did not set about the right way of making her see the folly of caring for Mr Henry. Depend upon it, kind words and gentle dealing are the best in such cases. Many a girl has been driven into bad conduct by her mother's harsh treatment and crossness. This I'm quite sure of. If Mrs Greenbury had only been mild and kind to Jenny, matters would never have turned out as they did.

'The next hunting season the family came down here again; and this time Mrs Greenbury vowed Jenny should not go to work at the castle, and that, if she did, she might stay there, for she should not come home to her again.

'I will not dwell on the particulars of what is at best a melancholy tale. It is enough for me to say that Jenny was induced to elope, and to form some irregular kind of marriage, which would not stand in law. Poor Jenny! I was sure in my own mind that she had run away on account of her mother's unkind treatment. However, nothing was heard of her for many months; and what with Mrs Greenbury's being sorry for her unkindness to Jenny, and fearing that she drove her into harm—which was no use afterwards, you know, uncle—what with fretting about that, and fearing every day she should hear something dreadful about her daughter, she was taken ill, and died in about seven weeks. Esther Greenbury, who, God bless her! was always a help to the afflicted, staid with her all her illness—neglected her school and all for Aunt Polly. I used to help her what I could; but I was wanted at home then, for father was ill. So Esther had a weary time of it; but she never complained, and was as gentle as a lamb with aunt, who got very peevish and cross-grained towards the last. But Esther contrived to make her feel like a mother to poor lost Jenny. And she told us both, just before she died, that if ever we saw her child any more, we were to tell her that she forgave her from her soul. This was some comfort to the poor girl afterwards.

'As we heard of the nature of Jenny's marriage, if so it might be called, with Mr Merivale, we all knew how it would end; and Esther prepared for the consequences. Well, Jenny was at length deserted; and Esther one day went and brought her home, along with a little child.'

'And what has become of them?' inquired Bob eagerly.

'Why, Esther Greenbury kept them with her always, and treated them like her own flesh and blood. Her school had got on again while Jenny was away; but it fell off terribly when it was known that she harboured such a person in her house. The parents all thought it was a shocking example to set to their children, and so Esther was obliged to take in needle-work; and Jenny worked too as long as she was able; and as it was but little that two women like them wanted, they contrived to live. But when Jenny's health began to give way, which it did in less than a year, matters became very hard with them; but Esther, in her sweet-tempered, cheerful way, never minded it for herself—only for poor Jenny and the child. She tended and nursed her carefully till the last; and the clergyman used to go and talk to Jenny, and pray with her every day, and she died quite calm and happy. I wish we may all make as good an ending!'

'And the child?' asked Bob.

'Bless its little heart!' exclaimed Mrs Gibbs, 'that's as well as can be. Esther keeps it now; and her school is getting on again, and she manages pretty well. I know she has had offers of money for the child from its father, who wrote a letter to Esther after Jenny was dead. In it he said he had gone all wrong ever since she had left him, and now he never should be happy any more; which is all nonsense, I'll be bound. People who can do as he did are not so easily made sorry for it. And then to think to make amends by giving money to Esther for that little angel of a child, who is a great deal too good for his. I can't bear to think it has such a good-for-nothing father. Esther, of course, won't take any assistance from him. She wrote back word to say that as long as she lived she would keep the child; but that, after her death, he might settle money on it if he pleased; and I think something of this sort has been done. But I do not like to ask Esther, as she is always very reserved on that subject.'

'Shall I see Esther Greenbury to-night?' inquired Bob, after a pause.

'No, not to-night. She has gone to Grantham to buy things for to-morrow. To-morrow evening, being Christmas-day, and poor little Jenny's birthday, Esther has a merrymaking of all her scholars at her large schoolroom, which is the same one her old father used to teach in years ago.'

Bob remembered that schoolroom very well. He asked whether Esther looked old. Mrs Gibbs said that she did not look at all old for her age, which was seven-and-forty; but that she supposed Bob would see a great difference. Bob supposed so too; and began to alter the fresh, somewhat bouncing girl of seventeen, into a sober, staid, middle-aged female. But in this work he did not succeed to his liking; so he gave it up, and turned to pondering on her conduct through life, and her noble unpretending goodness to his suffering niece. But he could not help wondering why she had never married: she seemed just the sort of person for every man to fall in love with who had any sense or feeling. Esther Greenbury an old maid! He could scarcely believe it. Yet he was assured that such was the case. He made up his mind, if Esther seemed glad to see him, and was to treat him with familiarity as an old friend, he would certainly ask why she had never married. And then he recollected that if Esther had not been an old maid, she would not, in all probability, have been able to do all that she had done for his poor afflicted relatives; so he did not so much regret that she was not a wife and a mother.

Nat soon came home, and the Bateses and the Greenburies came to tea and supper, and they had a regular good snapdragon, and everybody's fingers got burned, and Bob's more than the rest. And the little ones, with Bob at the head of them, made a tremendous noise, and kept it up till nearly twelve o'clock, which was very late indeed for those parts. One thing made Bob laugh a good deal. Just before the company went away, he was called on for two toasts; so he became gallant, and gave: 'The prettiest little girl in Littlethorpe'—meaning, of course, *grown-up* little girl; but they took it in another sense, and said: 'That is little Jenny.' And the next toast he proposed was: 'The best fellow in Littlethorpe—the longest head, and the warmest heart;' and they cried out at once: 'Why, that's Esther Greenbury.' So it was no wonder that Bob dreamed that night of Esther and the little girl.

The next day being Christmas-day, all the Gibbses went to church, leaving Mother Bennett at home to boil the pudding. At church, Bob saw all the villagers, and some of the Merivales in their grand family pew with the red curtains, which had been an object of his childish veneration, and which he now detested for the sake of his poor niece. As he turned away from the sight, he met a pair of clear, kind, dark eyes, which he was certain he had seen before. Bob was so short, that he was obliged to rise from his seat to see more than the heads of the persons in the next pew. When he stood up, he saw a rather stout, cheerful-looking, middle-aged dame, and the loveliest little fair-haired girl he had ever seen. They must be Esther and his little grand-niece. Yes, those eyes were Esther's—there was no mistake about that—but the rest was certainly changed—very much changed. Yes; there was not much of the bright-faced, strapping girl in the matronly-looking form before him. Bob stumbled forward over a hassock, and stretched out his hand over the top of the pew. Esther, who had of course heard over and over again of the unexpected return of Bob Parsons, was quite prepared to see him, and shook hands, and smiled very cordially, though it was in a church; and then Bob saw at once that it was indeed the same Esther. Bob's eyes filled with tears of mingled emotion as he looked at the lovely little girl; and Esther lifted her up on the seat for him to kiss. While he was kissing her, and stroking her hair, he muttered: 'God bless you!' It was meant for Esther, though she thought it was for the child.

Bob had never been more impressed by the church service than on this particular occasion—on Christmas-day, in his native village church, after so long an absence, and so many changes. As he walked out afterwards, leading little Bobby Gibbs by the hand, he was lost in thought, out of which he was roused in the churchyard by the sound of a kind voice beside him: 'Well, my old friend, I am indeed glad to see you here again.' He looked up and saw Esther Greenbury. They shook hands once more, and she said how long it was since she last heard of him! Then both were silent, for they began to think of all those whom they had lost since they were boy and girl in that place together. At last Esther said: 'You will like to see where they are all laid—will you not?' and Parsons made a sign in the affirmative. Esther spoke to the children. 'Here, Bobby, dear, take care of little Jenny for a few minutes. Don't go out of the churchyard.' Bobby was only too proud to lead the little beauty along. Parsons followed his old friend across several graves to a distant corner of the churchyard, where lay the bodies of Richard Parsons, his wife, and all their children, save the one who now looked on them. Many of their grandchildren were there too, and among these the newest stone bore the name of 'Janet Greenbury,' without date or further inscription. On this grave, Esther seated herself, and turned aside, that her friend might give free vent to his emotion. The church became empty, the various groups in the churchyard slowly dispersed, and half an hour passed before Bob touched Esther's shoulder and said: 'Now I think we had better go.' When they reached the gate of the churchyard, they found little Miss Jenny riding on the same, under the careful guidance of Master Bobby Gibbs.

Bob Parsons went home with Esther, and asked himself to her children's party in the evening, and promised to make himself both useful and agreeable to the company. And he kept his promise well, I assure you, for he was a famous fellow to amuse children; and all the little Greenburies, Bateses, and Gibbses, and the rest of the young fry, were beyond measure charmed with 'the funny gentleman from London.' As to little Jenny, she never left him for a moment, except to run and tell Mammy Esther how happy she was, and how she did like Mr Parsons so much. Mammy Esther herself seemed very happy too, and looked very well indeed in her new silk gown, and her lace-cap with the pale pink ribbons. And she went about among her guests, handing cake and currant-wine of her own making, and oranges, and apples, and figs, and making everybody comfortable; and having a bit of chat with all the women, and more chat with some of the men; for it was always observed that, somehow, the men liked to get a word or two from Esther Greenbury about different things; and some of the wives said 'it couldn't be denied that Esther seemed to like to talk to men more than to women, and always had all her life, which was perhaps one reason she had never been married; for men, in general, don't like such women for their wives, whatever they may do for an evening's chat.' And one of the best things I know of Esther is, that she never put herself out of temper when such things were repeated to her, but said 'it was all true, she had no doubt, but she was too old to mend now.' On this particular evening she danced with old Mr Bates, for the express amusement of the children. And then Bob Parsons set the children to play 'hunt the slipper,' and the laughing and screaming might be heard at the *Lion*. And they all finished the evening with a general game of 'blindman's-buff,' in which Bob Parsons distinguished himself beyond all the others in guessing wrong when he caught anybody—which was scarcely to be wondered at, considering that he could not tell the names of the children when his eyes were unbandaged.

As Bob was going away with the Gibbses, Esther called him aside, and asked him to come and take a quiet cup of tea alone with her to-morrow, as he had said he wanted to talk over several things with her. Of course Bob did not say 'No.'

That quiet cup of tea the next day turned out a very pleasant little affair. Miss Jenny went out to spend the evening with the little Bateses, who had a party of their own that evening; so there was no one to interrupt the conversation. By the time Bob was in the middle of his fourth cup of tea, he had asked all he had to ask about his relations, especially poor Jenny; and he had become quite familiar with Esther. On easy and intimate terms, as of old, except, indeed, that they were now on an equality, whereas formerly Esther was the superior. When they had discussed all Littlethorpe, Esther asked him to tell her all that had happened to him since he left them thirty years ago, which he did in as few words as possible. At length Esther asked how it was that he had never married. Bob said he 'didn't know; he had never felt the want of a wife, or had never met with a woman who had made him feel the want of one, and so he had gone on a bachelor till now, when he supposed it was too late in the day to think of marrying.'

'Certainly,' Esther said, 'if he had never felt the want of a wife, he did well to remain single; but I always thought you of such an affectionate nature, that you could not be happy without a wife and little ones to love and to be loved by. But if he had lived all these years without caring for anybody but himself,' she continued laughingly, 'he might go on very well till the end.'

Bob endeavoured to defend himself by saying that he had known no woman whom he wished to marry. Esther thought that was a pity, as he would have made a good husband. He said the London women he had known 'were not to his taste, and now he supposed it was too late. But, Esther,' he went on to say, 'why is it—if I may take the liberty of an old friend to ask—why is it that you never married? You did not want suitors when you were young.'

Esther was the least affected person in the world, but she stirred her tea unnecessarily, coughed without the slightest cause, and then said: 'Why, I think I may tell you how it was. When I was a very young girl, I read more than was good for one in my position; and instead of being at all pleased with the rough attentions I received from the young men of my own station, I disliked them, and secretly wished for a lover of some more cultivated class. As I grew older, I thought myself above the nonsensical love-notions of other girls: the fact being, that I was not a person at all likely to be in love, as it is called, with any one. But I have often thought, that if any person more clever, more of a scholar than the folks here, would come and make love to me, I should certainly like him. It was perhaps a good thing for me that, with these ideas in my silly head, I was not a beauty, like our poor darling Jenny; for I might have had her fate, and then who could have seen to the dear child? As it was, I felt a dislike to the very thought of marrying any one who would have me. How could I marry Gibbs or Bates, when my poor father was a much better scholar, and more of a gentleman, than either of them? No, no; I was meant for an old maid. I always said it, and now I've proved it.'

Bob looked at her with a queer expression of countenance. He knew what he meant to say very well, but he didn't say it, and said something else instead. 'Why, Esther, I never thought you were so proud. I do not think any one here guesses that you think yourself so much better than other folks, or you would not be such a favourite.' Now, Bob said this to vex her, for he was not a dull man at all, and he understood that Esther was not the sort of person to think herself better than others.

And Esther *was* vexed, and shewed that she was; for she coloured, and said: 'Well, I'm sorry you misunderstand me. I thought—I fancied that you who have seen the world, and had some experience, would understand me better; but never mind.'

'Yes, but I do mind,' said Bob. 'I do think that a woman must have a very strange sort of heart if it is not moved when she sees that a man thoroughly loves her.'

'So do I,' said Esther emphatically. 'She must be either very silly or very unfeeling.'

'Then why did you refuse Gibbs, and others?'

'Why?' echoed Esther, surprised at the animation of Bob's manner; 'because they never did love me thoroughly. Gibbs, for instance, loves his beer quite as well as his wife.'

'But,' said Bob, 'suppose some one should come now—some one who really loved you very much—who respected you besides; honoured you from his heart for your goodness through your whole life; who promised to love and care for you all the rest of his days, and to make you as happy as he possibly could; and to love you not only in this world, Esther, mind, but in all worlds to come; what would you say then?'

'Oh, that's supposing an impossibility,' said Esther gravely.

'Indeed, it is no such thing, Esther; for I am that man myself. What do you say, Esther—dear Esther?'

She stared at him in unfeigned astonishment. He repeated his question.

'Why, that you are mad, Bob—that you do not know what you are about.' But she certainly was a little confused, and her colour was a little higher as she repeated: 'Indeed, you do not know what you are about.'

'Begging pardon for contradicting a lady,' said Bob quite cheerfully (for he began to fancy he should succeed); 'I never was more in my senses. I know very well what I am about. I am trying to get a good, amiable, sensible, sweet-tempered wife; the only woman I ever took a fancy to when young, and whom I find I have been loving all my life without knowing it. Listen to me, Esther: I will do all that you wish, if you will only have me. Little Jenny shall be our child—I will be more than a father to her. O Esther! if you could only tell all the'——

Esther was quite disturbed by Bob's vehement manner. She could scarcely tell what was passing within her mind. She certainly had liked Bob very much as a little boy—more than any other boy then or since; she liked him now for the sake of old times, and more for what she had seen of him yesterday. She could not like him the less, certainly, for this startling evidence of the interest he took in her. All this she thought, and then she ended by saying: 'But only think, Bob; at my age—nearly eight-and-forty—would it not be ridiculous? Besides, I am full three years older than you. You are quite young yet for a man; you might get a pretty young wife any day, Bob.'

'I don't want a pretty young wife,' said Bob, getting up and standing with his back to the fire in an obstinate attitude. 'I want something better than that, Esther,' he continued, as a smile crept over his face: 'you are not going to put me off this time.'

Esther did not know what he meant.

'Esther,' said Bob, 'do you remember that day when Nat Gibbs abused you for interfering between him and me?'

'O yes,' said Esther, bursting into a laugh; 'how you and I scrambled away! I was afraid he would half-kill you afterwards; and if it hadn't been for me, I'm sure he would. I afterwards begged he would take no more notice of you. And you were a little ungrateful thing, for you behaved very ill-naturedly to me ever after that day. I never could tell how I offended you.'

'Why, I thought you behaved shabbily in neglecting my attentions.'

'Pooh! if you were really in love with me, why did you make yourself so disagreeable? I was beginning to dislike you thoroughly when you went away. Perhaps that is the way you mean to prove your affection now. If so, I must say I will never consent to be more than an old friend to you.'

'Oh, then you do consent?' cried Bob eagerly.

'I have not said so: the matter requires consideration. Your offer does me great honour, dear Bob; I am fully sensible of it. But at my time of life, people will think me absurd.'

'Begging your pardon,' said Bob, 'but I never did expect to hear *you* talk so much nonsense. What does it matter what people say, provided we don't injure them, and can make ourselves happy?'

'There was something in that,' she confessed.

He went on. 'I know, Esther, the whole gain in this matter will be mine. You can maintain yourself respectably, and want no man's assistance. And if you marry me, you will have to leave Littlethorpe—a place where you have lived all your life, which is very dear to you, and where you are honoured and loved, as you deserve to be, by all, from the oldest man down to the youngest child in the place. Yes, you will have to leave Littlethorpe and go to London; to change nearly all your habits; and at a time of life when new habits and new friends are hard to acquire. Perhaps, Esther, I ask too much? Indeed, now I come to think over that part, I see I do. It is selfish. I can never be to you what you are to me; for though you may laugh, I *did* love you thirty years ago, child as I was; and, somehow, the longer I stay with you the more you seem to return to what you were then. I am in love with you still, Esther. The spring of love in my heart has been kept covered up all these years; and now I am come back again, you have uncovered it, and it is as fresh as if I were a boy. Some poet says that *love*, at whatever age it comes, finds us young; and as long as it stays with us, it keeps us young. But I know, Esther, you have no old tenderness for me to revive. I cannot be to you what you are to me; but I should like to try and see whether I could not make you happy. Esther, you might learn to love me yet! Will you try? Will you, dear Esther?'

'Indeed, indeed,' said Esther, much moved, for she saw that Bob was very serious, and she felt all the weight of his words, simple and plain as they were, because they came from his heart—'indeed, you must give me a little time. Like all steady old maids, I cannot bear to do anything in a hurry. To-morrow morning, I will give you a direct answer. I shall see my way clearly through all the difficulties of the thing, and they are not very many, I assure you.'

'You want, perhaps, some evidence of my conduct and character from those who know me in London? You do not know what sort of life I have led these thirty years. I may be an idle, swindling, good-for-nothing dog.'

'No, no,' said Esther, looking up at him with a frank, calm smile. 'I am no conjurer, certainly, and I only know the wickedness of London from books; but I do not want any one to bear witness as to the main points of your character. They are written in your face and bearing. Trifling faults, peculiarities, I am prepared to find in every one. No, Bob; I have a few questions to ask myself—*none* to ask you. And, what is more, I cannot submit to be asked any more questions by you on this subject to-night. If, when you wake to-morrow morning, you do *not* find that you have been carried away by the momentary excitement of your feelings, after a long talk on old times with an old friend—if you still keep your present desire to have me for a wife in my old age—why, come to me at twelve o'clock: if you view matters differently, do *not* come to me then. I shall understand that; and, mind, I shall not be offended, but shall be sure you do not intend to insult me. You respect me, I know, as I do you. We may be friends even though you should change your mind, or I should see reason not to marry.—Now, let us talk of something else.'

'Excuse me, Esther,' said Bob, moving away to the other side of the room, and taking up his hat; 'I cannot talk of something else now; my mind is full of this subject. I will go and take a turn down the road, to recover myself, and then I will go and fetch home little Jenny for you. It is a dreadfully cold night. I cannot think of your going for her.' So, without turning round, he went out of the room, and in a moment she heard the cottage-door shut behind him.

Esther sat by the fire and thought. She did not wash up the tea-things, but sat meditating with her hands before her, as if there were nothing to do. Marry Bob Parsons! It was an idea she could not get accustomed to. It did seem odd, but the novelty would soon wear off. She had been waiting all her life for some one to love her, as she wished to be loved; and now that she was beginning to get old, a real *lover*—what *she* called a lover—presented himself. Surely that must be all a romantic fancy of Bob's about being in love with her in his early youth. Yet now she recalled some jokes of his sister Polly's on this very subject; jokes she had long since forgotten, because she had never believed there was anything but nonsense in them. Polly had often said to her: 'If our Bob were but a little older, I do believe, Esther, he would be making love to you.' That was natural for Polly to say, because she (Esther) was always very kind to Bob, and they were the two head scholars, and wrote at the same desk, and read out of the same Testament. She used to help him at school, and he used to help her at home; especially in pumping water, peeling potatoes, and digging in the garden; three things she always disliked. And she *did* miss him very much as a clever little companion when he turned against her in that unaccountable way. She was hurt at it very much, she remembered; for she was really fond of him, and therefore felt his desertion of her, without any cause, as a piece of ingratitude. Since then, she had always felt that it was not surprising that Bob Parsons never came down to Littlethorpe to see his family; he was of a changeable nature even as a boy. Affectionate to a certain extent, perhaps—certainly rather clever—but *changeable*; and of all characters, a changeable one was to her the most contemptible. But now, if there were any truth in what Bob had been telling her, he had not been changeable at all—only so in appearance; and was really more steadfast than any man she ever knew. Was she, then, to throw away any affection, especially such a sincere, sober one as this seemed, merely because it came late in life? or because it might excite surprise, or even a laugh, among persons who had nothing to do with the business? There was something so manly and honest in Bob's way of speaking, that she could not think he said more than he meant. He did love her still. He would try to make her happy. She felt sure that he would treat Jenny like his own child. These points settled to her satisfaction, she began to think whether *she* could be sure of adding to *his* happiness. She was, in general, successful in her endeavours to make people happy; and with so much liability to be happy as Bob Parsons seemed to possess, she thought she ran no great risk of failure this time. This reflection brought her at once to the point. 'I *will* marry him. We shall both be the better for it. I verily believe I shall really love him before he comes back from his walk.' So saying to herself, she rose from her seat, and proceeded busily to wash the cups and saucers, and to set all things in order. By the time she had finished, Bob Parsons returned with little Jenny riding on his shoulder, in a high state of enjoyment. Esther shook hands with him at the door, and they parted. She had made up *her* mind, but wished to be quite sure that he had made up *his*.

Before the clock struck twelve the next day, Bob presented himself at Esther's cottage, and she gave him the answer he wished to have. The rest of his holiday was spent even more pleasantly than the beginning; for every one wished him joy when it was known that he was going to be married to Esther at Easter, when he would get a few days' holiday to come down to Littlethorpe, where the marriage was to take place, and take his wife and little Jenny up to London. The whole village regretted parting with Esther, but both she and Bob promised to come down at least every summer and see all their old friends again. As Bob had made himself remarkably popular in this one week, the villagers did him the honour of thinking Esther's change *might* be for the better.

When Bob returned to town, his fellow-clerks asked all sorts of questions about where he had been, and who he had seen. At first he was mysterious, and would give no information. At last, he announced the important fact, that something had come of his visit to the country. A wife had come of it! He was going to be married; and he invited Jack Hooper and three other friends to dinner with him and his wife that day four months. How they stared! Bob Parsons going to be married! Little Bob Parsons! 'Well, I never!'

cried Jack Hooper. 'Something has come of his Christmas Holiday with a vengeance!'

BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS.

'SOPHY,' said Mr Lisle one day to his wife, 'you can't think how vexed I am about poor Williams!'

'What about Williams?' inquired Mrs Lisle.

'Why, he's such an unlucky dog. You know, in the first place, he had no sooner signed the agreement to take that shop in Dean Street, than he found out that Maxwell and Grieves had previously taken the one next door to open in the same line; and, of course, as he was a stranger, and they were well known in the town, there was a considerable chance of their carrying off all the business.'

'Well, but why didn't he take care to ascertain who had taken the next shop?' said Mrs Lisle.

'It would have been better if he had, certainly,' replied her husband; 'but people can't think of everything. But I was going to tell you—you know he naturally thought that if he didn't shew as good a front as Maxwell's, he'd have no chance against them at all, so that led him to spend a good deal more on his fittings-up than he had intended, and left him short of money to stock his shop; so that he was obliged to get long credits, and bought at a disadvantage. All this threw him behind from the beginning, poor fellow; and although he has been as attentive to his business as a man could be, he has never been able to bring himself up.'

'Well, he should have looked about him better at first,' said Mrs Lisle.

'Ah, that's always your way,' answered her husband; 'you never feel for anybody. I'm sure a better-hearted fellow than Williams doesn't exist. Who could be kinder than both he and his wife were when little Jane was ill? They were always sending us something or another out of the shop that they thought the child would like—dates, and figs, and sugar-candy, and oranges at a time I know they were at least half-a-crown a dozen, for I went into Maxwell's shop on purpose to ask, out of curiosity.'

'It was very good-natured, I admit,' answered Mrs Lisle; 'but I must say I was often more sorry than obliged. The child couldn't have used half they sent had she been well, much less when she was sick. I should often have sent them back, only you said it would seem so ungrateful. That sort of thing lays one under such awkward obligations; particularly when you know people can't afford it, which I am sure they couldn't.'

'Then it was the more kind of them, at anyrate,' replied the husband. 'It's easy to give what one can spare, but real generosity consists in giving what one wants one's-self.'

Mrs Lisle did not feel satisfied with this position of her husband: she felt there was a fallacy about it; but not having reflected sufficiently on such subjects to be able to detect at once where the weakness lay, she was silent; whilst Mr Lisle, who on his part was perfectly sincere, thinking he had gained a legitimate advantage in the argument, pursued his discourse with more confidence.

'It often seems, really,' continued he, 'as if fortune delighted in persecuting those who least deserve it. I'm sure if everybody had their deserts, Williams merits success much more than Maxwell—a fellow that actually wouldn't go ten miles to see his sister, though he knew she was on her deathbed.'

'Yes, that was very bad indeed,' answered Mrs Lisle. 'I never could bear him after that.'

'And yet everything goes well with him that he undertakes,' pursued her husband. 'Those railway shares that he bought, for example, I hear they are likely to pay fifteen per cent.'

'I wish you'd had some of them,' said Mrs Lisle; 'you know Mr Bostock always told us they would turn out well. Maxwell would not have bought them without good advice—he's so cautious.'

'But I hadn't the money, you know, Sophia,' replied Mr Lisle. 'I couldn't be off my word with Williams; and I had promised to lend him a few hundred pounds at Christmas, which he expected would have kept him up till he had time to get out of his difficulties.'

'Instead of which, he is farther in difficulties,' said the wife.

'But he couldn't foresee that,' replied the husband; 'nobody expects luck is always to be against them.'

'Well, but what's the matter with him now?' inquired Mrs Lisle. 'Has anything particular happened?'

'Why, it appears that the Liverpool house that has always furnished him with sugars has got a hint from somebody—Maxwell, perhaps, I shouldn't wonder—that he's not going on well; and they have not only stopped the supplies, but they threaten to put in an execution directly, if he don't pay them at least part of the debt, if he can't pay the whole. And what makes it so particularly unlucky is, that Mrs Williams' aunt Patty, they say, positively can't hold out above another six weeks; and if they could only contrive to keep the mill going till she pops off, her money would bring them up, and set all right. Besides, she's very proud and very stingy—that everybody knows—and who can tell but she might alter her will if she found out how things are with them.'

'I shouldn't wonder if she did indeed,' replied Mrs Lisle; 'for she was always against their marrying till Williams had tried how far his business was likely to answer; and she scolds and reproaches them, and asks them how they expect to keep all those children off the parish.'

'Unfeeling, selfish old wretch!' said Mr Lisle.

'They certainly have a very large family for such young people,' observed Mrs Lisle.

'Well, that's the worse for them in present circumstances,' replied the husband. 'As I said before, everything goes against some people; and when one thing turns out ill, it seems as if it led the way for everything else to do the same.'

'But why don't he ask the Liverpool people to wait the event of Miss Patty's death?'

'So he has, but they think it's all a sham.'

'Then I don't see what he's to do, I'm sure.'

'Nor I, unless he could contrive to patch up any way for the next six months, till Miss Patty's off the hooks.'

Mrs Lisle, at this crisis of the conversation, addressed her attention very exclusively to the stocking she was darning, and remained silent. Mr Lisle sat with his legs crossed, looking into the fire; but he saw the expression of his wife's face out of the corner of his eye. Presently he began to beat what some people call the *devil's tattoo* with his heel.

'I don't think you like Williams, Sophia,' said he, after a pause.

'I have no dislike to him,' answered Mrs Lisle; 'but I can't help thinking that he might have done better if he had been more prudent.'

'That's just what the world always says when anybody's unfortunate,' answered Mr Lisle. 'There's nothing so easy as finding out that people's misfortunes might have been avoided if they had acted differently to what they have. It's a very convenient doctrine certainly, because it exonerates one from the pain of pitying them, or the duty of assisting them.'

'I don't see that it prevents our pitying them,' answered Mrs Lisle, 'because one may blame people and pity them too.'

'At all events, it absolves you from assisting them,' said the husband.

'If one could do them any good by assisting them, and if one could do it without injuring one's-self, there might be some sense in it,' replied Mrs Lisle.

'Those are just the selfish maxims of the world, Sophia,' answered Mr Lisle. 'In the first place, when one assists people, it is in the hope and belief that we *are* doing them good. If things don't turn out according to our expectations, it isn't our fault; we have at least the consolation of having done a generous action. And as for only assisting others when we are sure the doing it will not injure ourselves, there would be very few good offices done in the world at that rate; besides, as I said before, I don't see much generosity in giving away what we don't want. However, to come to the point at once—I believe in this particular instance, so far from injuring myself, that the best thing I can do is to assist Williams. You see if he is made a bankrupt now, so far from ever being able to pay me my five hundred, I doubt whether I shall get two shillings in the pound.'

'That shews how imprudent it was to lend it,' remarked Mrs Lisle.

'Well, it's too late to lament that now,' answered the husband. 'I fancied, from his own account, that things were likely to go better with him than they have done. I daresay he thought so himself. However, as I was saying, I don't suppose I should get two shillings in the pound if there was a break-up now; but if we can keep things going till the old girl's death, he has faithfully promised that the very day he touches the money, he will pay me my five hundred down upon the nail.'

'But how are you to keep things going?' inquired Mrs Lisle.

'Just by putting my name to a bill for a twelvemonth. Old Patty can't hold out a twelvemonth; we're sure of that.'

'I don't know that,' said Mrs Lisle.

'But the doctor knows it,' replied the husband, 'and told Williams so; indeed he said it was his opinion she couldn't last six weeks.'

'But suppose, Edward, she did live over the twelvemonth,' said Mrs Lisle, looking up at her husband with an anxious face, 'what are you to do then? Are you to go to a prison, to keep Williams out of one?'

'Prison! Nonsense, Sophia! You really talk as if you supposed I was a fool!' exclaimed Mr Lisle. 'In the first place, if you must suppose what's impossible—that old Patty Wise is to live, which we know she can't, because we know that her disease is mortal—I have no doubt the holder of the bill, knowing his money was ultimately safe, would give me a little longer time; but even if he was churlish, and would not, let the worst come to the worst, I could pay it; and the very day that Williams gets the old woman's money, he would give it me back again.'

Mrs Lisle did not feel quite satisfied with this statement of the case; but she had never been in the habit of opposing her husband, and had not resolution enough to do it now to any effect; and indeed she had a secret misgiving that, oppose as she might in the present instance, the result would be exactly the same. Williams was a gay, pleasant companion—good-natured, liberal, hospitable, and sanguine—and by these qualities had rendered himself so agreeable to Mr Lisle, that he would have found it more difficult to refuse Williams a loan, or the use of his name, than he would to have denied his wife some article necessary to her comfort, or his children some advantage important to their education. His arguments, too, were always so specious when she endeavoured to obtain a hearing for any of her prudential maxims, and the side he took appeared so much the most amiable, that sometimes she almost feared she might be selfish and unfeeling, as he always on these occasions asserted she was; and at all events, as she had a real affection for him, she could not bear that he should think her so, and therefore preferred submitting, though against her judgment, to persisting, at the risk of losing his good opinion.

So Mr Lisle, acting under the influence of his good-nature, and his friendly feelings towards Williams, put his name to a bill for seven hundred pounds; and Williams declared he was the best fellow in the world, and that he might rely on it that the very moment the breath was out of old Patty Wise, he would take up the bill, and release him from the engagement. Added to this, in the fervour of his gratitude, he sent his benefactor a case of fine Curaçoa, a rich Stilton cheese, and several other luxuries—very agreeable to Mr Lisle, but such as he would not have thought himself by any means authorised, by his circumstances, to purchase for his own table; whilst Mrs Lisle received constant offerings in the shape of boxes of foreign fruits, a few pounds of very fine tea, and various other delicacies, quite beyond the line of their standard of housekeeping. Mr and Mrs Williams, too, saw a great deal of company, and the Lisles were always of the party—a great deal too much company, Mrs Lisle thought; but her husband remarked, that as they were only evening parties, and the greatest part of the refreshments were furnished from their own shop, the expense must be trifling.

In this manner the six weeks to which Miss Patty Wise's existence was limited had passed rapidly and pleasantly away, without any symptoms on her part to testify that she intended to conform to the decree of the physician. At the end of that period, however, she was seized one night with a sudden access of illness, declared to be dying, and Williams and his wife were sent for by her attendants. Lisle heard of it, and came home to his wife quite triumphant. 'You see,' he said, 'what a fool I should have been if I had followed your advice. Where would my five hundred pounds have been, I should like to know? Whereas now I shall get the whole back, with five per cent. interest into the bargain.' Mrs Lisle admitted that perhaps in this particular instance her advice might not have turned out well; but still, she said, as a general rule, she thought her maxims were the best. But Mr Lisle laughed, and said that it was very easy to back out of the affair by taking your stand upon general rules, but that these general rules very rarely fitted particular instances; however, as he was pleased with the result of his own foresight and generalship, he said he would not press her too hard, but let her off easy, only he hoped that she would have more confidence in his judgment another time.

It was very provoking of Miss Patty Wise; but the obstinacy of old women on these occasions is proverbial, especially when they have anything to leave. She did not die, but was out of bed and down in her drawing-room again at the end of a week; but Williams assured Lisle that this attack had given her such a shake, that it was impossible she could survive another. It might be that the old lady was of the same opinion, and therefore took care not to expose herself to the risk; however that was, three months more passed without any further alarm. Still, that her disease was mortal, was past a doubt, and a month or two more or less could make no difference, provided she 'hopped off,' as Williams termed it, before the year was expired; and that all the parties concerned, except herself and Mrs Lisle, felt perfectly assured she would do. Poor Sophia could not resist many qualms of uneasiness; and she frequently made her husband angry by shaking her head and looking incredulous when she heard these repeated prognostications of Miss Patty's speedy dissolution. Still more annoyed he was by her occasionally proposing little retrenchments in their expenditure. She said she had altered her mind, and that she should not buy a new shawl. She thought the old one would do very well another winter: neither did she see any necessity for taking the children to sea this autumn; they were in very good health, and lodgings were so expensive. Then Mr Lisle was persuaded that he saw the remains of a cold leg of mutton upon his table much more frequently than he had been accustomed to; and he never took up his knife and fork to help his wife without feeling a vague sensation of displeasure towards Miss Patty for not dying within the limited period, as she ought to have done, and with Sophia for obstinately continuing to doubt that she would still die time enough to save him from any inconvenience. He looked upon his wife's retrenchments and distrusts as so many tacit reproaches; and he felt very sorry he had ever consulted her in the business at all, as it only gave her an opportunity of plaguing him.

Eight months of the year had elapsed, and Miss Patty, though daily declining, was still alive, when one morning Mr Lisle received a message from Williams to say he would be glad if he could step to his house for a few minutes, as he wanted to speak to him on particular business. Lisle obeyed the summons.

'Where is your master?' said he to the shop-boy.

'Mr Williams is up-stairs, sir; you'll find him in the drawing-room,' replied the lad.

'Well, Williams, what's the matter?' said Mr Lisle; but he stopped short; for beside Williams sat his wife bathed in tears, with an infant in her arms, and at the other end of the apartment sat a man with his hat on the floor, whom he recognised at once for a sheriff's officer.

'O Lisle, my dear fellow, I am so glad you are come!' exclaimed Williams: 'I was sure you would.—There now, Mary, dry your eyes, and don't cry so. You'll make yourself ill, and then the poor baby will suffer.—These women always look to the worst side of everything,' continued he, leading Lisle towards the window. 'The least thing upsets them, and there's no getting them to listen to reason.'

'But what's the matter?' reiterated Lisle. 'What's that man doing here?'

'It's the most unlucky thing,' replied Williams, 'that ever happened. A twelvemonth ago, I gave Martina & Co. a bill for five hundred pounds, making sure that before it became due I should have touched old Patty's legacy, and have been able to take it up. But the time's expired, and my bill is returned dishonoured; and though they are literally now keeping body and soul together by administering a teaspoonful of gruel with brandy in it every quarter of an hour, yet alive she is; and, what's more, perfectly sensible, and as capable of altering her will as ever she was in her life, if she choose to do it. Now, though certainly to be carried to jail, and have an execution in one's house, would be very unpleasant, and would occasion great loss and sacrifice of my property, not to mention the discredit of the thing, yet I would submit to all the inconvenience a thousand times, rather than make another application to you, who have already done so much for me. I'm sure if you had been my brother you could not have been kinder, as Mary and I often say; and there are few men in the world who have heart enough to do as much for their own relations, much less for those who have no claim on them. But the less our claim, the greater has been your kindness, and the more grateful we are bound to be; and it is for that very reason that I am so distressed about this business. You see, if I am arrested, and old Patty hears of it—and there will be plenty glad enough to tell her—she'll alter her will as sure as my name is Williams; and then how I am ever to discharge my debt to you, I honestly confess I don't know.'

Nothing could be more certain than the imminence of this danger. Mr Lisle was perfectly aware that the only chance of saving his money was by means of Miss Patty's legacy, and he was much disposed to think with Williams, that, if she once became aware of the real state of her nephew's affairs, she would take very good care that her money should not be lavished in the vain attempt to extricate him from difficulties of his own incurring. Now it was that Lisle began to feel the magnitude of his first error; *that* had led the way to a second; and now here was a third dilemma, much more potent and pressing than the second. He certainly *could* pay the seven hundred pounds, as he had told his wife, should the bill become due before the old lady's death, because, as he had no arrears of debt, and his credit was good, he trusted that his own creditors would not be importunate; but the loss of the whole twelve hundred pounds would be a ruinous blow, and would involve him in embarrassments that he could not see his way out of at all. What was to be done? He asked Williams if he had no other friend he could look to, to assist him in this exigence; but Williams assured him, very truly, that he had not, and added that it would, moreover, be very imprudent to risk the exposure of his difficulties by making hopeless applications: there was no telling, he hinted, what might be the consequence. Mr Lisle asked a little time to consider, and to consult his wife; but Williams suggested that consulting his wife could lead to nothing but what was painful, without being of the slightest use. 'Mrs Lisle couldn't advise you to sacrifice your twelve hundred pounds,' said he, 'though she might be very unwilling to advise you to put your name to this other little bill; so that you 'd have to decide for yourself at last, and the communication would answer no purpose but to make her uneasy. Besides, one don't know—women are apt to judge by the result—perhaps she might blame you for what you 've done already; and it is not always very prudent,' he added, laughing, 'to put a weapon of that sort into our wives' hands—they 're apt to use it rather unmercifully.'

This last argument was a *coup de maître*. Mr Lisle dreaded his wife's knowing the state of affairs, and the predicament in which, contrary to her advice, his too easy good-nature had placed him, beyond everything; and that apprehension, with the almost certain loss of his money if he left Williams to his fate, determined him to risk another five hundred. Risk, indeed, he hardly thought there was any—so he once more signed his name, making himself answerable for the debt in six months from the day of date.

'I 'm sure, my dear fellow, I don't know how to thank you,' said Williams, with tears in his eyes, as he wrung his hand. 'That poor infant at its mother's breast, as well as every child I have, shall be taught to lisp your name in its prayers before its father's and mother's. I hope by and by, when we are better off, we shall be able to make you some return for all your kindness. Do take home this box of Portugal plums with you," he added, forcing the case into Mr Lisle's hand as they passed through the shop; 'they 'll be good for little Sophia's cough—they 're nice softening things; and perhaps you and your wife will drop in about seven o'clock and take a cup of tea with us. I want Mrs Lisle to taste some fine souchong I have just got down from London—very superior quality indeed—eight shillings a pound. If she likes it, I shall beg her acceptance of a few pounds.'

Mr Lisle walked slowly home, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground, and with an uncomfortable something at his heart that kept importunately whispering that all this hospitality and liberality which he had so much admired in Williams was somehow or other practised at his own expense; and a mortifying suspicion would intrude itself that his wife's maxims were not altogether so absurd as he had been in the habit of pronouncing them. Still, he argued it was utterly impossible that a woman of seventy-five, who was kept alive by teaspoonfuls of gruel every quarter of an hour, could survive in that state four months longer; and he thought it would be foolish to make himself uneasy, and still more so to annoy his wife and risk a quarrel, which was likely to be the result if he communicated the affair to her; for the more he was disposed to blame himself, the less he was inclined to bear with her reproaches and lamentations—so he determined to say nothing about the matter; and as it could not make matters worse than they were, he saw no reason why they should not drink tea with Williams, and accept the tea too, if he chose to give it them. 'Certainly,' as he said to himself, 'nobody could have a better right to it:' so they went at the hour appointed; and, after concluding a very pleasant evening with a luxurious little supper, they returned home laden with a basketful of French plums, and almonds, and raisins, and sugar-candy for the children, and found on their parlour-table six pounds of the eight shillings souchong, which Williams had directed his shopman to put up and send during the course of the evening; and the only observable difference arising out of the transaction of the morning was that when Mrs Lisle remarked, with a sigh, that she wished Williams would not force so many things on them, Mr Lisle, instead of launching out in praise of his friend's generosity, merely said: 'Pshaw! what does it signify?' and snatching up his candle, retired to bed.

We must now take a leap of several months; and we regret to be under the necessity of admitting that—to the confusion of the doctor, and the astonishment of all the world, who had declared, and indeed still declared, the thing impossible—Miss Patty was yet in the land of the living. True, she was bedridden, and the apprehension of her altering her will no longer existed; for her intellects were entirely gone, and she was nearly speechless; but still she breathed, and the legacy was for the time being as unattainable as if she had been eating beefsteaks and walking five miles before breakfast. It was a cold morning, about three weeks after Christmas, and Mr and Mrs Lisle were sitting at breakfast with their children, when the servant announced that 'Mr Grainger wished to speak with master.'

'He's come for the rent, I suppose,' said Mrs Lisle. 'Have you the money ready?'

'Let him come in, Sarah,' said Mr Lisle, addressing the maid.—'No,' he continued in answer to his wife's question; 'I can't pay it till Williams has paid me; but a few days more must settle that business.'

'I wish to Heaven it were settled!' exclaimed Mrs Lisle; 'it keeps one in continual hot-water. It is so mortifying to be obliged to send people away without their money. There was the man here yesterday that made the wardrobe; it is only nine pounds, but he said he was a young beginner, and had his bills coming in, and he hoped I would not send him away without payment, as he had given us a year's credit. I declare I could have cried when the man went out of the room—he looked so disappointed, and I felt so ashamed.'

'Well, well, Sophia, it's no use grumbling now,' said the husband impatiently; 'the annoyance will be over in a few days we're sure. Dr Ramsay was called in to see Miss Wise on Thursday, and he said nothing could be done for her. All we can do is to take care never to get into such another scrape, and be glad we've got so well out of this.—How are you, Grainger, this cold morning? Take a seat by the fire, and let my wife give you a cup of tea. Capital stuff, I assure you—a present of Williams's;' and Mr Lisle laughed. Mr Grainger laughed too.

'Well, sir,' said he, 'I never got anything from Williams myself; but he was liberal enough with his presents, I believe, as long as he'd anything to give.'

'He's a kind-hearted, hospitable fellow Williams as ever lived,' said Mr Lisle, rather offended at the slight way in which Mr Grainger (a man whom he considered in an inferior way of trade to himself) spoke of his friend.

'O ay, sir, I daresay he is,' answered Grainger: 'I've nothing to say against him myself. I've no reason—*I* shall lose nothing by him.'

'Nor will anybody else,' replied Lisle rather tartly.

'Well, sir, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure, sir,' answered Grainger. 'Things may be better than we've heard, but I'm told the debts are heavy. Mr Bostock says the creditors may make up their minds to a shilling in the pound or thereabouts.'

'What can Mr Bostock mean by making such an assertion?' exclaimed Mr Lisle, turning pale betwixt anger and affright; whilst his wife set down the teapot she had lifted, for her nerves failed her, and she could not hold it.

'I don't think Mr Bostock would say anything of that sort he wasn't pretty sure of,' observed Mr Grainger; 'but perhaps, sir, you may have better information. Howsomever, I think them's best off as have had nothing to do with him; he always went too fast for my money.—But I must be moving,' continued he, as he rose to place his cup and saucer on the table; 'there's a great lot of timber to be sold by auction at S—— to-day, at one o'clock, that's expected to go cheap, and I've no time to lose.'

Mr Lisle was perfectly aware that Grainger had come for his rent; and the object of the visit was so well understood between them, that it was felt quite unnecessary to name it. In fact, the payment had already been put off once; and this was the second period appointed by Mr Lisle, who had reckoned confidently on getting his money from Williams before it arrived. It was therefore very painful to be obliged to ask a further delay; but as Miss Patty's senses were gone, and she could not alter her will now, he had intended to tell his landlord the real state of the case, and soothe him with the promise of being able to answer his demand in a few days; but the estimate Grainger appeared to have formed with respect to Williams's responsibility made this rather a hopeless expedient. 'You have called for your rent, I suppose, Mr Grainger?' at length said Mr Lisle, clearing his throat, seeing that the landlord made no move towards resuming his seat, but stood sturdily with his hat in his hand betwixt the table and the door.

'In course I have, sir,' replied Grainger, as if he thought the question wholly superfluous. 'It's a week past the time you appointed, and I want to go to S—— with the money in my hand.'

'I'm really very sorry, Grainger,' began Mr Lisle, whilst poor Sophia's cheeks turned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears; 'but really'——

'You're not a-going to put me off again, are you?' exclaimed Grainger in an angry tone.

'Only for a few days,' said Mr Lisle. 'I'm sure of money in a few days.'

'So you said before,' roughly answered Grainger. 'Besides, sir, I want my money to go to market with, and I must have it.'

'But I can't give it you, Mr Grainger,' replied Mr Lisle. 'Be reasonable; a very few days now must see me out of my difficulties, and the moment I get the money—in short, to be plain with you, don't mention it, and I promise yours shall be the very first debt I pay; but the very moment the breath is out of old Patty Wise's body'——

'Stop, sir!' said Mr Grainger, setting his arms akimbo; 'do you mean to tell me as that's all you've got to look to to pay me my year and half's rent?'

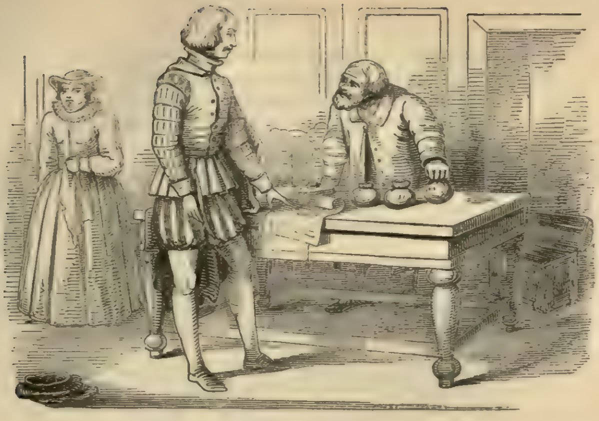
'I've got a bond from Williams for seventeen hundred pounds, with five per cent. interest on it,' replied Lisle; 'to be paid on the very day he touches the old woman's legacy.'

'Light the fire with it!' answered the landlord roughly; 'it's all the use it'll ever be. Seventeen hundred pounds!—seventeen hundred rotten eggs! Why, don't you know that afore Miss Patty lost her intellects, when she found from Dr Ramsay that she was really going, she sent for Williams, and told him that, as she knew very well that he'd bring her niece to the workhouse if she gave him any power over the money, she had taken care to tie it up so that he could never touch a shilling of it?'

'She did!' cried Mr Lisle, starting from his seat.

'To be sure she did!' answered Grainger; 'and what's more, Williams took the hint, and vanished, without ever coming back here to say good-bye to anybody. He's across the water by this time, and there's an execution in the house. I saw the officers there just now as I came past.'

We have not space, neither can it be necessary to paint the despair of the unhappy Lisle. Not only all the money he had was gone, but more than he had, for he had been obliged to borrow five hundred pounds to answer the last bill he had given to Williams. His creditors were pressing, for his situation was soon whispered abroad; and those who would have waited patiently whilst he was prosperous, soon took the alarm when they heard of his distress. He was made a bankrupt. His poor wife was obliged to leave her comfortable house—at a time, too, that she most needed its conveniences: his eldest little girl, whom he had just placed at a respectable boarding-school, was brought home to assist her mother in taking care of the younger children. His life's labour was lost—worse than lost, for he had to begin the world again with a stigma, if not upon his honesty, certainly upon his prudence and good sense. And all this misery arose from his not perceiving that every individual in the world is bound to provide for the responsibilities he has himself incurred, before he assists others to answer theirs; from his weakly yielding to the importunities of one who had no claim on him, and whose previous want of foresight, duly considered, held out little promise for the future, without reflecting on the paramount claims not only of his own creditors, but of the wife he had undertaken to maintain, and of the children of whose being he was the author, and for whose welfare and education, as far as in him lay, he was answerable to the Almighty; and from his not perceiving that it is dishonesty, and not liberality, to give that which we cannot afford, and which, if every one had their own, would not be ours to give; and that people's success in business does not depend upon their being good-natured or kind-hearted, but upon their conducting their affairs with steady prudence and a conscientious regard to all their engagements—dangerous and dazzling fallacies, which have ruined many a well-intentioned man, who might have gone happily and prosperously through the world on the simple but comprehensive maxim—'BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS.'



THE HEIR OF LINNE, AND OTHER BALLADS.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen;
  To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
  Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
  His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him fro,
  And he loved keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
  To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from even to morn,
  It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
  To always spend and never spare,
I wot, an he were the king himself,
  Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty heir of Linne,
  Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
  His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen steward,
  And John o' Scales was called he:
But John is become a gentleman,
  And John has got both gold and fee.

Says: 'Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne;
  Let nought disturb thy heavy cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
  Good store of gold I 'll give thee here.'

'My gold is gone, my money is spent,
  My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' Scales,
  And thine for aye my land shall be.'

Then John he did him to record draw,
  And John he gave him a god's-penny;
But for every pound that John agreed,
  The land, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board;
  He was right glad the land to win:
'The land is mine, the gold is thine,
  And now I 'll be the Lord of Linne.'

Thus he hath sold his lands so broad;
  Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
  That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight:
  'My son, when I am gone,' said he,
'Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
  And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But swear me now upon the rood,
  That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
  Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.'

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
  And 'Come with me, my friends,' said he;
'Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
  And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.'

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
  Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
  They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
  Never a penny left but three;
The one was brass, the other was lead,
  And t'other it was white money.

'Now well-a-way!' said the heir of Linne,
  'Now well-a-way, and woe is me!
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
  I never wanted gold nor fee.

'But many a trusty friend have I,
  And why should I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
  So need I not be ever bare.'

But one, I wis, was not at home;
  Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
  And sharply bade him wend his way.

'Now well-a-way!' said the heir of Linne,
  'Now well-a-way, and woe is me!
For when I had my land so broad,
  On me they lived right merrily.

To beg my bread from door to door,
  I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
  To work my limbs I cannot frame.

Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
  For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on me,
  I there should find a trusty friend.'

PART SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne,
  O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to the lonesome lodge,
  That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
  In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothely were the walls:
  'Here's sorry cheer!' quoth the heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
  Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
  No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, he mote spy,
  No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with a running noose,
  That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
  These words were written, so plain to see:
'Ah! graceless wretch, hath spent thy all,
  And brought thyself to penury?

'All this my boding mind misgave,
  I therefore left this trusty friend:
Now let it shield thy foul disgrace,
  And all thy shame and sorrows end.'

Sorely vexed with this rebuke,
  Sorely vexed was the heir of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to burst,
  With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
  Never a word he spake but three:
'This is a trusty friend indeed,
  And is right welcome unto me.'

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
  And sprung aloft with his body:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
  And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
  Nor knew if he were live or dead;
At length he looked and saw a bill,
  And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill and looked it on;
  Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall
  In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten gold;
The third was full of white money;
And over them, in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:

'Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.'

'And let it be,' said the heir of Linne;
'And let be, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end.'

Away then went the heir of Linne,
Away he went with merry cheer;
I wis he neither stint nor stayed,
Till John o' the Scales' house he came near.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the spere then looked he:
There sat three lords at the board's end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

Then up bespoke the heir of Linne;
To John o' the Scales then could he:
'I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
Away, away! this may not be:
For a curse be on my head,' he said,
'If ever I lend thee one penny!'

Then bespoke the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
'Madam, some alms on me bestow,
I pray, for sweet Saint Charity.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loon!
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee.'

Then up bespoke a good fellow
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board:
Said: 'Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

'Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

'And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.'

Then up bespoke him John o' the Scales,
All woode he answered him again:
'Now a curse be on my head,' he said,
'But I did lose by that bargain.

'And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
You shalt have't back again better cheap,
By a hundred merks, than I had it of thee.'

'I draw you to record, lords,' he said.
With that he gave him a god's-penny:
'Now, by my fay,' said the heir of Linne,
'And here, good John, is thy money.'

And he pulled forth the bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woe-begone was John o' the Scales;
So vexed he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din;
'The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne!'

Says: 'Have thou here, thou good fellow;
Forty pence thou didst lend me;
Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.'

'Now well-a-way!' quoth Joan o' the Scales;
'Now well-a-way, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife.'

'Now fare-thee-well,' said the heir of Linne,
'Farewell, good John o' the Scales,' said he:
'When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, I'll come to thee.'

THE EVE OF ST JOHN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THE baron of Smaylho'me * rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew
To raise the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vauntbrace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-girth was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancrum Moor
Ran red with English blood,
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

---

* Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, is a ruined Border strength, situated on the northern boundary of Roxburgh, among a number of wild rocks called Sandyknowe Crags. It is not a place of the least note in history; but it derives a strong interest, nevertheless, from its being the scene of this ballad, and also from the circumstance that the author of this and so many other beautiful fictions spent the years of his infancy in its immediate neighbourhood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed,
His acton pierced and tore ;
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still ;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page ;
His name was English Will.

'Come thou hither, my little foot-page ;
Come hither to my knee ;
Though thou art young and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

'Come tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true !
Since I from Smaylho'me Tower have been,
What did thy lady do ?'

'My lady each night sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild Watchfold ;
For from height to height the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

'The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill ;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eerie Beacon Hill.

'I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat on a stone :
No watchman stood by the dreary flame ;
It burned all alone.

'The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might, an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

'And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there ;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

'The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

'And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name the holy eve;
And say: "Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true
On the eve of good St John."

"I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St John I must wander alone;
In thy bower I may not be."

"Now out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
And, by the Black Rood Stone,* and by holy St John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!"

"Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber in the east,
And my footstep he would know."

"O fear not the priest who sleepeth in the east!
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slain."

'He turned him round, and grimly he frowned;
Then he laughed right scornfully:
"He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me.

"At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be."
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.'

---

* The Black Rood of Melrose was a crucifix of black marble.

Then changed, I trow, was that bold baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high:
'Now tell me the mein of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!'

'His arms shone full bright in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew.'

'Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon tree.'

'Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.'

The bold baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale:
'The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark;
So I may not trust thy tale.

'Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

'The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the winds drowned the name:
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!'

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the tower-grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartisan seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood,
Looked over hill and dale;
O'er Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

'Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!'
'Now hail, thou baron true!
What news, what news from Ancrum fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?'

'The Ancrum moor is red with gore,
For many a Southron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well.'

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the baron a word:
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the baron tossed and turned,
And oft to himself he said:
'The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep . . . .
It cannot give up the dead!'

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

The lady looked through the chamber fair
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware that a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

'Alas! away, away!' she cried,
'For the holy Virgin's sake!'
'Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

'By Eildon tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

'By the baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

'At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so.'

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed:
'How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?'
The vision shook his head!

'Who spilleth life shall forfeit life ;
  So bid thy lord believe ;
That lawless love is guilt above,
  This awful sign receive.'

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
  His right upon her hand :
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
  For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
  Remains on that board impressed ;
And for evermore that lady wore
  A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower
  Ne'er looks upon the sun ;
There is a monk in Melrose tower
  He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
  That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
  That monk the bold baron.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.*

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,†
  Drinking the blude-red wine :
'O where will I get a skilful skipper
  To sail this ship o' mine?'

O up and spake an eldren knight,
  Sat at the king's right knee :
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
  That sails upon the sea.'

---

* The copy here given of this touching and beautiful ballad is chiefly taken from that which was printed in Herd's Collection, with a few additional verses from those found in the publications of Sir Walter Scott, and Messrs Jamieson, Motherwell, and Buchan. We owe it to Mr Motherwell, who gives some various readings and additional stanzas not here adopted, that the occasion of the ballad is now known to have been the expedition which conveyed Margaret, daughter of King Alexander III., to Norway, in 1281, when she was espoused to Eric, king of that country. Fordoun, in his *History of Scotland*, relates the incident in a paragraph which we translate for the convenience of the reader: 'A little before this, namely, in the year 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., was married to the king of Norway; who, leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home, after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinoch, Bernard of Monte-alto, and many other persons, were drowned.'

† The Scottish monarchs chiefly resided in their palace of Dunfermline from the time of Malcolm Canmore to that of Alexander III.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king has written a broad letter,
  And signed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
  Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
  A loud laugh laughit he;
The second line that Sir Patrick read,
  The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
  And tauld the king o' me?
To send us out at this time o' year
  To sail upon the sea!

'To Norroway, to Norroway,
  To Norway owre the faem,
The king's daughter to Norroway,
  It 's we maun take her hame.

'Ye'll eat and drink, my merry men a',
  And see ye be weel thorne;
For blaw it wind or blaw it weet,
  Our gude ship sails the morn.'

Then out and spake a gude auld man;
  A gude deid mat he dee!
'Whatever ye do, my gude master,
  Take God your guide to be.'

'There shall nae man gang to the ship
  Till I say mass and dine,
And take my leave of my gude lady;
  Gang to the bonnie ship syne.'

The ship it was a gudely ship;
  Its tapmast was o' gowd;
And at ilka tack o' needle-wark
  A silver bell it jowed.

They mounted sail on Mononday morn
  Wi' a' the haste they may;
And they landed in Norroway
  Upon the Wodensday.

They hadna been a month, a month,
  In Norroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Norroway
  Began aloud to say:

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,
And a' our queenis fee.'
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Sae loud as I hear ye lie.

'For I 've brought as much white money
As gane my men and me;
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

'Make haste, make haste, my merry men a',
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And I fear, and I fear, my dear master,
That we will come to harm.'

'Betide me weel, betide me wae,
This day I 'll leave the shore;
For I will spend my white money
'Mong Norroway dogs no more.'

Sir Patrick he is on the sea,
And far out owre the faem,
Wi' five-and-fifty Scots lords' sons,
That longed to be at hame.

Up startit the mermaid by the ship,
Wi' a glass and a comb in her hand;
Says: 'Reek about, my merry men;
Ye are na far frae land.'

'Ye lie, ye lie, my bonnie mermaid,
Sae loud as I hear you lie;
For, sin' I hae seen your face this night,
The land I will never see!'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The anchors brak, and the tapmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came owre the staggering ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get to the tall tapmast
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a gude sailor,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you gang to the tall tapmast;
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a wab o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wrap them baith round our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in.'

They fetched a wab o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them round that gude ship's side;
But still the sea came in.

'Then picke her well, and spare her well,
And make her hale and sound.'
But ere he had the word well spoke,
The bonnie ship was down.

O laith, laith was our Scottish lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wet their hats abune!

And mony was the feather bed
Lay floating on the faem;
And mony was the gude Scots lord
That never mair came hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans in their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

O lang, lang may the ladies look,
Wi' their gown tails owre their croun,
Before they see their ain dear lords
Come sailing to Dunfermline toun.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
  Wi' their gold combs in their hair,
Awaiting for their ain dear loves ;
  For them they 'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
  Full fifty fathoms deep,
There lies the gude Sir Patrick Spens,
  And the Scots lords at his feet.

THE MERMAID.

BY J. LEYDEN.*

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
  The murmurs of the mountain bee,
How softly mourns the writhed shell
  Of Jura's shore, its parent sea !

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
  The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
  Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
  As parting gay from Crinan's shore ;
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
  Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
  Still blamed the lingering bark's delay ;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
  The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love
  The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
  We left afar the lonely isle !

---

* The following poem is founded upon a Gaelic traditional ballad called *Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin.* The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, among the Hebrides, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the mermaid of the northern nations resembles the siren of the ancients. The appendages of a comb and mirror are probably of Celtic invention. The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid while passing the gulf above mentioned; that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children ; but finally, he tired of her society, and having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."'

Now lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay:

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas
Before my love, sweet western gale!

'Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

'As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!

'If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

'Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail,
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
  That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
  Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
  Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
  Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
  She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
  She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier
  The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long for thee the fruitless tear
  Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward, like a powerless corse,
  The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
  Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
  No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
  He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
  Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
  Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
  In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
  But never reach the waking ear;

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
  When clouds dissolve in dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
  And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
  It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray:
'Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell?
  Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay.'

Like one that from a fearful dream
  Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
  Yet fears to find the vision true—

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
  Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
  And hardly dared his limbs to try.

'This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
  Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
  Compare to her of Colonsay?'

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
  From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around
  Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
  It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
  Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
  And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
  As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
  Again she raised the melting lay:
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
  And leave the maid of Colonsay?

'Fair is the crystal hall for me,
  With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
  Shall sing, when we for love are met.

'How sweet to dance, with gliding feet,
  Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
  That breathes along the moonlight scene!

'And soft the music of the main
  Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
  Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

'How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

'To trace with tranquil step the deep
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells unconscious sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

'Then shall the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

'Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

'Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!'

'Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein:

'If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine.'

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast;
Her eye confessed the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom pressed:
'Is there no heart for rapture here?

'These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot wild and free,
To joy, to love's delicious thrill?'

'Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart that riots wild and free
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

'These sparkling eyes so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

'Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
Unfolds at length her scaly train;
She tossed in proud disdain her head,
And lashed with webbèd fin the main.

'Dwell here alone!' the Mermaid cried,
'And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
The prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

'Whene'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

'I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?'

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay,
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay;

And oft beneath the silver moon
He heard afar the Mermaid sing,
And oft to many a melting tune
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring;

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose in dreams his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain;

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The Mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

'O give to me that ruby ring
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st of Colonsay.'

'This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
Again to visit Colonsay.'

'Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea.'

'Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed with webbèd fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink, remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.*

Now, between us, let us discuss
What was all the manere
Between them two: we will also
Tell all the pain and fear
That she was in. Now I begin,
So that ye may answer;
Wherefore ye that present be,
I pray you give an ear;
I am the knight, I come by night,
As secret as I can,
Saying: 'Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banished man.'

SHE.—And I your will for to fulfil,
In this will not refuse;
Trusting to shew, in words few,
That men have an ill use
(To their own shame) women to blame,
And causeless them accuse;
Therefore to you I answer now,
All women to excuse—
My own heart dear, with you what cheer,
I pray you tell anon?
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

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* This fine old English ballad, which is believed to have been written about the year 1400, opens with a declaration by the author, that the faith of woman is stronger than is generally alleged, in proof of which he proposes to relate the trial to which the Nut-Brown Maid was exposed by her lover: a dialogue between the pair ensues.

He.—It standeth so; a deed is do'
  Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
  A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee: the one must be,
  None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
  And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, my own heart true!
  None other rede I can:
For I must to the greenwood go,
  Alone, a banished man.

She.—Ah me! what is this world's bliss,
  That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
  Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
  We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
  Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
  Should change if ye were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
  I love but you alone.

He.—I can believe it shall you grieve,
  And somewhat you distrain:
But afterward your paines hard
  Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake, and ye shall take
  Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought for to make thought?
  Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do, and pray to you,
  As heartily as I can;
For I must to the greenwood go,
  Alone, a banished man.

She.—Now sith that ye have shewed to me
  The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
  Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
  I will not live behind;
Shall never be said the Nut-Brown Maid
  Was to her love unkind:

Make you ready, for so am I,
  Although it were anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
  I love but you alone.

HE.—I counsel you, remember how
  It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
  To wood with an outlaw;
For ye must there in your hand bear
  A bow, ready to draw;
And as a thief, thus must you live,
  Ever in dread and awe.
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
  Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the greenwood go,
  Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I think not nay, but, as ye say,
  It is no maiden's lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
  As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot,
  To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
  May have, I ask no more:
From which to part it makes my heart
  As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
  I love but you alone.

HE.—Yet take good heed, for ever I dread
  That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valléys,
  The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for, dry or weet,
  We must lodge on the plain;
And us above none other roof
  But a brake bush or twain;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
  And ye would gladly than
That I had to the greenwood go,
  Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Sith I have here been partinér
  With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe
  Endure, as reason is.

Yet I am sure of one pleasúre,
  And, shortly, it is this,
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardie,
  I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
  That ye were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
  I love but you alone.

He.—If ye go thither, ye must consider,
  When ye have list to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
  Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine;
No sheetes clean, to lie between,
  Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
  To cover your head and mine.
O mine heart sweet, this evil diet
  Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the greenwood go,
  Alone, a banished man.

She.—Among the wild deer, such an archér
  As men say that ye be,
Ye may not fail of good vittail,
  Where is so great plentie.
And water clear of the rivér,
  Shall be full sweet to me.
With which in heal, I shall right weel
  Endure, as ye shall see;
And, ere we go, a bed or two
  I can provide anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
  I love but you alone.

He.—Lo yet before, ye must do more,
  If ye will go with me;
As cut your hair up by your ear,
  Your kirtle to the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
  Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night, before daylight,
  To woodward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil,
  Do't shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the greenwood go,
  Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I shall, as now, do more for you
Than 'longeth to womanheed,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most dread;
But now, adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day comes fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why:
Your appetite[*] is to be light
Of love, I weel espy:
For like as ye have said to me,
In like wise, hardily,
Ye would answér whoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thing you upbraid;
But if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember weel, how that you deal;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind
Your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.

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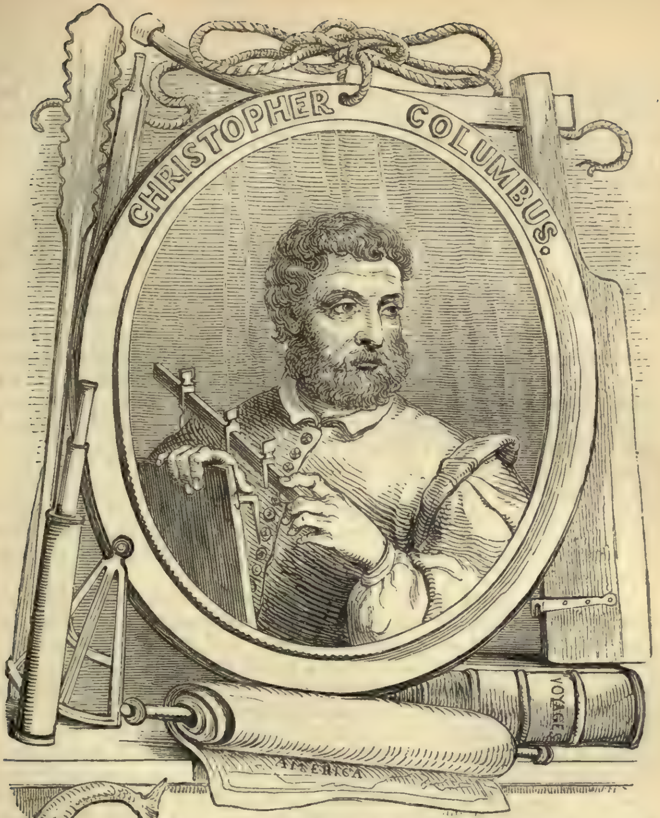
[*] Disposition.

Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
The case is changed now;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the greenwood go;
I am no banished man.

SHE.—These tidings be more glad to me
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they would endure;
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween;
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not disparáge
You (God defend!), sith ye descend
Of so great a lineáge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriáge,
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an earl's son,
And not a banished man.



CHRISTOPHER COLOMBO or COLON, better known by his Latinised name of Columbus, was born at Genoa about the year 1436. His father was a woolcomber, in not very affluent circumstances; although connected, according to some accounts, with persons of superior rank. Columbus was the eldest of a family of four. His two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, will afterwards be mentioned in connection with his discoveries; his sister married an obscure person of the name of Bavarello.

Of the early life of Columbus, very little is known. Considering the habits of the age and the condition of his parents, he appears to have received a good education. While yet a mere child, he learned reading, writing, and arithmetic; he was also such a proficient in drawing and painting, that, according to one of his biographers, he could have earned a livelihood by them. At an early age, he went to the university of Padua, in Lombardy, then a celebrated school of learning. Here he acquired the Latin language, and devoted himself with zeal to the study of mathematics in all its branches, especially those connected with geography and navigation, towards which he seems to have been drawn from the first by an irresistible propensity. His stay at Padua cannot have been long, for in his fourteenth year he returned to his father's house in Genoa, where he is said to have pursued for some time the occupation of wool-combing. This, however, was far from his taste; and he made choice of the seafaring profession. Genoa being at that time one of the greatest commercial cities in the world, the enthusiasm for maritime enterprise was universal amongst its inhabitants. A historian of the period speaks of the proneness of the Genoese youth to wander through the world in quest of riches, which they intended to return with and spend in their native city: few, however, he says, were able to carry their intention into effect—not one in ten of those who left Genoa ever revisiting it. Of these adventurous youths, whose ambition to be sailors was nursed by the sight of the merchant-vessels landing their rich freights on the quays of Genoa, Columbus was one; and, as we have already seen, his education was suitable for the mode of life he had chosen.

At fourteen years of age, Columbus left Genoa in the humble capacity of a sailor-boy on board a Mediterranean trader; and for many years, at first as a common sailor, and latterly as master of a vessel, he appears to have sailed along the Mediterranean from the Levant to Gibraltar, possibly also undertaking an occasional voyage to some of the northern countries of Europe, with which the Genoese merchants may have had dealings. In this undistinguished course of life he passed his youth; and he does not come prominently into notice till he settled in Lisbon in 1470, when he was thirty-four years of age. At this period, he is described as being above the middle size, and of strong muscular frame. His visage was long; his nose aquiline; his eyes of a bluish gray; his complexion fair, but somewhat inflamed. His hair in youth was reddish, but before he was thirty years of age, it had turned quite white. His habits were simple; his manners grave and affable; his temper, which was naturally irritable, he had subdued by the force of his will; and in his attention to the observances of religion, he was devout and enthusiastic. His acquirements were far beyond what might have been expected in one whose life had been spent at sea. Besides being a skilful navigator, he was well informed in astronomy, geography, and all the general science of the age; and while on shore, his leisure appears to have been spent in studying such scientific works as were within his reach. A marriage which he contracted about this period seems to have had some effect in determining his subsequent career. The lady to whom he became attached was Felipa de Palestrello, the daughter of Bartolemeo de Palestrello, an Italian who had distinguished himself as a navigator in the Portuguese service. Marrying this young lady, Columbus obtained from her mother all the charts, journals, and memoranda of her late husband, the possession of which was a treasure to him. After his marriage, he lived for many years as a humble citizen of Lisbon, earning a livelihood for himself and family by constructing maps and charts, or by making an occasional voyage in a Portuguese vessel to the Guinea coast, then the ultimate limit of African navigation.

Columbus seems to have acted from deliberate choice in making Lisbon his place of residence. In no city in the world would the demand be so great at that time for maps and charts, or for persons skilled in any of the arts connected with navigation. Portugal had taken the lead of all the nations of Europe in maritime enterprise; and for upwards of twenty years, all the great discoveries which had been made by navigators of new coasts or islands had been effected under the auspices of the Portuguese government. The moving spirit in this career of enterprise was Prince Henry of Portugal, a man of large views and studious habits, who was still alive when Columbus took up his residence in Lisbon. The ruling idea of Prince Henry's mind was to find out a new route to the East Indies by sailing round Africa. Proceeding upon some vague traditions, that in ancient times one navigator sailing from the Red Sea had arrived at Gibraltar, and another sailing from Gibraltar had arrived at the shores of Arabia, Prince Henry had instituted inquiries with a view to ascertain whether Africa were really circumnavigable; and having convinced himself that such was the case, he had resolutely persevered in making the experiment. Allured by the encouragements which he held out, able geographers and navigators had flocked to Lisbon from all parts of the world, and such was the success of their efforts, that although the great feat of circumnavigating Africa still remained unaccomplished, vessels had at length entered the tropics, long regarded as impassable to man; the Atlantic had been explored as far as the Gulf of Guinea and the Canary and Cape Verd Islands. The most important effects, however, of Prince Henry's labours were the training up of a school of hardy navigators, the improvement of the art of seamanship, and the enthusiasm which was instantly awakened in all the governments of Europe for the discovery of new lands. Columbus, in removing to Lisbon, may possibly have hoped for some employment from Prince Henry; but in this he was disappointed, as the prince died not long after, in the year 1473. He left it as his dying charge to his countrymen, to persevere in the attempt to reach India by the southern extremity of Africa.

Circumstances conspired to develop Columbus's natural taste for nautical enterprise. His occupation as a drawer of maps and charts brought him into communication with many eminent persons of that time; among others, Paulo Toscanelli of Florence, a celebrated geographer. This occupation, too, was a lucrative and most respectable one, as we may learn from the fact, that a sum of one hundred and thirty ducats, equal to about as many pounds of our money, was paid for a map of sea and land made at Mallorca in 1439; and that an Italian friar, named Mauro, having constructed a universal map esteemed particularly accurate, had a medal struck in his honour by the Venetians. The best result, however, of Columbus's labours in drawing maps was, that he thereby became acquainted with the small extent of that part of the earth's surface known to geographers and navigators, as compared with the conjectural extent of the whole. This fact appears to have made a deep impression on his mind, and to have been the germ of his future speculations. It was not long, however, before the idea began to assume a more definite shape. Like all the navigators of the time, he was full of the notion of discovering a new route to India, Cathay, or Cipango—the land of gold and diamonds, and spices—which was supposed to lie in the east of Asia, and respecting which the most gorgeous fancies were entertained. There was this difference, however, between the speculations of Columbus and other navigators as to this imaginary route to India, that while they universally followed Prince Henry in supposing that it was to be sought by sailing round Africa, he was employed in considering the possibility of effecting the same object by sailing due west across the Atlantic. This most original idea was fully formed in Columbus's mind before the year 1474.

The globular form of the earth had been for a considerable time known to all scientific men, and various calculations had been made as to its probable size. On this latter point, all were at fault, the general supposition being, that the globe was much smaller than it is. Columbus, in pondering on its imaginary magnitude, arrived at the conviction, that the Atlantic was a comparatively narrow sea, and that if any one were to push boldly across it, he would inevitably reach the shores of India. These ideas were confirmed by the various rumours which prevailed of lands existing in the Atlantic to the west of Africa. Plato's fabled island of Atalantis was supposed to be a real country lying in that quarter. There were many traditionary recollections of mariners having been cast upon unknown shores when driven far out to sea by the violence of a storm. There were legends also of adventurers who had embarked in ships in the northern countries of Europe, and gone to seek homes across the Atlantic; and of fugitive bishops and priests, who, to escape persecution in their own country, had committed themselves to the waves, and been conducted by the hand of Providence to fertile and happy islands to the west of the Azores. Moreover, certain circumstances had come within Columbus's own knowledge, which seemed to argue the existence of land in that direction. Martin Vicenti, a pilot in the Portuguese service, had picked up a piece of carved wood floating in the ocean four hundred and fifty leagues west of St Vincent, which, as the wind was westerly, he concluded must have come from some land opposite to Africa. Columbus's brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, had seen a similar piece of wood, which had drifted across the ocean from the same quarter; and had also heard of large canes seen floating on the waves west of Madeira, apparently resembling the reeds known to be produced in the East Indies. It was likewise reported that, when the wind had blown long from the west, trunks of huge pine-trees were often cast ashore upon the Azores; and that once two dead bodies, evidently the corpses neither of Europeans nor Africans, were driven upon the beach of the island of Flores.

All these and many other arguments convinced Columbus that the East Indies could be reached by sailing westward from Gibraltar, or the western coast of Africa. Every circumstance corroborative of this view which came to his knowledge he diligently noted down; and at last the conviction became so strong, that he conceived himself to be expressly destined by God for the great work of discovering a new world. No doubt a hesitation remained in his mind; and his only wish was to find the means of making the contemplated voyage. Once launched upon the Atlantic, he was absolutely certain that, after having sailed seven or eight hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he would come upon Marco Polo's island of Cipango, or the dominions of the great khan of Tartary.

Impressed with these delusive convictions, Columbus was eager to make application to some of the governments of Europe for means to make a voyage of discovery on the Atlantic. He first applied to John II., king of Portugal, who inherited the enterprising spirit of his grand-uncle Prince Henry, and in whose reign the means of finding the latitude at sea had been discovered. Columbus, without much difficulty, obtained an interview with the Portuguese monarch, to whom he explained his scheme of reaching the East Indies, not by the route round Africa, which all other navigators were pursuing, but by a shorter one across the Atlantic. Various accounts are given of the manner in which the proposal was received. John himself was a wise and magnanimous prince, and he appears to have been much impressed by the earnestness of the noble-looking foreigner who addressed him. Naturally cautious, however, of patronising an enterprise which might turn out to be a mere chimera, he referred the matter to some of his counsellors, who dissuaded him from engaging in it. Still, such was the effect of Columbus's representations, that John did not at once dismiss the project; on the contrary, by a piece of meanness not agreeing with his general character, he followed the advice of some of his counsellors, and having, on false pretences, procured from Columbus a detailed plan of his contemplated voyage, with maps and charts to correspond, he secretly despatched a vessel to ascertain the practicability of the intended route. The vessel actually sailed a considerable way beyond the Cape Verd Islands; but a storm arising, the crew became afraid to venture farther, and put back, reporting that Columbus's notion was mad and irrational.

Indignant at this unjust treatment, Columbus, whose wife had for some time been dead, secretly left Lisbon, taking with him his young son Diego. The reason for his leaving the city secretly is said by some to have been the fear of being prevented by the government; by others, the fear of being apprehended for debts which he was unable to pay. Proceeding to his native city of Genoa, he renewed an offer which he had previously made by letter, of conducting the enterprise under the patronage of the Genoese government—an offer which was contemptuously refused, Genoa being already in the decline of her fortunes, and too broken-spirited to engage in any more bold enterprises. It is said that Columbus's next offer was made to the Venetian government; which, however, is improbable. The usual account, also, of his sending his brother Bartholomew at this time to England to propose the scheme to Henry VII., is incorrect: it was not till the year 1488, when the negotiations with Spain had begun, that Bartholomew proceeded to England on this errand.

COLUMBUS'S NEGOTIATIONS IN SPAIN.

Spain was the country to which Columbus looked with the greatest hope after the rejection of his scheme by Portugal. No country at that time occupied the attention of Europe so much as Spain. By the marriage of Ferdinand II. of Aragon with Isabella of Castile, the whole of the peninsula, except Portugal, had been consolidated into one powerful kingdom. Ruling separately over their distinct territories—the wise, cold, and wary Ferdinand over his subjects of Aragon, and the generous and high-souled Isabella over hers of Castile—the two made it their common endeavour to promote the glory of Spain, and raise its reputation as one of the first powers of Christendom. They were at this time engaged in a war with Granada, the last of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain; and all their energies were occupied in the accomplishment of what was then regarded a noble and chivalrous enterprise—the entire expulsion of the Moors from the peninsula. Spain, accordingly, was then the land of daring deeds, and hither our poor Italian resolved to bend his steps, with the scheme of a new world.

In Sevilla, one of the most southern of the Spanish provinces, and next to Granada, is an insignificant little seaport of the name of Palos de Moguer. At a little distance from this village stood, and we believe still stands, a Franciscan convent dedicated to Santa Marie de Rabida. One day, late in the year 1485, a stranger on foot, accompanied by a little boy, stopped at the convent gate and begged a little bread and water for his child. The stranger was of a noble aspect, venerable from his white hairs, and interesting from his foreign accent. While the porter of the convent was supplying him with what he had asked, the prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, chanced to pass, and, struck with the stranger's appearance, he entered into conversation with him. The stranger informed him that his name was Columbus, and that, with his son, he was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelva, where his brother-in-law resided. Inviting him into the convent, the prior soon learned the rest of his story; and instantly conceiving a wonderful affection for the extraordinary man whom Providence had thus cast in his way, he insisted on his taking up his residence with him until a fit time should arrive for proceeding to the court of the Spanish sovereigns. Himself a man of information and ability, Juan Perez entered heartily into Columbus's views, and sent for such scientific persons in the neighbourhood as he thought would be able to form a judgment on the matter. Here, in the midst of a little club of listeners, gathered in the evenings in the comfortable apartment of the prior, did Columbus produce his charts and expound his project in the winter of 1485-6; and long afterwards, in the height of his fame, did the great navigator remember Juan Perez, his first kind friend in Spain.

Early in the year 1486, Columbus set out for Cordova, where the Spanish court then resided, making preparations for a spring campaign against the Moors of Granada. He left his son Diego under the charge of the worthy prior, who, to add to his other kindnesses, furnished him with a letter of introduction to Fernando de Talavera, prior of Prado, and confessor of Queen Isabella—a man, therefore, of some importance, and likely to be of use to him. The letter proved of small avail; either Juan Perez had overrated his influence with so great a personage as Talavera, or Talavera was too busy to pay any attention to the poor Italian enthusiast who was introduced to him. Neither Columbus nor his project appears to have been mentioned to the Spanish sovereigns; and the campaign against the Moors having commenced, there was no hope of his obtaining an interview with them for some time. While the court was thus shifting about, Columbus remained in Cordova, supporting himself, as before, by his skill in designing maps. Here also his worth, his noble appearance, and the modest enthusiasm of his manners, gained him many kind friends, through whom he made the acquaintance of Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Grand Cardinal of Spain. Mendoza, after being satisfied that there was something more in Columbus's project than a mere vague fancy, procured him an audience with Ferdinand and Isabella. The able Ferdinand instantly perceived the propriety of at least inquiring into the scheme which was proposed to him; he therefore referred the matter to Fernando de Talavera, the above-mentioned prior, to whom Columbus had already been introduced—instructing him to hold a council of the most learned geographers and scientific men to examine and report on the plan submitted by Columbus.

Few meetings ever held are more interesting to us now than the great meeting of scientific men held in the convent of St Stephen, at Salamanca, to investigate into the feasibility of Columbus's project of reaching the East Indies by sailing due west. There were assembled all the sages of Spain, professors of astronomy, geography, and mathematics, most of them churchmen, together with a number of learned friars and ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes; and in the midst of them all stood a simple mariner of Genoa, ready to explain his scheme and answer questions. A great majority seem to have been prepossessed against Columbus from the beginning, arguing that of necessity he must be wrong, seeing that it was not in the nature of things that one man could know better about such matters than all the rest of the world. Others, however, favoured him so far as to be ready at least to enter into argument with him. The arguments produced against him were of the strangest kind—a mixture of crude science with religious dogmas—quotations from Scripture interpreted in the oddest manner; together with extracts from the Greek and Latin Fathers. To all the objections urged, Columbus answered with firmness and modesty, failing, however, as may be supposed, to convince men against long-cherished prejudice, backed by an erroneous interpretation of Scripture.

The deliberations of the assembly were interrupted by the departure of the court from Cordova in the spring of 1487. No answer had as yet been given to Columbus with respect to his project; on the whole, however, there seemed little hope of a favourable one. The next five years were occupied by the Spanish sovereigns in the war against Granada, so that they had no leisure to enter personally into a consideration of the merits of the proposal made to them by the Genoese navigator. During all that time, Columbus waited patiently, generally residing at Cordova, where, it is said, the children in the streets used to point to their foreheads as he passed, bidding each other look at the mad Italian; sometimes, however, following the court in its journeys from place to place, and even taking part in the sieges and battles in which the Spanish troops were engaged. His hopes seem to have alternately risen and sunk during these five years. In the year 1488, he appears to have despaired of a favourable issue to his application; for in that year he despatched his brother Bartholomew Columbus to England to make an offer of his project to Henry VII. Unfortunately, Bartholomew was captured by pirates on the voyage, and was not able to reach England for some years, otherwise Spain might have been for ever deprived of the advantages offered her; for when the scheme was ultimately proposed to Henry VII., he embraced it more warmly than any monarch to whom it had been broached before. In the same year, 1488, Columbus received a letter from the king of Portugal, inviting him to return to that country; but he refused the invitation.

In the winter of 1491, when the Spanish monarchs were about to commence their last Moorish campaign, Columbus received an answer to his frequent applications. He was informed that the expenses of the war prevented the sovereigns from engaging at present in any new enterprise, but that, when the war was over, his scheme would be again considered. This was most disheartening to one who had waited so long. Already advanced in years, he began to fear that death would overtake him before he had obtained the means of accomplishing his design. He resolved to quit Spain. Before doing so, however, he offered his scheme to two of the Spanish nobles, whose wealth and importance made them almost independent princes —the Duke of Medina Sidonia and the Duke of Medina Celi. Both, after some delay, refused to engage in the project, as too ambitious for any but a great sovereign. Columbus therefore hesitated no longer, but prepared to go to France, where he anticipated a more favourable reception. Before setting out, he proceeded to the convent at Palos, to visit his friend Juan Perez, and to bring away his son Diego, whom, with his other son, Fernando, he intended to leave at Cordova. When his old friend the prior saw Columbus once more at the gate of his monastery, after several years of vain solicitation at court, he was deeply affected. He entreated him by all means to remain in the country. He had been father-confessor to the queen, and thought he might still exercise an influence over her mind. He accordingly proceeded to Santa Fé, where the sovereigns were in person superintending the siege of the capital of Granada. Perez obtained a ready access to the queen. He laid before her the propositions of Columbus with freedom and eloquence. Isabella was moved with the grandeur of the project. The principles upon which it was founded, the advantages that would result from its success, and the glory it would shed upon Spain, were for the first time represented to her in their true colours. She promised her patronage to the undertaking. Columbus was summoned to court, and 20,000 maravedis, equivalent to upwards of £40 of our money, were sent to him to pay his travelling expenses; and he arrived in time to witness the memorable surrender of Granada to the Spanish arms. It was now only necessary to agree upon the terms of the proposed enterprise. Columbus would listen only to princely conditions. A meaner spirit, after years of unsuccessful toil, poverty, and disappointment, would have been glad to secure the assistance of the sovereigns on such arrangements as their own liberality might dictate. But Columbus stipulated his own rewards and honours, and would consent to no other. He demanded them as if he were already successful, and aware of the extent and importance of his discoveries. In consequence of his resoluteness in adhering to these demands, the negotiation was once more broken off; and Columbus, mounting his mule, left Santa Fé, resolved never to return. He was within two leagues of Granada, when a courier overtook him, and brought him back. The court now agreed that he should be admiral on the ocean, and enjoy all the privileges and honours allowed to the High Admiral of Castile; that he should be governor over all the countries he might discover; and that he should reserve to himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, and articles of merchandise, in whatever manner obtained, within his admiralty. They also allowed that he should appoint judges in all parts of Spain trading to those countries; and that on this voyage, and at all other times, he should contribute an eighth part of the expense, and receive an eighth part of the profits. These articles of agreement were signed by Ferdinand and Isabella at the city of Santa Fé on the 17th of April 1492.

Preparations for the voyage were now commenced in good earnest. The port of Palos de Moguer, already mentioned, was fixed as the place where the armament should be fitted out. Royal orders were issued to the magistrates of Palos to have three caravels in readiness, and somewhat arbitrary measures were had recourse to for the purpose of obtaining crews. As soon as the nature of the enterprise became known, the little town of Palos was in an uproar: the owners of vessels refused to lend them; and the boldest seamen absconded, lest they should be pressed into such a service. Columbus had repaired to the spot; but all his exertions were unavailing; neither vessels nor crews could be got. At length a rich and adventurous navigator, named Alonzo Pinzon, came forward, and interested himself very strenuously in the expedition. His assistance was effectual. He owned vessels, and had many seamen in his employ, and consequently possessed great influence. He and his brother, Vicente Pinzon, determined to take commands, and sail with Columbus. Their example had a great effect; they persuaded their relations and friends to embark with them; and the vessels were ready for sea within a month after they had thus engaged in their equipment.

After all, the armament was miserably ill proportioned to the grandeur of the enterprise. Only one of the three vessels was full-decked. The other two, says Washington Irving, 'were light barques, called caravels, not superior to river and coasting craft of more modern days. They are delineated as open, and without deck in the centre; but built up high at the prow and stern, with forecastles and cabins for the accommodation of the crew. The largest vessel was called the *Santa Maria:* on board of this, Columbus hoisted his flag. The second, called the *Pinta*, was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, accompanied by his brother, Francisco Martin, as pilot. The third, called the *Nina*, had lateen sails, and was commanded by the third of the brothers, Vicente Yanez Pinzon.' The crews, including Columbus, the three Pinzons, three other pilots, several royal officials, a physician and a surgeon, some private adventurers with their servants, and ninety sailors, amounted in all to one hundred and twenty persons.

Thus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, after innumerable efforts and disappointments, and at least eighteen years after he had matured his project in his own mind, did Columbus find his wishes gratified, by being placed at the head of an armament bound on a voyage through the hitherto unexplored Atlantic. He still laboured under the delusion that the lands he would reach by sailing in that direction would be the East Indies—the golden regions lying in the eastern extremity of Asia, and described in such glowing colours by Marco Polo. So firm was he in this belief, that he was furnished by Ferdinand and Isabella with letters to be delivered to the great khan of Tartary. It ought to be mentioned also, as characteristic of the times, and of the almost wildly enthusiastic genius of Columbus, that he had all along cherished the design of devoting the wealth which should be acquired from his discoveries to the object of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidels.

THE VOYAGE.

On the 2d of August 1492, Columbus and all his companions marched in solemn procession to the monastery of Rabida to confess their sins, obtain absolution, and implore the blessing of God on their expedition. The account of this deeply interesting voyage may be best given in the elegant language of Robertson.

'On Friday, the 3d day of August 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there (August 13) without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention. The rudder of the *Pinta* broke loose the day after she left the harbour; and that accident alarmed the crew, no less superstitious than unskilful, as a certain omen of the unfortunate destiny of the expedition. Even in the short run to the Canaries, the ships were found to be so crazy and ill appointed, as to be very improper for a navigation which was expected to be both long and dangerous. Columbus refitted them, however, to the best of his power; and having supplied himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure from Gomera, one of the most westerly of the Canary Islands, on the 6th day of September.

‘Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to begin; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas. The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, dejected already and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and undaunted courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring an ascendant over those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting-voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus—the fruit of thirty years’ experience, improved by an acquaintance with all the inventions of the Portuguese—appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated everything by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order; and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was at all other times upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not formerly been visited, the sounding-line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. After the example of the Portuguese discoverers, he attended to the motion of tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of everything that floated on the waves; and entered every occurrence with a minute exactness in the journal which he kept. As the length of the voyage could not fail of alarming sailors habituated only to short excursions, Columbus endeavoured to conceal from them the real progress which they made. With this view, though they ran eighteen leagues on the second day after they left Gomera, he gave out that they had advanced only fifteen; and he uniformly employed the same artifice of reckoning short during the whole voyage. By the 14th of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Islands, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. There they were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle in their compasses did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west; and as they proceeded, this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar—though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate—filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears or silenced their murmurs.

'He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course he came within the sphere of the trade-wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that these floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land, which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them that what had alarmed ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directing their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

'Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive; and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid; and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings, they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty, by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

'Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

'As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

'Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nina* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was milder and warmer; and during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

'About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned [October 12], all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

'As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

'The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children from the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

'The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature—entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards; and with transports of joy received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, or other baubles, in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value that they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds, everything was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country.'

Columbus called the island which he had discovered San Salvador. It was one of the group now known as the Bahamas, and has usually been identified with Guanahani or Cat Island; but geographers are now inclined to give the honour to Watling's Island, another of the group, lying a little to the east. 'It is situated above three thousand miles to the west of Gomera, from which the squadron took its departure, and only four degrees to the south of it; so little had Columbus deviated from the westerly course which he had chosen as the most proper.'

CRUISE IN THE WEST INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO—DISCOVERY OF CUBA AND HAYTI—RETURN TO SPAIN.

Columbus imagined that the island he had thus discovered, and others which could be seen from it, belonged to the archipelago which, according to Marco Polo, lay east of the Asiatic continent. He resolved, therefore, to remain no longer at San Salvador, but to sail in the direction in which he conceived the mainland to lie. When he asked the natives, by signs, where they obtained the gold, of which most of them wore thin plates attached to their nostrils by way of ornament, they invariably pointed to the south. To the south, therefore, he determined to prosecute his voyage, not doubting but that the region which the natives pointed to must be Cathay or Cipango. Accordingly, after spending one day at San Salvador, he directed his course through the midst of that multitudinous cluster of islands now called the Bahamas, convinced, as he gazed at their green and luxuriant foliage, that these must be the 'seven thousand four hundred and fifty-eight islands abounding with spices and odoriferous trees,' which Marco Polo described as filling the Chinese Sea. He landed at three of the largest, and gave them names. Here the appearance of the ships and the Spaniards produced the same astonishment among the natives as at San Salvador. Receiving to his inquiries after gold the same invariable answer, that it lay to the south, he pushed on through group after group of islands, and at last, on the 28th of October, came in sight of Cuba. The appearance of this noble island as he approached it, its high mountains, its spreading forests, its broad rivers, made him uncertain whether it might not be part of the great continent he was in search of. 'He entered the mouth of a large river with his squadron, and all the inhabitants fled to the mountains as he approached the shore. But as he resolved to careen his ships in that place, he sent some Spaniards, together with one of the people of San Salvador, to view the interior part of the country. They, having advanced above sixty miles from the shore, reported, upon their return, that the soil was richer and more cultivated than any they had hitherto discovered; that, besides many scattered cottages, they had found one village containing above a thousand inhabitants; that the people, though naked, seemed to be more intelligent than those of San Salvador, but had treated them with the same respectful attention, kissing their feet, and honouring them as sacred beings allied to heaven; that they had given them to eat a certain root, the taste of which resembled roasted chestnuts, and likewise a singular species of corn called maize, which, either when roasted whole or ground into meal, was abundantly palatable; that there seemed to be no four-footed animals in the country but a species of dog, which could not bark, and a creature resembling a rabbit, but of a much smaller size; that they had observed some ornaments of gold among the people, but of no great value.' Here also, for the first time, the Spaniards saw the use of a weed which has since become a pernicious luxury on this side of the Atlantic.

Columbus was particularly anxious to ascertain whether the country he had now reached belonged to the Indian continent. From the rude civilisation which he saw around him, the ill-constructed huts, the want of clothing among the natives, &c. he knew that he was still at some distance from the territories of the great khan, covered with finely-built cities, and abounding in gold and spices; but he imagined that Cuba might be the extremity of that part of the continent where the expected territories lay. Full of this delusion, he eagerly seized on every little circumstance which seemed to confirm it. When the natives spoke of *Cubanacan* as the place where the gold was to be found, meaning by that the central district of Cuba, he fancied that they were speaking of the country of *Kubla Khan*, one of the great potentates mentioned by Marco Polo. At length, however, after cruising along the coast for nearly a fortnight without approaching the confines of the desired country, he altered his course to the east-south-east, intending to sail for an island called Hayti, to which the natives directed him as a place where gold was more plentiful than with them. The fleet left Cuba on the 12th of November, having on board some of the natives, who were to act as guides. On their way thither, 'Martin Alonzo Pinzon, impatient to be the first who should take possession of the treasures which this country was supposed to contain, quitted his companions, regardless of all the admiral's signals to slacken sail until they should come up with him. Columbus, retarded by contrary winds, did not reach Hayti till the 6th of December. He called the port where he first touched at St Nicholas, and the island itself Espagnola, in honour of the kingdom by which he was employed; and it is the only country of those he had yet discovered which has retained the name that he gave it. As he could neither meet with the *Pinta*, nor have any intercourse with the inhabitants, who fled in great consternation towards the woods, he soon quitted St Nicholas; and, sailing along the northern coast of the island, he entered another harbour, which he called Conception. Here he was more fortunate: his people overtook a woman who was flying from them, and, after treating her with great gentleness, dismissed her with a present of such toys as they knew were most valued in those regions. The description which she gave to her countrymen of the humanity and wonderful qualities of the strangers, their admiration of the trinkets, which she shewed with exultation, and their eagerness to participate of the same favours, removed all their fears, and induced many of them to repair to the harbour. The strange objects which they beheld, and the baubles which Columbus bestowed upon them, amply gratified their curiosity and their wishes. They nearly resembled the people of Guanahani and Cuba. Like them, they were naked, ignorant, and simple; and seemed to be equally unacquainted with all the arts which appear most necessary in polished societies: but they were gentle, credulous, and timid to a degree which rendered it easy to acquire the ascendency over them, especially as their excessive admiration led them into the same error with the people of the other islands, in believing the Spaniards to be more than mortals, and descended immediately from heaven. They possessed gold in greater abundance than their neighbours, which they readily exchanged for bells, beads, or pins; and in this unequal traffic both parties were highly pleased, each considering themselves as gainers by the transaction.'

The Spaniards remained at Hispaniola for the space of a month, during which time they explored a great part of the coast, and became familiar with the natives. Columbus had a keen sense of the beautiful in scenery, and his journal is full of enthusiastic descriptions of Hispaniola, its deep groves, its clear skies, its tranquil bays, its soft and balmy atmosphere, its birds with their splendid plumage. 'Tongue,' he says, 'cannot express the whole truth, nor pen describe it; and I have been so overwhelmed at the sight of so much beauty, that I have not known how to relate it.' The people also seem to have made a deep impression on him by their gentle and confiding manners. 'So loving, so tractable, so peaceable,' he says, 'are these people, that I swear to your majesties there is not in the world a better nation nor a better land. They love their neighbours as themselves; and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile; and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.' Such are the descriptions given of the island of Hayti by its discoverer—the first island doomed to experience the miseries produced by the cruelty and avarice of the invaders.

The part of Hayti which the fleet first touched at was its western extremity. As usual, one of the earliest inquiries made at the natives was where they obtained gold. The natives, in reply, pointed to a mountainous district to the eastward, which they named *Cibao*—a sound in which Columbus, still clinging to his original delusion, traced a resemblance to the *Cipango* of Marco Polo. Proceeding eastward, therefore, Columbus anchored his two vessels in a harbour, to which he gave the name of St Thomas. While here, he received a message from a chieftain called Guacanagari, one of the five caciques or kings amongst whom the whole island was divided, requesting that he would come and visit him. Columbus resolved to do so. 'He sailed for this purpose from St Thomas on the 24th of December, with a fair wind, and the sea perfectly calm; and as, amidst the multiplicity of his occupations, he had not shut his eyes for two days, he retired at midnight in order to take some repose, having committed the helm to the pilot, with strict injunctions not to quit it for a moment. The pilot, dreading no danger, carelessly left the helm to an inexperienced cabin-boy, and the ship, carried away by a current, was dashed against a rock. The violence of the shock awakened Columbus. He ran up to the deck. There all was confusion and despair. He alone retained presence of mind. He ordered some of the sailors to take a boat, and carry out an anchor astern; but, instead of obeying, they made off towards the *Nina*, which was about half a league distant. He then commanded the masts to be cut down, in order to lighten the ship: but all his endeavours were too late; the vessel opened near the keel, and filled so fast with water, that its loss was inevitable. The smoothness of the sea, and the timely assistance of boats from the *Nina*, enabled the crew to save their lives.' Hearing of the accident, Guacanagari hastened to the shore, and, by the assistance of the Indians with their canoes, everything of value was saved from the wreck. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the chieftain; he testified the utmost sorrow at the loss which had befallen his visitors, and offered his services to repair it. The loss indeed was a serious one to Columbus. He had as yet heard no tidings of the treacherous *Pinta;* his best ship was a total wreck; and there remained but one crazy little bark to carry so many men back to Europe.

In these circumstances, he resolved to leave part of his men in Hispaniola, returning to Spain with the rest for fresh ships and stores. Although driven by necessity to this resolution, it was advisable on many other accounts. The island was one which it would be desirable to colonise at all events; and by leaving a number of men in it, the way would be prepared for a settlement; a quantity of gold would be collected, ready to be carried to Spain against the time he came back; and, by intercourse with the natives, much knowledge would be obtained, not only about Hayti itself, but about the other islands and lands in the archipelago. Nor did he meet with any difficulty on the part of his men. On the contrary, when the proposal was made to them, many were delighted with the idea of remaining on an island where they would lead a life of such enjoyment. Nothing remained, therefore, but to obtain the permission of Guacanagari, or some other cacique. This was soon granted. It appeared that the island was often visited by a terrible race of people called the Caribs, represented by the Haytians as cannibals, who came from the east, and, penetrating inland, burned their villages, and carried many of them away captives. On the proposal, therefore, of Columbus to leave some of his men on the island, to protect it with their great guns against the incursions of these Caribs, Guacanagari and his people exhibited unbounded delight. The

Spaniards immediately commenced building a fortress on a spot named by Columbus *La Navidad;* not omitting, at the same time, to improve the opportunity of obtaining as much gold as possible from the natives, to be shipped for Spain. Considerable quantities were obtained; the natives readily exchanging little lumps of the precious metal for any trinket offered them. The hawks' bells of the Spaniards, however, delighted them most. Tying these toys to some part of their persons, they would dance and caper about with them in perfect ecstasies at the sounds they produced; and it is told of one Indian that, having obtained a hawk's bell in exchange for a lump of gold of about four ounces weight, he made off to the woods as fast as possible with his prize, lest the Spaniard should repent of his bad bargain, and demand back the bell.

The fortress was soon finished, and thirty-eight men chosen to remain on the island. 'He intrusted the command of these to Diego de Arado, a gentleman of Cordova, investing him with the same powers which he himself had received from Ferdinand and Isabella; and furnished him with everything requisite for the subsistence or defence of this infant colony. He strictly enjoined them to maintain concord among themselves, to yield an unreserved obedience to their commander, to avoid giving offence to the natives by any violence or exaction, to cultivate the friendship of Guacanagari, but not to put themselves in his power by straggling in small parties, or marching too far from the fort. He promised to revisit them soon, with such a reinforcement of strength as might enable them to take full possession of the country, and to reap all the fruits of their discoveries. In the meantime, he engaged to mention their names to the king and queen, and to place their merit and services in the most advantageous light.

'Having thus taken every precaution for the security of the colony, he left Navidad on the 4th of January 1493, and steering towards the east, discovered and gave names to most of the harbours on the northern coast of the island. On the 6th, he descried the *Pinta*, and soon came up with her, after a separation of more than six weeks. Pinzon endeavoured to justify his conduct by pretending that he had been driven from his course by stress of weather, and prevented from returning by contrary winds. The admiral, though he still suspected his perfidious intentions, and knew well what he urged in his own defence to be frivolous as well as false, was so sensible that this was not a proper time for venturing upon any high strain of authority, and felt such satisfaction in this junction with his consort, which delivered him from many disquieting apprehensions, that, lame as Pinzon's apology was, he admitted of it without difficulty, and restored him to favour. During his absence from the admiral, Pinzon had visited several harbours in the island, had acquired some gold by trafficking with the natives, but had made no discovery of any importance.

'From the condition of his ships, as well as the temper of his men, Columbus now found it necessary to hasten his return to Europe. The former, having suffered much during a voyage of such unusual length, were extremely leaky; the latter expressed the utmost impatience to revisit their native country, from which they had been so long absent, and where they had things so wonderful and unheard of to relate. Accordingly, on the 16th of January, he directed his course towards the north-east, and soon lost sight of land. He had on board some of the natives, whom he had taken from the different islands which he discovered; and besides the gold, which was the chief object of research, he had collected specimens of all the productions which were likely to become subjects of commerce in the several countries, as well as many unknown birds, and other natural curiosities, which might attract the attention of the learned, or excite the wonder of the people. The voyage was prosperous to the 14th of February; and he had advanced nearly five hundred leagues across the Atlantic Ocean, when the wind began to rise, and continued to blow with increasing rage, which terminated in a furious hurricane. Everything that the naval skill and experience of Columbus could devise was employed in order to save the ships. But it was impossible to withstand the violence of the storm, and, as they were still far from any land, destruction seemed inevitable. The sailors had recourse to prayers to Almighty God, to the invocation of saints, to vows and charms, to everything that religion dictates or superstition suggests to the affrighted mind of man. No prospect of deliverance appearing, they abandoned themselves to despair, and expected every moment to be swallowed up in the waves. Besides the passions which naturally agitate and alarm the human mind in such awful situations, when certain death, in one of its most terrible forms, is before it, Columbus had to endure feelings of distress peculiar to himself. He dreaded that all knowledge of the amazing discoveries which he had made was now to perish; mankind were to be deprived of every benefit that might have been derived from the happy success of his schemes; and his own name would descend to posterity as that of a rash, deluded adventurer, instead of being transmitted with the honour due to the author and conductor of the most noble enterprise that had ever been undertaken. These reflections extinguished all sense of his own personal danger. Less affected with the loss of life than solicitous to preserve the memory of what he had attempted and achieved, he retired to his cabin, and wrote upon parchment a short account of the voyage which he had made, of the course which he had taken, of the situation and riches of the countries which he had discovered, and of the colony that he had left there. Having wrapped up this in an oiled cloth, which he enclosed in a cake of wax, he put it into a cask carefully stopped up, and threw it into the sea, in hopes that some fortunate accident might preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world.'

The storm at length abated, and Columbus was able to reach the Azores. After being detained here for a short time by a dispute with the Portuguese governor of one of the islands, he continued his voyage, anxious to reach Spain before the *Pinta*, which had again parted company with him in the storm, with the design, he feared, of being the first to carry the news of his discovery to Spain. A second storm, however, obliged him to make for the coast of Portugal, and take refuge in the Tagus. Proceeding to Lisbon by the king's invitation, he was received with the highest honours—having thus the satisfaction of announcing the success of his great scheme to the very persons who, fourteen years before, had scouted and rejected it. After remaining five days at Lisbon, he set out for Palos, having still heard no tidings of the *Pinta*. He reached the little Spanish seaport on the 15th of March—more than seven months from the time of his departure from it. Great was the excitement among the inhabitants as they saw the little bark, which they instantly recognised, standing up the river. And when the news spread that the New World was discovered, that Columbus had returned with gold and specimens of the productions of the new lands, and, above all, with live natives on board his ship, the joy was indescribable. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended, and the whole population hurried to the shore to receive the admiral with shouts and acclamations, such as usually attend the visits of royalty. Columbus's first act on landing was to march with his people to church, to return thanks for the success of his voyage. On the evening of the day of his arrival, the missing *Pinta* likewise entered the harbour, having been driven far to the north by the violence of the storm. The commander, Martin Alonzo Pinzon, full of remorse and chagrin for his past conduct, took to his bed almost immediately on reaching Palos, and died in a few days.

After the first expressions of joy and admiration, Columbus departed for Sevilla. From this place he sent a message to Barcelona, where the king and queen at that time resided, to lay before them a brief account of his voyage, and to receive from them an indication of their royal will. His reception at Barcelona was particularly gratifying. He made a sort of triumphal entry, surrounded by knights and nobles, who emulated each other in their efforts to swell his praises. He was received publicly by the sovereigns, in a splendid saloon, seated on the throne, and encircled by a magnificent court. On his entrance, they rose to greet him, and would hardly allow him to kiss their hands, considering it too unworthy a mark of vassalage. Columbus then gave an account of his discoveries, and exhibited the different articles which he had brought home with him. He described the quantity of spices, the promise of gold, the fertility of the soil, the delicious climate, the never-fading verdure of the trees, the brilliant plumage of the birds, in the new regions which his own enterprise had acquired for his sovereigns. He then drew their attention to six natives of the New World, whom he had brought, and who were present, and described their manners and dispositions. He exhibited their dresses and ornaments, their rude utensils, their feeble arms; which corresponded with his description of them as naked and ignorant barbarians. To this he added, that he had observed no traces of idolatry or superstition among them, and that they all seemed to be convinced of the existence of a Supreme Being. The conclusion of his speech was in these words: 'That God had reserved for the Spanish monarchs not only all the treasures of the New World, but a still greater treasure, of inestimable value, in the infinite number of souls destined to be brought over into the bosom of the Christian church.'

After he had finished his address, the whole assembly fell upon their knees, while an anthem was chanted by the choir of the royal chapel. With songs of praise, the glory was given to God for the discovery of a new world. Columbus and his adventures were for many days the wonder and delight of the people and the court. The sovereigns admitted the admiral to their audience at all hours, and loaded him with every mark of favour and distinction. Men of the highest rank were proud of the honour of his company.

The news of the great discovery which had been made soon spread over Europe, and the name of Columbus became at once celebrated over the whole civilised world. As it was universally believed that the lands which he had discovered were what he supposed them to be—the extremity of the Asiatic continent—they were spoken of as the Indies; and hence, even after the error was found out, the name of *West Indies* still continued to be applied to them.

THE SECOND VOYAGE—COLONY FOUNDED IN HISPANIOLA.

No time was lost in fitting out a second expedition to the New World. On the morning of the 25th September 1493, Columbus left the Bay of Cadiz with three large ships and fourteen caravels, loaded with everything necessary to found a colony, and manned, not with despondent sailors, as the first fleet had been, but with eager and joyous adventurers, with young and bold cavaliers. In the fleet were several enthusiastic priests, who embarked with the intention of spreading Christianity among the benighted heathens of the new lands.

Steering farther south than in his last voyage, the first land which Columbus made was one of the Caribbee or Leeward Islands, to which he gave the name of Dominica. It was discovered on the 2d of

November 1493. After cruising for about three weeks among these islands, giving names to several of the largest, among which may be mentioned Puerto Rico, and everywhere discovering traces of that savage and warlike disposition which the Haytians had attributed to the Caribs, he bent his course to the north-west, anxious to learn the fate of the little colony which he had left at Hispaniola. Anchoring off the coast of La Navidad, he was surprised and alarmed to find none of the Spaniards on the shore to welcome him, and to receive no return-signals to the shots which he fired announcing his arrival. He soon learned the dreadful truth. Not a man of the thirty-eight he had left remained alive—they had all fallen victims to their own imprudence and licentiousness. A mystery hung about their story which was never fully cleared up; but it appeared, from the accounts of the natives, that as soon as Columbus had departed, the men had begun to range through the island, committing all sorts of crimes, and losing the respect of the Indians; that at length one of the five chieftains of the island, named Caonabo, had attacked the fort, and put them all to death; and that Guacanagari and many of his subjects had been wounded in trying to protect them. With this account Columbus was obliged to be content, although some of his officers questioned its truth, and suspected Guacanagari of having been concerned in the massacre of their countrymen.

A second colony was immediately founded under better auspices. The plan of a city was marked out; and in a short time the building was sufficiently far advanced to afford protection to all who intended to remain on the island. To this rising city Columbus gave the name of Isabella, in honour of the queen of Castile. Even thus early in the history of the colony, however, symptoms of discontent broke out. Many of the Spaniards were attacked by the diseases incident to a new climate; others, and especially such as were of noble families, began to complain of the hard labour imposed upon them. They had imagined that, on reaching the New World, they would find lumps of gold lying on the soil ready to be gathered, and mines of diamonds, which it would only be necessary to open, in order to grow rich; and when they found that what gold the island contained was only to be obtained by industry, and that the principal value of the new country consisted in the fertility of its soil, and its readiness to yield abundant produce to the patient cultivator, they could not conceal their disappointment and dislike to the ambitious foreigner, whose false representations, they said, had lured them from their homes. To banish these gloomy thoughts from the minds of the colonists, Columbus, as soon as the settlement of Isabella was in tolerable condition, employed himself and his men in expeditions into the interior of the island, especially to the mountainous district of Cibao, where gold was said to be obtained in largest quantities.

Returning from a long expedition into the interior in the end of

March 1494, Columbus found the colony of Isabella in a most flourishing condition. The only drawbacks to the satisfaction of Columbus were the illness of many of the colonists, their growing discontent, and the symptoms of ill-will which the natives began at length to manifest towards the Spaniards. Still, as there was no appearance of any interruption to the tranquillity of the colony, Columbus resolved to undertake a voyage of discovery through the archipelago, with a view to reach the great Indian continent, of which his imagination was still full. Leaving, therefore, his brother Diego to govern the island, with the assistance of a council of officers, and intrusting the command of a body of soldiers to Don Pedro Margarita, he sailed from Hayti on the 24th of April 1494. For five months he sailed in various directions through the West Indian Archipelago in quest of the imaginary Cathay or Cipango; discovering nothing of consequence, however, except the island of Jamaica. The weather was tempestuous; and it was only by incessant care on the part of the admiral that his fleet was kept afloat. At length, wearied out with his labours, he was attacked by a violent fever, which terminated in a sort of lethargy or paralysis of all his faculties; and his officers, despairing of his life, returned to Hispaniola in the month of September.

Here a joyful surprise awaited Columbus, which contributed greatly to his recovery. His brother Bartholomew, whom he had not seen for several years, had arrived in the island during his absence. Bartholomew, it will be remembered, had been despatched in 1488 to England, with offers of his brother's project to Henry VII.; but had been captured by pirates on the way. Escaping at length, he was engaged in negotiations with the English monarch, when he learned that his brother had returned to Spain, with the announcement of a new world. Ere he could reach Spain, however, Columbus had departed on his second voyage; but on arriving, he had been treated with great honour by the Spanish sovereigns, and intrusted with the command of a squadron which they were sending out to the colony with provisions. Bartholomew was a man of extraordinary vigour and talent, with less enthusiasm and genius than his brother the admiral, but his equal in decision and sagacity; and much superior to his other brother Diego, who, though a worthy and good man, was of soft and yielding character.

During Columbus's absence, the colony had fallen into confusion. Besides the growing discontent of many of the colonists, the natives were in insurrection—provoked, as it appeared, by the ravages and cruelties of the whites. It was necessary, in the first place, to reduce the natives to obedience. Several months were spent in this wretched and bloody work, which was at length accomplished at the expense of the lives of some Spaniards and thousands of the natives. Many of the latter were also taken prisoners, and reduced to servitude; some of them being even shipped to Spain, to be sold in the slave-market.

The natives universally were compelled to pay tribute. 'Each person above fourteen years of age, who lived in those districts where gold was found, was obliged to pay quarterly as much gold-dust as filled a hawk's bell; from those in other parts of the country, twenty-five pounds of cotton were demanded.' This was the first regular taxation of the Indians, and served as a precedent for exactions still more intolerable. Such an imposition was extremely contrary to those maxims which Columbus had hitherto inculcated with respect to the mode of treating them. But intrigues were carrying on in the court of Spain at this juncture, in order to undermine his power and discredit his operations, which constrained him to depart from his own system of administration. Several unfavourable accounts of his conduct, as well as of the countries discovered by him, had been transmitted to Spain. Columbus saw that there was but one method of supporting his own credit, and of silencing his adversaries: he must produce such a quantity of gold as would not only justify what he had reported with respect to the richness of the country, but encourage Ferdinand and Isabella to persevere in prosecuting his plans. The necessity of obtaining it forced him not only to impose this heavy tax upon the Indians, but to exact payment of it with extreme rigour; and may be pleaded in excuse for his deviating on this occasion from the mildness and humanity with which he uniformly treated that unhappy people.

The task of reducing the island to order occupied Columbus till towards the end of the year 1495. Meanwhile, the representations of his enemies in Spain had gained such weight over the cold and jealous Ferdinand, and even over the generous soul of Isabella, that they resolved to send out a commissioner to investigate into his conduct. The person chosen for this office was Aguado, a groom of the king's bed-chamber. On arriving in Hispaniola, Aguado's behaviour was so arrogant, and had such a bad effect upon the interests of the colony, that Columbus determined to proceed to Spain, and vindicate his conduct personally to the sovereigns. Accordingly, appointing his brother Bartholomew *adelantado*, or lieutenant-governor, of the island, and Francis Roldan chief-justice, he set sail in the spring of 1496, and arrived safely in Spain.

THIRD AND FOURTH VOYAGES—ILL-TREATMENT OF COLUMBUS—DEATH.

The appearance of Columbus in Spain, his manly and candid defence of his conduct, his glowing exposition of the value of his discoveries, and the best means of prosecuting them, had the effect of silencing his detractors for the time. A third expedition was fitted out at his solicitations. It was not, however, till the beginning of 1498 that all was in readiness. This delay arose partly from the dilatoriness of officials, and partly from the unwillingness of men to engage in an enterprise which did not now appear so captivating as it did at first. 'To supply the want of voluntary recruits, a measure was adopted at the suggestion of Columbus, which shews the desperate alternatives to which he was reduced by the great reaction of public sentiment. This was to commute the sentences of criminals condemned to banishment, to the galleys, or to the mines, into transportation to the new settlements, where they were to labour in the public service without pay. This pernicious measure, calculated to poison the population of an infant community at its very source, was a fruitful cause of trouble, and misery, and detriment to the colony. It has been frequently adopted by various nations whose superior experience should have taught them better, and has proved the bane of many a rising settlement. It is assuredly as unnatural for a metropolis to cast forth its crimes and its vices upon its colonies, as it would be for a parent willingly to ingraft disease upon his children.'

On the 30th of May 1498, Columbus set sail on his third voyage, with a squadron of six vessels. Sailing much farther south in this voyage than he had done in the two former, he landed on the coast of Paria, in the South American continent. The circumstances of this third voyage, part of which lay within the tropics, and the appearance of the new coasts to which it conducted him, made a strong impression on the mind of Columbus, which had a natural bent for theorising upon every phenomenon presented to it. Among other theories which he started about this time, was one by which he attempted to explain the variation of the compass, and other extraordinary changes which occurred in passing from the Old World to the New. According to this theory, he supposed that the earth, instead of being spherical, as hitherto imagined, was elongated or pear-shaped, with one end bulbous, and the other produced and tapering—a theory which, however absurd it may seem, was really a step in advance of the science of the day.

After coasting along the South American continent, acquiring information which he thought all tended to shew that he was on the track of the long-desired Indies of Marco Polo, Columbus was obliged, by the shattered condition of his ships, to make for Hispaniola. Here he found all in confusion. Roldan, whom he had appointed chief-justice, had rebelled against the authority of the adelantado, and was living in another part of the island as the head of a band of insurgents. Bartholomew had governed the colony vigorously and well; but being a foreigner, and not of high birth, he was unpopular with the Spaniards. It required all Columbus's skill and command of temper to restore the semblance of order. 'By a seasonable proclamation, offering free pardon to such as should merit it by returning to their duty, he made impression upon some of the malcontents. By engaging to grant such as should desire it the liberty of returning to Spain, he allured all those unfortunate adventurers who, from sickness and disappointment, were disgusted with the country. By promising to re-establish Roldan in his former office, he soothed his pride; and by complying with most of his demands in behalf of his followers, he satisfied their avarice. Thus gradually, and without bloodshed, but after many tedious negotiations, he dissolved this dangerous combination, which threatened the colony with ruin, and restored the appearance of order, regular government, and tranquillity.

Meanwhile, Columbus's enemies were again undermining his popularity in Spain. The accounts which Roldan and others sent home of the arrogance of Columbus and his brothers, received more credit than the admiral's own dispatches. Owing also to the cessation of labour in the colony, Columbus was unable to send home so much wealth as the sovereigns expected. Private adventurers were likewise fitting out expeditions of discovery to the New World; and Ferdinand began to be of opinion that it would be more for the interests of the crown to deprive Columbus of his great and exclusive privileges as his viceroy in the New World, and to place the colonial government on a new footing. Isabella alone seemed to befriend the admiral. At length, however, on the arrival of some ships from Hispaniola freighted with natives, whom Columbus had been forced to permit some of the refractory colonists to take with them on their return to Spain, to be sold in the slave-market, her queenly soul, abhorring the idea of making wealth by the sale of human beings, took fire, and she indignantly exclaimed: 'What right has the admiral to give away my vassals?' She no longer opposed Ferdinand's desire to send out a person to examine into the conduct of Columbus, and, if necessary, to order him home. The person chosen as commissioner was Don Francisco de Bovadilla, an officer of the royal household.

On arriving at Hispaniola, Bovadilla reversed the order of his written instructions: he superseded Columbus before investigating into his conduct. Entering the admiral's residence at Isabella, he seized all his furniture, books, and papers; and by his orders, Columbus, with his brothers Diego and Bartholomew, were put in irons. What a burlesque on national gratitude was this outrage! The man who had led Europeans to an acquaintance with America, actually put in manacles by a miserable instrument of the Spanish government! Overcome with emotion, Columbus was thus led on board a ship which waited to receive him. On arriving on board, an officer charged with the duty of attending on him and his brothers offered, with considerate humanity, to remove the irons from his prisoners; but the admiral refused, saying that they were put on by the command of their majesties, and should remain till removed by the same authority. These irons Columbus afterwards preserved as relics.

The rumour was no sooner circulated at Cadiz and Sevilla that

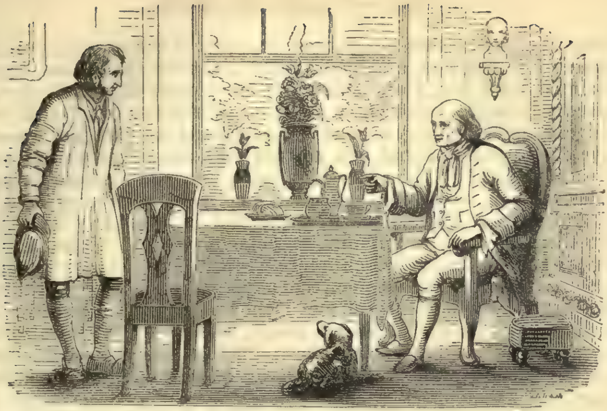
Columbus and his brothers had arrived, loaded with chains, and condemned to death, than it gave rise to a burst of public indignation. The excitement was strong and universal; and messengers were immediately despatched to convey the intelligence to Ferdinand and Isabella. The sovereigns were moved by this exhibition of popular feeling, and were offended that their name and authority should have been used to sanction such dishonourable violence. They gave orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoners, and for their being escorted to Granada with the respect and honour they deserved. They annulled, without examination, all the processes against them, and promised an ample punishment for all their wrongs. At his first interview with the sovereigns after his arrival, Columbus was so overcome that he threw himself at their feet, where he remained for some minutes drowned in tears, and unable to speak from the violence of his sobbings.

Columbus, however, was not re-appointed to his command in Hispaniola. Bovadilla, it is true, was superseded; but his successor was Don Nicholas de Ovando, a Spanish cavalier. It was represented to Columbus that this appointment was only temporary, and that as soon as the colony was in an orderly condition, he would be reinstated in his privileges. In the meantime, he was to undertake a fourth voyage of discovery. In consequence of the knowledge which he had obtained on his previous voyages—as well as from the voyages of the numerous adventurers who followed him—of the extent of the American continent, connected with the announcement with which Europe was then ringing, of the final accomplishment of the great feat of the circumnavigation of Africa by Vasco da Gama in 1497, the genius of Columbus had conceived a new project, or rather a modification of his former one. This was the discovery of some strait lying somewhere between Honduras and Paria, in about the situation of what is now known as the Isthmus of Darien, and leading into the Indian Ocean. Having discovered this strait, he would sail through it, coast along the Indies to the shores of Arabia, and either sail up the Red Sea, and travel overland to Spain, or repeat Vasco da Gama's feat the reverse way, and reach Spain after having circumnavigated the world. Such was the gigantic scheme with the thoughts of which the great old man regaled his declining years. We mistake the character of Columbus if we suppose him merely to have been a man of extraordinary courage, coupled with what we usually understand by the term intellect. He had perhaps one of the most daring and fanciful imaginations. He regarded himself as a personage expressly predestined by Heaven to discover a new world, and prepare the way for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the conversion of the whole world to Christianity. These three events he conceived to be linked to each other by prophecy; and he considered that he was the instrument in God's hands for bringing them all about.

On the 9th of May 1502, Columbus again set sail from Cadiz on a fourth voyage of discovery. During this expedition, he touched at some parts of the South American continent, and also at some of the formerly discovered islands; but he failed in making any important discoveries, in consequence of the bad state of his vessels, which were old, and unfit for sailing. With a squadron reduced to a single vessel, he now returned to Spain, where he heard with regret of the death of his patron Isabella. This was a sad blow to his expectations of redress and remuneration. Ferdinand was jealous and ungrateful. He was weary of a man who had conferred so much glory on his kingdom, and unwilling to repay him with the honours and privileges his extraordinary services so richly merited. Columbus therefore sank into obscurity, and was reduced to such straitened circumstances, that, according to his own account, he had no place to repair to except an inn, and very frequently had not wherewithal to pay his reckoning. Disgusted and mortified by the base conduct of Ferdinand, exhausted with the hardships which he had suffered, and oppressed with infirmities, Columbus closed his life at Valladolid on the 20th of May 1506. He died with a composure of mind suitable to the magnanimity which distinguished his character, and with sentiments of piety becoming that supreme respect for religion which he manifested in every occurrence of his life.

Columbus experienced the fate of most great men—little esteemed during his life, but almost deified after his decease. Ferdinand, with a meanness which covers his memory with infamy, allowed this great man to pine and die, a victim of injustice and mortification; but no sooner was he dead, than he erected a splendid monument over his remains in one of the churches of Sevilla. The body of Columbus was not destined, however, to be indebted to Spain for even this posthumous honour; it was afterwards, according to the will of the deceased, transferred to St Domingo, and buried in the cathedral there; but on the cession of that island to the French in the year 1795, it was transferred to Havana, in the island of Cuba, where we hope it will rest in peace.

The discoveries of Columbus laid open a knowledge of what are now termed the West India Islands, and a small portion of the South American continent, which this great navigator, till the day of his death, believed to be a part of Asia or India. About ten years after his decease, the real character of America and its islands became known to European navigators; and by a casual circumstance, one of these adventurers, *Amerigo* Vespucci, a Florentine, had the honour of conferring the name *America* upon a division of the globe which ought, in justice, to have been called after the unfortunate COLUMBUS.



STORIES OF AIMS AND ENDS.

FIRST STORY.

I.

THE scene of our story opens in a pretty country-house near a village in France. The master of the mansion, the venerable M. Grandville, has called in Jacque Denoyer, his gardener, with whom he desired to have some conversation.

'Please to sit down, Jacque; take a chair,' said M. Grandville. 'I want to have a little chat with you. Sit down, I tell you.'

Jacque Denoyer seated himself near the door of the parlour where M. Grandville was breakfasting; he had a look of uneasiness, and a sudden blush gave a deeper colour to a face already embrowned by the sun.

'I am quite satisfied with you,' continued M. Grandville. 'If you go on the rest of the year as you have done this month of trial, I do not think we shall soon part with each other; as far at least as depends upon me. And now, Denoyer, are you quite satisfied here? Have you not too much to do? Can you manage both stable and garden?'

'Why not, sir?' replied Jacque Denoyer. 'If I had ten times as much to do, I would not complain. Can I ever do enough for you, sir, who have saved from misery myself, my wife, and our three children?'

'One thing astonishes me, Jacque, and that is the extreme poverty in which I found you and your wife; and now that I am better acquainted with you, I am still more astonished at it. At first, I believed you to be indolent, or destitute of ability; but I find you intelligent, quick, willing, a good gardener, and an excellent groom. I have even perceived that you are not without industry; that you are ready to supply exigences which often occur in a country place. Besides, you are not a bad mechanic, and you even know how to read and write. How comes it, then, that in a country like this, where there are rich proprietors, manufactures of all kinds, marble quarries, and forges, in which any one who has hands may get employment—how comes it, then, that at your age you were destitute?'

The embarrassment of Jacque Denoyer visibly increased; he twisted and twirled his hat in his hands, without daring to raise his eyes; and it might have easily been guessed that he would have preferred being anywhere else than in M. Grandville's breakfast parlour.

'Jacque Denoyer,' said he, in a tone full of kindness, 'it is not as a master, it is as a friend I ask you these questions—it is as a man well convinced that it is never too late to endeavour at least to correct a defect or a vice which compromises both our own well-being and that of those who depend on us. Yes, my friend, let us have but the will, and we may at any age eradicate evil inclinations or pernicious habits. Come, speak openly. Tell me how you, who seem to be so clever a man, should be so very poor a one?'

Thus encouraged and spoken to by his master—a thing not unusual in France—Jacque commenced his story.

'I am the son of a decent, well-doing man, who followed the profession of a stone-carver in the town of Troyes. When still young, my father taught me a few things, and was quite pleased with my quickness of learning. M. Imbert, who was acquainted with my family, and who was the best architect in the town of Troyes, desired to see me on my father's report of me; and he said to him before me: "You must put this child to school; he will learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing; when he is thoroughly instructed in them, I will take him to my office, and if he continues to shew talent, we will make a distinguished master-mason of him, or else an architect, as I am."

'You may suppose, sir, how delighted my father was, and my mother also. I was the only one spared to them of ten children, and they caught eagerly at the thought of making a gentleman of me, like M. Imbert.

'After I had attended school for about a month, the master began to take notice of me. No sooner did I wish, than I learned. But I never gave myself any trouble, and I did as much business in ten minutes as the others did for the four hours of school. But when I knew that I was a genius, it was then indeed I took matters easy. Yes, sir, the master, the neighbours, the gentlemen of the town who examined me, said so to my father; and the poor dear man did not know himself for joy at having a son a *genius*.

'Although I did not very clearly know what a genius was, I was a good deal puffed up with the idea of being one, and on that account took things easily at school, learning only now and then when in the humour, but in the main passing ahead of my schoolfellows. At the last public examination I went through before leaving school, I distinguished myself by my answering; and the master said to me: "You will get on, however little you may work."

'M. Imbert, who was present at the examination, took me home with him according to promise, and thus was I most advantageously placed for making my way in the world. I was at first delighted at the thought of becoming an architect, so much the more as M. Imbert was goodness itself, and took great interest in me; but at the end of a year I had got enough of it. I felt a great desire to try something else. M. Imbert began to see my indifference, or rather my unwillingness to stick steadily to his business. He remonstrated and scolded in a way far from pleasant. "Jacque," said he, "I am afraid you will never do any good—Jack-of-all-trades and master of none." Tired of this sort of dog-life, and with a mind to be a soldier, I was more than half-pleased when I was drawn by the conscription. My parents, as you may well believe, were greatly grieved at it; but so was not I. Ah, sir, at that time the uniform was so handsome! and I, a youngster, already saw myself a captain, colonel, general, and what not beside. I seemed as if I had nothing to do but to put my foot in the stirrup. There were a great many raw recruits like myself, but then I had received a better education than most of them.'

'Well, I hope you did your duty as a soldier?' observed M. Grandville.

II.

'You shall hear,' proceeded Denoyer. 'On entering the army, I soon found that all is not gold that glitters. It is one thing to idle about the streets in a gaudy uniform, and another to endure fatigue, wounds, and starvation. The Russian campaign was destined to give me a trial of soldiering. I passed three months with the dépôt of the regiment, which was quartered in the environs of Mayence, on this side of the Rhine. I was one of five or six hundred recruits who were drilled every day, and all day long. I knew my business as well in a fortnight as the oldest veteran; and our officers took notice of me already, and predicted that I should have epaulets at the end of the campaign. As I wrote a good hand, and spelt well, my sergeant-major intrusted me with his business, which I performed whilst he was amusing himself at Baden, on the other side of the Rhine; and that obtained me some kindnesses on his part.

'At this time my passion for books was stronger than ever. As one was never out of my hand, I passed for a very learned man, which did not at all make me a favourite with my comrades, or even with our officers; for then, sir, people did not think so much of men of education as they do now. What is more, the Emperor himself, great man as he was, did not much like his soldiers to be readers. All he wanted was, to see them do his bidding; and he was furious at the notion of any one thinking for himself. Well, the order arrived for us to repair to Hamburg, to rejoin the Maréchal Davout, Prince of Eckmühl. Then we went through Prussia and Poland, and stood fire for the first time at Mohilev. Look, sir, one who has not seen a battle, and a battle like that, where nine of our cavalry regiments were cut in pieces, can scarcely estimate the truth of the Spanish proverb, "War is the feast of death." Surely it is the feast of wolves. I felt that day my blood boiling in my veins, and yet my courage was more in exercise in subsequent battles than on that day of Mohilev. Then I was like one drunk or mad, but afterwards I knew the danger.

'I will say nothing, sir, of our horrible retreat, nor of the passage of the Beresina. It has been related by others in their books much better than I could do it. Surely the horrors of that time were sufficient to open the eyes of those who think that to turn the earth into a slaughter-house, and men into butchers of each other, is heroism! If in every war the Chinese saying comes true—I long ago met with it in a book, when I didn't believe it; now I do—"The most brilliant victory is only the light of a conflagration, which the tears of suffering humanity slakes into a smoke, the faithful emblem of its miscalled glory"—if this be true of every war, what must be said of the horrors of this disastrous epoch, in which we had to contend at once with men and the elements—earth and heaven! There are still times, sir, when I start up in my sleep, when in my dreams I am again in the midst of these terrors. No words could place before you the sufferings, physical and moral, then endured. All social ties were broken. Hunger, devouring hunger, reduced us to the brutal instinct of self-preservation; while, like savages, the strongest despoiled the weakest. They rushed round the dying, and frequently waited not for their last breath; and if some preserved enough of good in them to consult their own safety without injuring others, yet their virtue, save in some few rare instances, went no further. Leader or comrade fell by our side, and we passed by him without moving a step out of our way, for fear of prolonging our journey, or even turning our head; for our beard and our hair were stiffened by the ice, and every motion was pain. Often have I seen real tears of blood flowing from eyes inflamed by the continual sight of the snow and the smoke of the bivouacs; and then the poor creatures fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands—their heads moved for a little alternately to the right and left—some faint cries of agony escaped from their open mouths—at last they fell on the snow, and died. I saw, but even did not pity them; for what had they lost by dying?

'At Youpranoüi, the same village where the emperor only missed by an hour being taken by the Russian partisan Leslawin, the soldiers burned the houses completely as they stood, merely to warm themselves for a few minutes. The light of these fires attracted some of those miserable wretches whom the excessive severity of the cold and their sufferings had rendered delirious; they ran in like madmen, and gnashing their teeth, and laughing like demons, threw themselves into these furnaces, where they perished in the most horrible convulsions. Their famished companions regarded them undismayed; there were even some who drew out these bodies from the flames, and it is but too true that they ventured to pollute their mouths with this loathsome food! But I must not talk any more of that dreadful time.

'Only a few thousands, as you know, lived to come back to France. I was one of them; but I was worn out, and having been badly wounded, I got my discharge. It was some time before I was like my former self, and had quite enough of military affairs. Instead of returning to Troyes a great general, I crawled into it a beggar. The hope of returning to the house of my poor dear father had very much helped to keep me alive; and what, therefore, was my distress of mind when I found that the good man was dead! M. Imbert, my former master, had left the country. My poor old mother, almost blind, was living in loneliness and poverty; she who had always been so comfortably off. My return to her, sir, was truly a scene. We spent the first day weeping for our country, my father, and ourselves. The next day we began to try what I could do to earn bread; but, alas! everywhere an apprenticeship was necessary, even for six months; and my mother had almost nothing more to sell, and there were two to be maintained now.

'For the thousandth time I was sorry for having been a genius. I wished I had been a plain blockhead, with only as much sense as could have learned a handicraft; for now I should have been above starvation. I considered myself the most unlucky dog in existence; I felt, as it were, that my education had been my ruin.'

'Stop, Jacque; I cannot agree to your reasoning,' said M. Grandville. 'Nothing is wanting to him who has a determined purpose, who applies all the energy of his will, and steadily perseveres in the same object; that is to say, he has an end, a single end, to which his every action, his every thought refers.'

'Well, sir, I had one. All my actions and all my thoughts were occupied with my mother. I wished with all my heart to deliver her from poverty, and to make some provision for her old age, and

I could hardly succeed in keeping her from absolute want. The rich, sir, little know how hard it is for poor people to gain a livelihood.'

'I know it, and that better than most people, Jacque Denoyer. If I now enjoy a competence, I only owe it to my perseverance in the profession my father obliged me to embrace against my will, and from which all my tastes revolted. But, like you, I had an aged and infirm mother, with no other support but myself; and, more than you, I had a sister also to provide for. My mother lived to a great age, surrounded with all the comforts of life. She had seen my sister and myself well settled, and she died in the midst of her grandchildren, blessing us with the fondest affection.'

Jacque Denoyer made a motion as if going to rise; he appeared greatly moved; but remained in his place.

'Sir,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'my mother blessed me also! Notwithstanding, she died with great grief at heart; she knew not what would become of me; and in fact I knew not myself. I wished much to leave the town; for in Troyes our equals had seen us well off and well clothed, and I was then so wretched. M. Deschamps, a solicitor, whom I knew by name, was at this time in want of a trustworthy man to carry money to Bar-sur-Seine. Some one mentioned me to him. He would only pay my expenses there, but not back. I did not care for that, as I did not intend returning to the town. I knew that my mother had a brother who was living in the environs of Bar-sur-Seine, so I resolved to go to him. I knew of no other relation in the world; and so I set out. Ah, sir, my heart failed me when leaving Troyes! I had nobody belonging to me but this uncle, and if he did not devise some plan, what was to become of me?

'An excellent man, sir, was my uncle; every one knew Father Mercier, for so he was styled, for the circuit of ten leagues round. He was considered a very learned man, having studied with the view of becoming a priest before the great Revolution; and so much the more, as he had been Professor of the French tongue at Bar-sur-Seine for some time. But for ten years he had lived quietly at Landreville, where he had opened a little school for children. He had no children, and his wife was dead; but Toinette Lerouge, his step-daughter, lived with him.

'I was received like a son, sir; and at the end of a week my uncle said to me: "If you will marry Toinette, I will make you my heir. The house and garden are not very large, but they are entirely my own. You know enough to keep school and Toinette also, for she takes my place when I go to the mayoralty to copy deeds. The mayor is fond of us; for my sake, he will employ you when I am unable to work; and if, my children, you do but put your minds to the work, things will go on well." To say the truth, Toinette pleased me greatly; she was neat and pretty, active at her work, and always in good-humour. The only thing I have never repented of in my life is having taken her for a wife. Yes, sir, if it was to do over again, I would do it again. I say so to her every day; and I have said so to her at a time when we were so unhappy, that the greatest favour the good God would have done us would have been to take us out of this world.

'We were now married. I became a schoolmaster, and filled my uncle's place at the mayoralty. It appeared to me most strange at first being obliged to bear so patiently with this little noisy set, I who had been in the habit of seeing such strict discipline. I felt greatly displeased at it. There was one point upon which my uncle and I never could agree—it was upon education. He maintained that knowledge should be diffused as much as possible; that we French were in this respect behind every other civilised nation; that it was shameful to find so few knowing either how to read or write; and that the ignorance of the people was in a great measure the cause of their wretched condition. But, sir, I maintained the contrary. My uncle tried to persuade me that my arguments came from a spirit of contradiction; that though I had lost my time, and was ready for everything, but good for nothing, the fault lay not in my reading and writing, but in my character—my love of change, and want of steady application, and many other things which I do not remember. Nor was my employer the mayor behind-hand in his arguments on the same subject.

'One day in particular, after having read me a lecture of an hour long, he said to me: "Listen, Denoyer; I will put a case to you which you will understand, since you have read scientific books, and have been in chemical laboratories. Let us suppose that you, an ignorant man, wished to make use of instruments which you have seen produce marvellous things in the hands of chemists and natural philosophers—what would happen? Not knowing how to make use of them, you would burst the retorts; you would break the instruments; you would hurt yourself, and indignantly exclaim: 'All this is good for nothing but to waste time and maim people.' But if you have lost your time and maimed yourself, is it the fault of the instruments or of those who make them work wonders, or rather yours, who do not know how to use them?"—That was a famous argument, sir,' said Jacque Denoyer.

'And what answer did you make to the mayor?' demanded M. Grandville, smiling.

'I do not remember, sir. I was more ready with an answer then than I am now. But the mayor, without yielding an inch of ground, said to me: "Well, Denoyer, both at school and at M. Imbert's you were given instruments which you did not know how to make use of, because you did not wish to do so. Knowing how to read, write, cipher, and draw, would have enabled you, with the advice of M. Imbert, to become a distinguished man, no matter in what career, if you had been resolved to work; but you were not so resolved. Then M. Imbert was glad to get rid of you, and let you go off as a soldier. In the regiment, your knowledge was of some little use to you; but you did not try to increase it—to extend it—the only means of rendering it profitable. On your return, if you had not known how to read or write, you would not have been able to support your mother, not having any trade at your finger-ends; for with your head, if even you had not known how to read or write, for all that you would not have been a stone-cutter, like your father, and you would not now be a schoolmaster. Your knowledge, however slight it may be, has been of some use to you in the regiment, at Troyes, and here; it is not that, therefore, which has injured you, but your not knowing how to make use of it—your carelessness, and the changeableness of your disposition, which you have never endeavoured to overcome."—This was very hard to hear, sir,' continued Jacque Denoyer. 'Happily, the mayor only spoke thus to me when we were alone together. I felt at times that he was right, but I asked myself afterwards: Who will answer for it but that many of my pupils will be like myself? Instead of following a good trade, they will employ their time now at one thing and now at another; and in the end they also will only arrive at being ready for everything, and good for nothing. And then scruples of conscience arose, and I felt that, by instructing them, I was not well employed, because I was not at all persuaded of the utility of the instruction that I was giving them. However, sir, things went on pretty well till the death of my uncle; then my disgust increased so very much that I wandered all day like a troubled spirit. Toinette anxiously inquired what was the matter with me. Ah! Toinette is a woman of sense and of a kind heart. She entered into my scruples, and said to me: "Jacque, you must not follow a profession which troubles your conscience. See what you would like to undertake. Even if you should wish to quit the country, I am ready to go with you." She spoke to the mayor, who was kind enough to write to some person of his acquaintance at Bar-sur-Seine. This person procured me a place as overseer in the paper-factory of M. Bonchamp. We bade adieu to Landreville, after having sold our house and garden; and I went to reside with Toinette and Pierre, our first-born, at M. Bonchamp's, at Bar-sur-Seine.

'I should only tire you were I to tell you how from M. Bonchamp I went to M. Laville, from M. Laville to M. Blanche, from M. Blanche to M. Lafond, and from that to I know not how many places. I could not stay long anywhere.'

'How came that?' asked M. Grandville, who had listened to Jacque Denoyer with much interest.

'I do not know, sir; if it was not that, continually thinking, in spite of myself, of what the mayor had said to me, I wished to make up for lost time, and laboured to increase my knowledge, so as to render me decidedly good for something. But I was discouraged at seeing how many things I had to learn; and I thought that it was henceforth too late to become a really well-informed or good workman. Once discouraged, I neglected my duty, and thus got myself discharged.

'At first, every one was good enough to be astonished at the quantity of things I knew; at my finding a remedy for everything; at my being able to supply, by my own invention, anything wanting in the workshops and in the house. But astonishment and praise were soon succeeded by their getting tired of the interruptions thus occasioned to that part of the business committed to me. They first became exacting, and then unjust. Ah, sir, why did I learn to read and write? Why was I not all my life a good workman, like my father? An excellent man he was! He never opened a book in his life, nor my mother either.'

'And does Toinette know how to read and write?' inquired M. Grandville.

'Yes, sir, and to write also very nicely. At one time that, finding nothing to do, I left Bar-sur-Seine as a carrier, she took it into her head to open a class for little girls. During the two years I was absent, she earned enough to be enabled to shew me, on my return, my three children comfortably clothed, and some articles of furniture in the house which were not there when I went away.'

'Was it you that prevented her from continuing it?'

'No, sir; it was the government. Toinette had no diploma, and you must have one to keep a school; and she was not learned enough to pass an examination.'

'If you had remained at Landreville,' said M. Grandville, 'could you have succeeded your uncle as schoolmaster?'

'Yes, sir; thanks to the patronage of the mayor, who would have given me a diploma.'

'And would Toinette have been able to keep the class in your absence?'

'Without the least difficulty, sir.'

'Jacque Denoyer,' said M. Grandville in a serious tone, 'reflect, I beg of you, on all you have just been telling me; then decide yourself whose fault it has been if your lot, and that of your wife and children, have been marked by misfortune. By your own avowal, Toinette is almost as well educated as yourself, and her knowledge, far from being injurious to her, has been useful both to herself and young family. How comes it, then, that what has, as you say, been utterly useless to you, has been to her a means of livelihood?'

Jacque Denoyer regarded M. Grandville with an air of astonishment, as he answered: 'I cannot tell, sir, and I have never thought of this difference.'

'Do think of it, I beg of you,' said M. Grandville, rising. 'When you have found out the cause of this difference, we will have another talk about it.'

Jacque Denoyer rose with his master, and bowing respectfully, returned to the garden.

III.

On entering the garden, Jacque found that his children were employed with their mother in weeding the borders. He passed by them without speaking, and taking his ladder and pruning-knife, went to tie up and dress the vine, which was beginning to shoot. As he worked, the mind of Jacque Denoyer was occupied with more serious reflections than he had ever had in his life. For a moment a blush overspread his countenance, as he felt how inferior he was in all points to his courageous Toinette, who had never desponded as he had done, and who had contrived, with the little knowledge she possessed, to give bread to her children, and even to her husband.

How was it that, endowed with many advantages, and aided by almost every one he met, he had all his life remained in obscurity, and even in indigence, whilst many of his old companions, much less gifted by nature, and less favoured by circumstances, had contrived to gain, if not a competence, at least a livelihood? How was it that he always found himself ready for everything, and good for nothing?

But it was in vain that Jacque Denoyer put these questions to himself for nearly two hours that day; he could not solve the enigma.

In the evening, when the children were in bed, Jacque Denoyer and Toinette found themselves alone together, as they usually were at the close of each day. Living happily together, they sat up a little late at night, either to converse, or because Jacque had some interesting book to read to Toinette whilst she was at her work.

'What is the matter with you this evening?' inquired Toinette of her husband, seeing him dull and absent. 'Are you already dissatisfied with this place?' added she with inquietude.

'If I were dissatisfied here,' replied Jacque, continuing to straighten the teeth of his rake, 'I should be unworthy of so good a master—a master who gives one such good advices.'

'What has he said to you?'

'Said! Nothing at all. He wants me to tell him the reason of something, and I cannot find out the reason.'

'The reason of what?'

'The reason why I am ready for everything, and good for nothing. I have been torturing my brain the whole day. Sometimes I think I have the reason, and then I say: No, it is not that. It certainly was not self-conceit; for though everybody told me I was a genius, I never believed it; nor did I ever refuse any work that was offered to me, no matter of what kind. Nor was it ambition; for, on the contrary, I have always regretted not having learned my father's trade; and I never aspired to more than to be able to support you, Toinette, and to bring up our children properly; and surely that was but my duty.'

'Did you tell him your story?'

'He obliged me to do so; and now he cannot be made to believe that it was having learned to read and write that made me ready for everything, and good for nothing, as the mayor used to say; and these words, which he repeated over and over again, seem to me ever flashing before me.'

There was a few moments' silence.

'Did M. Grandville say anything about our children?' said Toinette.

'Very little; but I foresee that very soon he will be urging me to send them to school.'

'Well, and what will you do?' inquired Toinette, after a little hesitation.

'Listen to me, Toinette,' replied Jacque Denoyer. 'I have continually in my mind a thought of Rousseau, which struck me as so beautiful, that I have learned it by heart, and I repeat it to myself twenty times a day: "Ignorance never does harm: error alone is fatal: and we do not go astray because we do not know, but because we fancy we know."'

'I am not learned enough,' replied Toinette, 'to explain to you what seems to me absurd in this thought, apparently so beautiful. There is something in it which I cannot get down. After all, it is a false position; for surely he who does not know the road from this to Troyes will go astray as soon as he who thinks he knows it, yet does not know it.'

'Yes, Toinette; but he who does not know the road will ask it, and be told: he who fancies he knows it will not ask, and will go astray.'

'That is all very fine, Jacque; but there is something not quite clear in it. It seems to me like something that looks true at first, but is not at all so in the end. I grant that only to know things by halves, and to believe that we know them, may lead us to commit folly; but to know nothing at all'——

'Is much better,' cried Jacque Denoyer, 'because then one will inquire.'

'I have my doubts of that. Ignorant people are the worst off. They doubt nothing, and they go straight before them, without disturbing themselves about where they are going.'

'As for me, I am not of your opinion, Toinette. If I had not fancied I knew, I should not have missed my way as I have done, but should have arrived at something; and lest my children should do the same, I am determined that they shall remain in ignorance.'

'And become drunkards and bad characters; for what else can they then be?' exclaimed Toinette warmly. 'Ah, Jacque, Jacque! when my poor step-father reproached you for having a spirit of contradiction, was he far from wrong? Whose is the fault, yours or your masters', if the instruction which they have given you has not been of any use to you?'

'Come, here you are, like M. Grandville, demanding the why of the thing.'

'Not only do I ask you,' continued Toinette, 'but I will tell you, if you like.'

'Oh, indeed you would do me a great service.'

'Well,' cried Toinette, becoming more and more animated, 'I will only repeat what Father Mercier, worthy man, has said to me hundreds and hundreds of times with regard to you: "When a man goes through life without an aim, he travels far, and never arrives."'

'Oh!' exclaimed Jacque Denoyer, 'there is, nevertheless, a place at which we all arrive, and that is the grave.'

'Yes, undoubtedly,' replied Toinette; 'but we arrive there more or less creditably according as we have ill or well discharged our duties in this world; and it is the duty of every one so to conduct himself as to be useful to himself and others.'

'So, then, you mean to say that all that was wanting to me to succeed was a steady purpose?'

'I only say,' replied Toinette, 'that we poor people, whose only wealth is in our labour, must have a trade.'

'Is not that the very thing I say?'

'Have a moment's patience. It is true we must have a trade. But during those years in which we are not able to do much, it is well for our parents to have schools to send us to. Here we acquire, whilst young, the love and the habit of industry; we obtain the means of employing hereafter our leisure hours in acquiring, without leaving our trade, knowledge relative to that trade, which will enable us to distinguish ourselves afterwards from workmen of the same kind'——

'Unless, indeed,' added Jacque Denoyer, 'that our only object is to amuse ourselves, and that we read simply for the pleasure of reading, like some one we know. You guess whom I mean?'

Toinette was silent, and hung down her head over her work.

Jacque Denoyer was silent also. What his wife had just been saying gave him much food for thought. In spite of himself, he felt not only that she *might* be right, but that she *was* right.

Jacque Denoyer passed for a very learned man in the village of Juilly le Chatel, only about a mile distant from the house of M. Grandville; and to say the truth, he knew a great variety of things, but, as has been seen, it did not make him wiser or richer, simply because in his youth, in spite of the advice of M. Imbert, who would gladly have pushed him on in the world, he had neither a determined aim nor perseverance enough to follow it.

The day after his conversation with Toinette, Jacque Denoyer went to the orchard of old Thomas for some grafts, and as he went along, he thought of what his wife had said to him the evening before.

'Well, I really believe my wife has found out the answer to this droll sort of enigma,' said he to himself. 'I see the thing which is meant. It is to have some distinct aim or end in view, and to bring the will to bear on it, so as not to fall through by the way. A very good idea this, no doubt; but what can a poor fellow like me have to do with an aim or a will?' And that inward voice, which seldom deceives us, answered: 'Every man, having a will, may give himself an aim, and, by the persevering exertion of that will, he may reach it sooner or later.' Jacque Denoyer at this moment arrived at old Thomas's door, and immediately entered the house.

'You have just come in the nick of time,' said he. 'Look! here is a packet of papers which I have just received, and which I cannot read, for I am not more learned to-day, as far as reading goes, than I was in my cradle. Ah, if there had been a school in the village in my time, as there is now! Decipher that for me, if you please. Well, I am determined nothing shall be spared in the education of my boy. I have charged the schoolmaster to give him extra lessons if necessary. I wish him to know how to read and write like a notary, even though I may have nothing to put by at the end of the year. Yes, Master Denoyer, not to know how to read or write is to be at the mercy of everybody—of the bad as well as the good, and there are but too many of the former. Education is a real treasure—it is useful everywhere, and at every age.'

Amongst the papers that Jacque Denoyer was given to read, there were letters which gave great pleasure to old Thomas. 'Why do I not know how to write?' cried he; 'I would myself answer my old masters, who are so kind to our children.'

'I will answer for you, if you like,' said Jacque Denoyer.

'Ah, that is delightful! You will do me a great service.'

When the answers were finished, Jacque Denoyer read them out to old Thomas, who appeared at once pleased and dissatisfied. 'It is very well said,' exclaimed he; 'much better than I could say it myself; and yet, after all, Master Denoyer, it is not what I feel here'—and he laid his hand upon his heart—'no, nor exactly what I am thinking of here'—and he touched his forehead. 'It seems to me like another language; but for all that, I am just as much obliged to you.'

Returning home, Jacque Denoyer could not help thinking of what Thomas had just been saying, and for the first time it occurred to him that persons who did not know how to read or write were much to be pitied, that they were in the hands of others, and that, even with the best possible intentions, no one, when answering for them, could make them speak as they themselves would speak.

To this thought succeeded many others. At last Jacque Denoyer asked himself if he would wish to deprive his children of a knowledge the value of which he himself had felt so many times?—if he could condemn them to remain all their life in ignorance?—if, in short, he would not be delivering them, bound hand and foot, to be imposed on by every quack, knave, and impostor, at a time when means of instruction were held out on every side—at a time when men of intellect, the friends of human nature, were endeavouring, like the genial light of heaven, to dispel the clouds of ignorance, looking upon them as charged with every evil which can afflict mankind? 'Yes; but, but'—— said Jacque Denoyer, remembering the use he had made of his natural and acquired powers. For a moment he was ready to reproach his parents, his masters, and M. Imbert, for not having been more strict with him; but then he felt that he could blame no one but himself for not having become what he might have been. He had got enough of warning. 'We shall see,' said he, opening the little garden gate. Some minutes after, he was at his work, and, with all the address of a first-rate gardener, was ingrafting what he had brought from his old friend's orchard.

IV.

'Sir,' said Jacque Denoyer to his master, who had stopped to look at his work, 'surely no one would be in want if, as you and my wife Toinette wish to persuade me, it were enough to have an aim and a will; for, after all, sir, the aim of every one is to gain a livelihood, and to live as well as possible.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied M. Grandville. 'But if a man's will is less determined after the first few steps; if he wavers at the first obstacles, and then turns aside to some path that appears to him more easy, and then again to another, and so on to the end; that is to say, till he is no longer able to put one leg before the other, he will certainly have travelled far, but without arriving anywhere; and this is the history of more than three-fourths of mankind. The man, on the contrary, who has a determined aim and a firm will, does every day what ought to be done to attain this end: it is the one object of his thoughts. He does not permit circumstances, which have more or less influence over his lot, to discourage him. The path he has taken is the one which will conduct him to his end. He follows it obstinately, or rather perseveringly. The strength of his will sustains him. He closes his ear to indolence as to the instigations of self-love. He makes use of his acquired knowledge to smooth the difficulties which he meets, and, distrustful of himself, keeps strict guard over himself. If circumstances not to be controlled oblige him to change his path, he still carries with him, into his new career, the same courage, the same perseverance, till the end—which man, born to labour and to suffer, ought to place before him—is attained; that is, till he arrives at the end of his career, without having been burdensome to any one, and after having been useful to those depending on him.'

'It is quite true,' said Jacque Denoyer, shaking his head; 'I must grant that; but it is very difficult, sir, especially when one is young.'

'Jacque Denoyer, it is as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. It is in youth man receives those impressions, and that happy or unfortunate direction, the impress and feeling of which he preserves all his life. We ought constantly to repeat to the child an aim and a will, and constantly point out to him that, without an aim and without a will, man is nothing, does nothing, and will attain to nothing. The trade, profession, or calling is but the means of arriving at an end. But these means are all-powerful, if we perseveringly use them—if we endeavour to carry them out to the utmost extent. You must not fancy, Jacque, that after a certain age it is not possible to acquire this will, in which consists all our strength. In youth, in order to form a will, we must obey. In riper age, in order to give ourselves a will, we need only will. You, for example, Jacque, have lost the season of your youth, and many opportunities which were presented to you; now you can take warning by your past errors. Know how to will, and you and your family will enjoy the only true happiness which exists here below. Have a firm will, and you will employ your already acquired knowledge in acquiring more. Books will give you new ideas on gardening. Books will place before you all that refers to the care required by that most noble and useful of animals—the horse. You will learn to improve my fruit and kitchen gardens. You will multiply the horses of the Norman breed that I have just got. By increasing your master's revenue, you will enable him to do much more for you than his present fortune would permit. Your children will be brought up in the house. They will choose a trade; they shall be assisted in their apprentice fee, and aided in their establishment when they arrive at a proper age. Toinette and you, grown old in my service, will find protectors for your old age, and friends for your boys, in my children when I am no more. Behold the end, Jacque! Now your own will is all that is wanting.'

As he pronounced these words, M. Grandville went away and continued his walk.

'The worthy man!' said Jacque Denoyer, gazing after him for some time; then drying his moistened eyelids with the back of his hand, began to cut the tree which he had just grafted. 'If every one would speak in that way,' added Jacque Denoyer, 'we should know the reason of things, and then they would become easy. Come, courage! The end is there, as M. Grandville said; now only the will is wanting, and, with God's help, it shall not be long so.'

M. Grandville was kind enough often to converse with his gardener. Their conversation always turned upon serious subjects—such, for instance, as the direction to be given to that early education which commences, if we may so speak, from the cradle; and upon the profit which men may derive from the happy and unhappy circumstances which mark the course of a long life.

'In whatever condition our lot may be cast,' said M. Grandville one day, 'we shall always be able to get on if we have an aim and a will; and we shall always be respectable if we respect ourselves, and if the seeds of a pure morality have been developed in our heart. Yes, Denoyer, I am, as you have been told, the son of a peasant; and, thank God, I have never been foolish enough to be ashamed of it. A kind patron did for me what M. Imbert wished to do for you. Like you, I distinguished myself at the school where he had placed me. He was a notary at Bar-sur-Seine. He brought me home with him, and made me work in his study, which did not please me at all. He perceived my repugnance, and said to me: "Grandville, now that you have received a certain education, and acquired a taste for a higher grade of life, you will find it hard to resign yourself to merely following the plough. If the profession of the law does not suit you, look well around you, and see what you would wish to embrace; but once having decided, let nothing induce you to change. Your father cannot leave you anything; your mother is getting old; you have a sister. If I am pleased with you, I will do more for you than you hope. Reflect, consider; consult your father, and decide."

'I consulted my father; I reflected; I weighed the matter,' continued M. Grandville; 'and courageously I laid aside those books of science which had made me so happy, and surrounded myself only with law-books. At my hours of recreation only I studied botany and natural history, of which I was passionately fond, and I often said to myself: How happy the rich must be! They can read whatever they like, and have cabinets full of curiosities out of the three kingdoms of nature. Then I little suspected that books and knowledge are less valued by the rich than might be expected. But I knew by experience that books and scientific pursuits ought only to be used as a recreation by him who must have a profession, and that his daily studies ought to have reference only to that profession. At the time of the Revolution of 1789, for I date very far back,' continued M. Grandville, smiling, 'I was the head clerk of M. Delaroche. This good old man perished in a riot, on account of the high price of corn. All France was fearfully convulsed. The notaries, with whom were deposited the title-deeds of the nobility and the principal inhabitants of the provinces, ran great risks. Mademoiselle Delaroche, whom I was to marry, was obliged to take refuge with her relations; and I, after having by her desire collected all the most valuable papers which were in the study, retired to my father's; and my first care on arriving there was to bury the title-deeds which I had saved under the floor of our cabin. The horrible tempest, in which so many families and properties were wrecked, ceased at last; order was beginning to be re-established; peace and calm again returned; and there were no more proscriptions. Some even dared to claim their rights, and regain their properties; and the head clerk of M. Delaroche, upheld by public esteem, became a notary in his turn. Then it was that I felt happy at having overcome my youthful repugnance to the profession. I was able to offer a home to my aged parents and my sister. The comforts by which they were surrounded were all the fruit of my labour. Soon after, Heaven blessed my union with Adelaide; my sister married a rich farmer of Buseuil; and at last the moment arrived when, without neglecting my business, and without extravagance, I could have a library composed of my favourite books. I also had a cabinet of specimens of natural history; a hortus siccus, shells, birds stuffed by my own hands; and, to my great happiness, I soon was in correspondence with learned men, who condescended to think me worthy of sharing the pleasure of their discoveries. My son has as little taste as myself for the profession of the law. My fortune enabling me to allow him to choose, he became a physician; and, residing at Paris, he has distinguished himself amongst the learned men of that great city. He is a member of several learned societies, and will one day perhaps be in the Academy. But, like his father, his daily studies have reference to the profession he has embraced; so that his name is already celebrated in the annals of medicine. I can only repeat to you, Denoyer—an aim and a will! With these you may attain to anything.'

'Yes, sir, when one is young,' replied the gardener sighing; 'but at my age, and when one has wasted time and fair opportunities'——

'The loss of time and fair opportunities is irreparable, is irremediable,' replied M. Grandville. 'You have now no other resource but to resign yourself to the obscure path which you have chalked out for yourself; but you may still, as I have already told you, render yourself useful to your master, and labour for your children's future good. It alone depends on you, Denoyer, not to be an ordinary gardener or groom. Study! Give but very little, indeed, of your time to books of mere amusement, that your children, guided by your example, may early wish to have an aim—may early feel the power of perseverance. If they are destined only for labourers, you will have at least the certainty that they will be good workmen, good characters, and happy men. Good conduct always carries its reward with it; and the well-merited esteem of honest people lightens, even to the very poorest, the burden of each day. You will find it in your turn, Denoyer. You will then understand that in every rank general esteem may be obtained; and you will find that this general esteem is, to the man who possesses it, the best earthly source of innocent pleasure and moral strength.'

How far Jacque Denoyer profited by the lessons of M. Grandville may be judged of by his words to his son. 'I was nearly forty years old when I entered his service; and at forty I was fit for everything, and good for nothing; and so true is this, that had not M. Grandville taken pity on us, and received us into his house, we should have all died of hunger. His kindness did not stop there: he made me examine my past conduct—he shewed me that to change one's mind at every moment, if we may so speak, and to have no decided opinion, is the defect of persons who suffer themselves to be governed by passion rather than by reason; a defect which leaves them all their lives like so many grown children, and which proceeds from the want of the habit of reflecting upon what they see, and upon what they ought to do. It is in youth that this habit must be acquired; and then it becomes a safeguard against the commission of folly at an age when folly is inexcusable. Thus he taught me to reflect before I acted; and only from this day out was I a man. My son, an aim and a will, never forget that it is this which makes the man, which prevents him from being burdensome to any one, and which renders him useful to himself and to those who depend on him. You may one day be a father in your turn. Let your children learn from you what you now learn from me—that in order to attain the desired end, you must not wander from the path opened to you by your parents or friends; but that, on the contrary, you must concentrate on this one point all your faculties and all your powers: you must *will one thing*, and will it perseveringly.'

SECOND STORY.

I.

IN the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, a district in the east of France, bordering on Germany, some time ago lived Hans Keller, a German by birth, who, after having spent some part of his life as a pedler, settled, with his wife Theresa, and his little daughter Florence. The family was obscure, and had few friends, but those who knew them respected them for their industry. By many they would have been considered poor; but *poor* is a wrong term to apply to persons who work for their living, and owe no man anything.

When Hans first settled in Nancy, he was doubtful of what means he should resort to for a living, and he unfortunately, from the effects of rheumatism, was unable to undertake any very active pursuit. Where, however, there is a will, there is a way; and those who maintain a good character have seldom any difficulty in getting some one to help them forward. Hans could sew well, and so could his wife Theresa; to this accomplishment, therefore, they resolved, after some consideration, to look for subsistence. Making his desires known to a merchant with whom he formerly had dealings, he was recommended to a tailor as being an honest man, and from this person he and Theresa received employment. They were not, to be sure, intrusted with the principal articles of attire; but although they confined themselves to the sewing of vests and other light articles, they found in that a means of decent livelihood.

Hans, as a German, knew the value of education, and he accordingly took care, even by pinching himself of comforts, to give his daughter Florence a little schooling. When we say that, with this good *end* in view, he actually gave up smoking—a great sacrifice for a German—any one can judge of his anxiety to get his daughter forward. 'Who knows,' said he to his wife, 'but Florence may one day be a credit to us. At all events, if she is not educated, she must be a drudge all the days of her existence, and I am determined to give her a chance of being something better than I am. Nothing like looking a little upward. Those who look down, run their head into the mire.'

Theresa, a lively Frenchwoman, had an immense reverence for Hans's understanding, and cordially agreed in these wise observations. Hans, accordingly, had his daughter taught reading and writing at school, and he himself took pains to instruct her in arithmetic. He also spoke to her in German, so that, when only eight years of age, Florence spoke and read German and French with equal fluency.

Florence was a promising child, and took so readily to learning, that it was a pleasure to instruct her. Many a happy day did the father pass at his work, with his child by his side, conversing with her; telling her some of his old-world stories, or sounding the depths of her arithmetic lore, or trying to astonish her with the exhibition of his, by asking her to write for him in figures eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven. The little girl tried till her father's smile told her she had succeeded. She had learned to sew, and thus was able to help her parents in their work; and by degrees occupations grew upon her, for, gentle and obliging, all her neighbours came to her to write letters for them to their friends, and in the evening she taught some children to read whom employment in the day prevented attending school. Every spare moment she had, she gave to any books she could borrow from a neighbour, or buy for the very few pence it ever was her lot to possess.

II.

The time at length came when Florence required to go out into the world, and the question was debated what she should be. She was quite ready to do anything that her parents suggested. 'I'll tell you what you must be,' said Hans to her one day; 'you must go as an apprentice to a mantuamaker. That is a respectable business; and if you conduct yourself well, and shew good taste, there is no fear of you.' Florence was delighted. She was apprenticed to a lady; but it was only as an outdoor apprentice, and she still lived at home.

The duties of this situation were irksome; but what line of life has not its petty troubles? And the mind which shrinks from facing these troubles is good for very little. One of Florence's troubles was the poverty of her attire: the other apprentices affected to keep aloof from her, on account of her not being so genteel as they were. Florence was fortunately able to disregard this silliness, and by her obliging and mild disposition made herself friends. Besides, she did not care much for keeping company with the giddy girls, her fellow-apprentices. Her resources for recreation were happily confined to a quiet walk with her parents, and a book. Had she had but a guide or encouragement—any one to put useful books into her hands—how profitable might have been her love for books! Nevertheless, under any circumstances, that love is a benefit! But whatever might have been the extent of the cultivation of her mental faculties, her affections had been fully developed; for in her home, poor as it was, reigned love, and peace, and family harmony. Poverty was not rendered doubly bitter by that which makes the stalled ox a far worse portion than the dinner of herbs where love is. Florence had not to witness the mutual reproach, the angry taunt, that is too often the salutation or the welcome of the endurers of the same hardships. She had never to crouch beneath the rude rough blow, too often the only mode known to the poor man of disciplining his child—a mode debasing alike to both. Her principles, too, were gradually forming. From earliest childhood she had seen temperance, persevering industry, and strict honesty, and knew that the sure ground, the strong motive, was the fear of God. She had seen suggestions to unlawful gain quietly and simply put away, as if such things were not to be dwelt upon for a moment. Such education as this is within the power, within the reach, of every parent. Let each try, as far as in him lies, to surround his child with an atmosphere of honesty, industry, truth, and love. Some parents speak of beginning the education of their children; who can tell how early it has been begun by circumstances? It has been well said that 'insensible education is to the intellectual and moral system the most important, as insensible perspiration is the most important to the physical system.'

We have said that Florence's course of reading was too desultory to suffer her to make much progress in actual knowledge, but still her mind was more or less brought into play; and there was an intelligence in the expression of her countenance that drew from a lady, who saw her pass, the remark: 'Would you not say that girl thinks?' The girl did indeed think. At that moment her thoughts were serious enough, for that morning she had found that her father's failing sight wholly incapacitated him from his usual work, and that her mother, weakened by illness, the consequence of daily increasing privation and anxiety, could no longer labour as formerly. She felt that she must now be their sole support. She had just completed her term of apprenticeship, and her employers were not very numerous, and the wages for a whole day's work was but eightpence; and as she left them for that day's work, her heart was heavy within her, and, with a feeling of utter despondence hitherto unknown to her, she cried: 'Is there nothing but misery in the world?' She tried to dispel the thought by gazing after some young companions who passed her in gay laughter over some merry-meeting of the evening before, and the effort was successful. The happiness of her companions seemed like a hope for her. We are mistaken when we say: 'Look beneath thee, and thou wilt deem thyself happy.' No: more true consolation is in that belief in the existence of happiness which arises from seeing that there are more prosperous lots than our own. Florence felt what has been expressed in the old lines:

'But though I am sad, not so cold is my sorrow,
  That nature can't waken a smile in my eye;
And this still warm heart a pure pleasure can borrow,
  From seeing another more happy than I.'

Certain it is she was always sadder when she beheld any one more wretched than herself.

But Florence's beau-idéal of happiness was not the merry-meetings of the young people of her own class. No; it lay rather in being able to learn everything that was in the books she daily saw in the hands of the pupils of a neighbouring school. If she had but money, she too might learn; but there was less hope of this every day, for every day things were growing rather worse. For one month she could get no work, and her mother was weighed down under the pressure of a debt unavoidably contracted during that month. One morning, as she passed by a hairdresser's shop, while pondering how she could relieve her mother from this burden, the idea occurred to her of selling her hair, of which she had a profusion. She entered the shop, but the owner did not want hair. However, he proposed her coming, on two evenings in the week, for his pupils to practise on her long black hair, which she might thus preserve, while her object would be equally attained by the compensation for each sitting. The girl hesitated; but the thought of handing to her mother even this small sum decided her, and the proposal was accepted. Twice every week did she lend her dark hair and pale face to have tried upon her all the gay ball head-dresses. Theresa's debt was paid, and the little household again went on in its usual course. Florence, however, suffered from her plan: she got violent headaches, and her hair began to fall off in such quantities, that at last even this slender resource failed her.

One evening, while reading that verse of the New Testament, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God,' she was interrupted by a milk-woman of the next village, who wanted a letter written to her daughter. As she entered, the good woman displayed, with great delight, a little red shawl. 'See,' said she, too eager to wait for the customary salutations; 'look here! It was my daughter who sent me this beautiful handkerchief. You must write a fine answer for me, Florence, and tell her that I was in great want of the money she sent. Indeed, I do not know how I could live, only for her,' added the poor woman, as she turned to Theresa, who looked at Florence, and made no answer.

'What employment has your daughter, Dame Charlot?' asked Florence.

'She is a lady's-maid at Lyon,' answered the mother exultingly; 'and has fifteen pounds a year wages, not counting perquisites.'

Florence neither stirred nor spoke; but her eye had, in turn, sought that of her mother. They understood each other entirely, even before Florence had uttered the words: 'I, too, will be a lady's-maid!'

Theresa now laid her hand upon her daughter's head, and whispered with tearful eyes: 'You are right; you may go, my child.'

All being thus tacitly arranged, hope was once more an inmate of Florence's heart. Her parents' poverty constrained them to catch at as a hope what nothing else could have induced them to sanction —her leaving them. They eagerly grasped at the idea that she might not be obliged to go out of the town in which they lived, when they heard from a neighbour that Madame Hebert wanted a servant. Florence, dressing herself as neatly as her wardrobe would permit, and lifting up her heart in prayer, set off to look for the place.

Her heart beat audibly as she rang the house-bell; and when the door opened, she was so pale, that the servant held out her hand to support her. She asked to see Madame Hebert; and being shewn in, soon told the object of her visit. The lady had often heard of Florence Keller from an old servant for whom she had written letters.

'You read a great deal, I believe?' said she to Florence.

'I like to read sometimes, madame.'

'You know how to write?'

'A little, madame.'

'Is it not you who write all Claudine's letters for her?'

'Yes, madame.'

'And how much does she pay you for doing so?'

Florence blushed, and answered in a low but steady voice: 'She does not pay me anything, madame. The poor do not sell their little services to each other; they have so little to give.'

Madame Hebert now put some questions as to her knowledge of needlework, and whether she had done the whole work of the house at home. There was no possible good reason for declining to employ her; and, nevertheless, Madame Hebert did not wish to take Florence into her service. She felt that the young girl had more than ordinary intelligence and refinement, and she dreaded lest she should be above her business. Was she right or wrong? Are the most humble household offices, the greatest minutiæ of feminine duty, inconsistent with everything that is elevated, everything that is intellectual? Florence's subsequent history must answer the question.

Madame Hebert hoped that disagreement about wages would furnish a pretext; but Florence was quite willing to leave them to be fixed by her employer, when a short trial should enable her to estimate the worth of her services. At last the truth came out. 'I must confess, my good girl, that I should be afraid of your spending your time reading, and neglecting your business.'

Florence looked as if she did not quite understand. 'Does madame mean to say that I would wrong her?'

'O no, no,' replied Madame Hebert quickly; 'O no.'

'And yet, madame, I should consider I was robbing you if I employed my time in anything that could occasion the neglect of that which you paid me for doing.'

'I am glad you think so rightly; but I assure you I have had servants who had no scruples in that way.'

'Believe me, madame,' said Florence respectfully, but firmly, 'it was because they did not read enough, or read to no purpose.'

'Well, my good girl, I will let you know when I make up my mind.' And Florence courtesied, and withdrew.

On her return home she tried to look cheerful, but her attempt at a smile made her mother weep. 'I see, my child, that you have not succeeded.'

'Not to-day; but to-morrow, who knows what may happen.'

'Come, cheer up! God is where he was,' said Keller. 'Cheer up! Whilst the good man rests, the fine weather comes back. Better luck after supper perhaps. The soup and potatoes are ready, and excellent they are; it was I who boiled them. But wife,' added he, 'Dame Philippa has been selling wood all day about the town, and could get nothing ready; a drop of this warm soup will do the old soul good. Go and call her.' Theresa ran off with the invitation, while Florence laid another plate; and soon Dame Philippa took her place at the poor man's table.'

'It is scarcely fair I should take from you,' said their neighbour as she sat down.

'All quite fair, all quite right,' said Keller. 'When there is enough for three, there is enough for four. And, besides, if we are not the richer by it, depend upon it we shall not be poorer.'

They now fell into conversation, and Theresa related Florence's failure in her attempt to get a situation.

'Ah,' said the old guest, 'they think your daughter is too fond of you; and depend upon it she will never get a place here, even if she did not know how to read.'

'Why not?' said Florence, who had no idea what she could mean.

'Oh, just because they would suspect you of taking things out of the house to your parents. My niece Josephine could not get a place here, though she does not know A from B; but they knew that she did her best to help her mother. So, as she had no chance here, she went to Paris, where she is now in a very good place. Ah, Florence, people are very suspicious. If they trusted us more, it might be better; but too many of us have given them cause for distrust. But Josephine writes to me that a lady was inquiring of her about a waiting-maid. What would you say to setting off to Paris, Florence? I warn you that you will never get a good place here. Josephine says the wages are thirteen pounds.'

Keller heard of Paris, and put his plate away: his dinner was spoiled for that day. But he said: 'After all, it is but reasonable. If I had a boy, it must have come to his turn to serve in the army, and he might have to leave me for the other end of the world: and then, too, we are old; my sight is failing, and my work too; and what can this poor child do for three with only her own two hands? Come, there is no help for it. Who knows but this is an opening of Providence for our good?'

Florence evinced neither pleasure nor grief: her whole mind was full of the one thought—'How could she get to Paris?'

Dame Philippa was thinking of the very same thing. 'You must have somewhat more than two pounds for the journey, and you must have something to live upon while you are looking for the place. Josephine has a friend, a workwoman, who will give you a lodging. Now, I think I have found a way of managing the matter. My niece sent me money to take me to see her; you shall go in my place, and tell her that I cannot go to her for three months to come. Before that time you will be able to return the money, and then I can go.'

Grateful, indeed, was Theresa; Florence could only press the good woman's hand. Keller turned to his wife: 'I told you how it would be: what we give at the door comes in again by the window! If we had not thought of Dame Philippa this evening, where would the money for the journey be got? A little kindness is often not ill spent.'

The preparations for Florence's departure were not long in making. Some calico chemises were put into a small trunk, and a few pair of stockings, knit by a poor widow to whom Theresa daily ministered of her poverty, by taking her a little dinner. This is what Keller called 'God's tithe.' How much do the struggling classes everywhere contribute of this tithe to neighbours! When Florence took leave of the poor widow, tears were shed by both. 'Good-bye, good-bye, Florence; God will bless you,' were the last words the young maiden heard as she departed from the door of her humble acquaintance.

If we dwell on these details, it is because we know how much surrounding circumstances contribute to form the mind. The affectionate union between Keller and Theresa, their readiness to share with their poor neighbours their scanty store, their own cheerful resignation—all this accounts for the development of Florence's mental faculties and affections; for her being so devoid of selfishness, and for her practical good sense.

Two days before her departure, all her relatives and friends flocked to bid her farewell; and, with the tact which affection gives, every one had a story to tell; and it was always of some young girl who, having left her native village from poverty, had returned rich and happy—a kind of indirect prediction, for the fulfilment of which they trusted to time and to the good providence of God. The young girl was sorry to part with these kind, good people; she had often felt that there were thoughts which it would have been useless to have expressed to almost any amongst them; but there was not one affectionate feeling that had not its echo.

III.

Florence had arrived in Paris, and had gone direct to the house of Josephine's friend. That very night, Dame Philippa's niece paid them a visit, and it was agreed that the next day should be devoted to shewing the lions of Paris to the young provincialist.

Florence was not so much surprised as she expected to be. This is easily accounted for. When we leave our own little town, we know it all by heart—its whole extent—its every street is in our mind's-eye at once; whereas, of the large city into which we are for the first time introduced, we see now one street, then another, but only one at a time, and in succession, as we walk along; so that, comparing it with the little town which we have taken in as a whole, it is very natural that we should not at first think the large city quite so large. Six months after, when we can view it also as a whole, it is a different matter.

The next day came, and she was shewn the way to Madame Duhamel's house. She was ushered into a room, and the lady began her inquiries.

'How old are you, my good girl?'

'I am twenty, madame,' said Florence with a courtesy.

'You can do needlework, and iron, and do up linen?'

Florence replied in the affirmative.

'Can you read?'

At this question Florence turned pale, and seemed in evident embarrassment.

The lady believed her agitation to arise from the shame of ignorance.

'It is no matter,' said she to the young girl; 'you will suit me very well. I shall be quite satisfied if you can remember any message I may send by you.'

'I can read, madame.'

'Oh, very well. You know the wages I give?'

'Yes, madame.'

'What is your name?'

'Florence Keller.'

The appearance of Florence made a favourable impression; her open brow, her black eyes sparkling with intelligence, and her demeanour—which, without the slightest degree of servility, was as respectful as possible—had already won the good graces of her new mistress.

'Your occupation will be altogether about myself,' said she. 'The whole business of the household is divided between five servants, and any spare time you may have is at your own disposal; with this restriction, however, that you are not to go out without my permission.'

Florence drew a long breath. From past failure, she was almost afraid that the confession of her knowing how to read would have been the signal for the breaking off the negotiation. She congratulated herself, however, that she was asked no question that would have drawn out the information of her being letter-and-petition-writer-general for her own little district at home. Had it been known, would she have been rejected? We cannot tell. These were days—may we hope that they are altogether bygone days—when the education of the poor had to contend with the active prejudices, as it still has with the supine indifference, of the upper classes.

Florence was now installed as lady's-maid. Her fellow-servants were four in number: a cook, who seemed to be of somewhat hasty temper, but, on the whole, good-natured; a footman; a coachman; and the nursery-maid. Rose could not always manage the three children, so that the two elder ones were very often with Florence. Eugene was thirteen, Frances eleven, and little Clemence two years old.

Madame Duhamel pleased at first sight, so expressive was her countenance of kindness and benevolence. Her husband, somewhat older than she was, and very well informed, undertook the education of his children himself.

It is no great proof of the general kindliness of human nature that a new arrival at a college or a boarding-school is usually regarded with some degree of prejudice. It is the same with a new servant in a house, and consequently Florence met but cold looks at first from the inmates of the kitchen. However, she was so polite at table, and made herself so agreeable by the many nice stories she had read, and was so obliging to them all, that she soon became a general favourite, notwithstanding what they called her fine-lady look and her really white hands.

Florence's room was near the drawing-room, and when in the evening there was music, the young girl thought of her dear father, who used to be so fond of it. 'My poor father,' said she, 'how happy you would be here!' Then she thought that she might one day be able to send for her parents, to live near her in Paris; and the idea dispelled her sadness. Florence was in utter ignorance of the subjects in which the children were instructed. She had read much, but, as we have said, without either guide or system. Yet nothing had been lost upon her heart, which, at once softened and enlarged by the education of love and tenderness she had received in her home, learned something even from the most desultory reading. Mind was developed in the developing of affection.

Already had the young domestic been able to repay Dame Philippa the money she had lent for her journey, and even to send something to her parents. Madame Duhamel, who made the remittances for her, shewed her growing approval of her by allowing her daughter frequently to study by her side. Frances was quick and intelligent, she liked reading aloud, and Florence liked to listen. Frances repeated to her the lessons in grammar and history; this was improving to both parties. Madame Duhamel had the kindness and good sense to be pleased with this profitable intercourse. She not only chose books for them, but was often present at the readings, making Florence bring her work into her room, and sit with her. Florence felt at first a little constraint in her presence; but when she saw that it was esteem for her character that induced her mistress thus to condescend, she soon began to love Madame Duhamel as a friend, nay, almost as a mother. How did she long for an opportunity to shew her she was not ungrateful, by doing something that would indeed contribute to her happiness! And she sighed as she thought how little prospect such a poor creature as she was had of ever having it in her power.

IV.

Opportunities of well-doing occur in every situation of life. Florence, we have said, was desirous of shewing her gratitude to her mistress, and an opportunity was at hand. Madame Duhamel was not one of those mistresses who take a pleasure in tormenting servants with work, neither did she like to interfere with their ordinary arrangements. She wished to make those about her dutiful by the mildness of her government; but this generosity was not reciprocated in a remarkable manner. Her kindness was taken for simplicity, and was accordingly imposed upon. Florence was distressed at perceiving the many little tricks which were employed to overreach her indulgent mistress; and there was also much waste that ought not to have taken place. It was no easy task for a young girl to awaken conscientious feelings in the minds of the domestics; yet, by the mere force of gentle persuasion, and by performing some good offices, she actually abated much of the dilapidation in the family, without incurring any enmity for her pains.

One thing struck her with respect to her fellow-servants, and that was, their general want of any aim. They seemed contented to be in the same circumstances all their days—did not appear to entertain any idea of what they should do when too aged for their present situations. Here was food for thought to Florence. She had read somewhere that domestic servitude might be to the poor a school of morality—a place for acquiring good manners, good language, and something of the intellectual superiority of the rich; that it might be made a link between the two classes placed at the greatest relative distance on the social ladder. 'But,' she said, 'if these servants save nothing, and know nothing out of the routine of their present duties, their fate in the end must be very dismal.'

These thoughts may seem rather grave for so young a girl, but she had early learned to think. They did not, however, make her gloomy; she sang and laughed as merrily as any one in the house. One day she entered the kitchen with a newspaper, which she seemed to peruse diligently.

'What is that you are reading so intently?' asked the cook.

'An account of the lodgment of moneys in the Caisse d'Epargne [Savings-bank] for the last year, with a list of the classes of persons who have been depositors; and you will not imagine who has lodged the most?'

'Why, shopkeepers, to be sure; they make lots of money.'

'Not at all; the class who lodge the largest sums are waiters and house-servants. I, too, will become a depositor. Let us all make a trial. What say you?'

The notion of saving anything was new to all the servants, and they laughed heartily at Florence's proposition. Florence laughed too; but after laughing, she again talked of beginning to deposit a trifle.

'Come, let us reckon up,' said she, 'how much we can muster as a commencement. I have got nine francs and a half, and will deposit six; and will also take the trouble, without commission, of entering all your names; that is to say, if you will trust me.'

As much from the drollery of the thing, as with any serious idea of saving, each gave Florence a few francs to deposit in the Caisse d'Epargne, and that day she completed the transaction by entering all the names and getting a small book for each. She likewise, on all occasions afterwards, carried small sums to be added to the different accounts; and thus, by a little management, she put her fellow-servants in the way of accumulating something for their future use.

Nor was this all that Florence did to render those about her happy. Let us follow her into the garden, where she has gone with a botanical book, examining the flowers whose history she is studying with Eugene and Frances. Ambrose is there too; not botanising, indeed, but loosening the earth about some shrubs, and thinning some beds of vegetables.

'You are fond of gardening, Ambrose?' asked Florence.

'O yes; while I was in the country, I used to work at it with my whole heart.'

Florence put her hand to her forehead, as if a bright idea had occurred to her.

'Well,' said she, 'why not learn every day something of gardening? At your leisure time you could keep the flower-knots in order.'

Ambrose rubbed his brow, and seemed to hesitate a little.

'I did not bargain for that, Florence: it is not my business. When I have dusted the sitting-rooms and polished the furniture, my time is my own—at least when there is no company.'

'And it is for that very reason, because the time is your own, that I am anxious you should turn it to profit; and in learning a trade, you would be working for yourself, and making a provision for the future. I have heard my master often say that he thought it his duty to allow his servants some time that they might call their own, and I am sure he would be much gratified to see it well employed.'

'Well, indeed—perhaps you are not so much in the wrong after all.'

'Listen to me, Ambrose. My master is going away for a month. I will ask him to leave out some books on gardening, and we can read them together. You know how fond he is of flowers: let him find, on his return, his garden in better order, and you more learned.'

'I will try, at all events,' said Ambrose.

And he set to work, and was soon bidding fair to be a good gardener. And Florence contrived to find occupation for Bernard also. He did not care about gardening; but a basketmaker, a friend of his, came to settle in the neighbourhood, and Bernard was soon able to exhibit a straw-basket, his own handiwork. Florence was delighted. No more gambling, no more visits to the tavern, no more lounging and losing of time. Even Rose at last, seeing every one occupied, got tired of having no object; and one fine day she came with a petition to Florence to teach her to read. This was a great and unexpected conquest.

M. Duhamel was not slow in perceiving the reform in his household. When he came into the garden with his children, he was glad to praise the labours of Ambrose, and to question him about the culture of particular plants. Ambrose shewed both intelligence and considerable knowledge in his answers. Once M. Duhamel began grafting a tree under the direction of Ambrose, and he was not a little proud of being thus a more learned man, on at least one point, than his master.

But we must return to the special duties to which Florence devoted herself. She began as lady's-maid, and for some time had little to do with the children, further than being a companion to the elder. An incident occurred which tended materially to alter her position.

Eugene, less studious than his sister, was at times a cause of great uneasiness to his father. He was very inattentive at his lessons; he was quite tired of studying by himself, and wished for some companion with whom he might talk of the Cæsars of Rome and the gods of Greece. Above all, he utterly disliked learning languages—he saw no use in it; and it was only at the positive command of his father that he ever took a lesson. His absurd reasoning on this point, and his indolence, led to irritation in his father, the expression of which did but increase the boy's distaste to study. All this was great grief to Madame Duhamel. 'His father and I wish him to learn Latin, and German, and English. No man can be a gentleman, or rise to distinction in France, without these languages.' This she said one day in Florence's hearing.

'Pardon, madame,' modestly observed Florence; 'if you like, I shall try to teach Eugene German; for I speak that language the same as French; it is the language of my father.'

Madame Duhamel was delighted. 'By all means, good Florence, begin to teach Eugene German; speak to him as much as possible in that tongue.'

Here, by an accident—and is human life not full of such *accidents?* —Florence again found herself in a position to be useful. And never did poor girl exert herself with more patience or more ingenuity. Eugene was one of those brisk boys who would not settle to regular study. Florence, therefore, did not at first trouble him with books; she told him stories, excited his imagination, and gradually inspired him with a taste for learning. Constantly speaking to him in German, he soon learned that language, scarcely knowing how; and, delighted with his new accomplishment, he fell to other languages with avidity.

V.

The Duhamels could not remain unconscious of the great service which Florence had done them; and for this, we are glad to say, they were not ungrateful. Florence was no longer treated as the humble attendant. She had shewn herself to be fit for being a permanent companion and governess of the children; and to this honourable post she was accordingly promoted. In this new capacity, Florence had many opportunities of improvement; and these, with her usual good sense, she did not let slip. She acquired a moderate proficiency in music; and, from being present at the lessons of the English master, she learned to speak and read English—an accomplishment valuable for its rarity among French nursery governesses.

Step by step as Florence rose in the esteem of her employers, receiving from them at the same time solid tokens of their approbation, so was she the more able to shew kindness to her parents, with whom she constantly corresponded. 'How happy, my dear child, are we to hear of your advancement,' wrote old Hans to her; 'and how still more happy to know that your heart is uncontaminated with the frivolities which beset you. Go on in the path of duty. Put your trust in God, and he will continue to bless you.'

It would be a long story to tell how Florence rose in the world. There was nothing startling or surprising in any of her movements, taking them singly. And it is pretty much the same with every one in like circumstances, and with similar aims. One thing leads to another very tranquilly and naturally.

'Mademoiselle Keller,' said Madame Duhamel one day—for Florence had now got the length of mademoiselle or miss—'would you like to go to Angleterre?'

The idea of going to England almost took away Florence's breath.

'Yes, madame: but no—my father and mother; what would come of them? Ah! I cannot leave my father and mother; they have nobody in the world but me.'

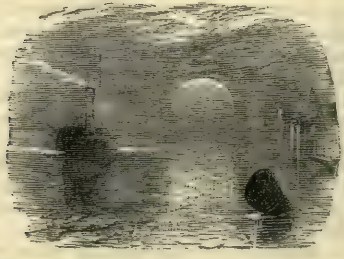
'True; but you need not do the less for your parents by being in England; you may indeed do a great deal more. Listen. M. Tremonille is appointed to fill a high official situation in connection with the embassy to the British court. His family, who are young, and go with him, require a governess who speaks English. Madame Tremonille has just been writing a note to me on the subject. If you like, I shall recommend you.'

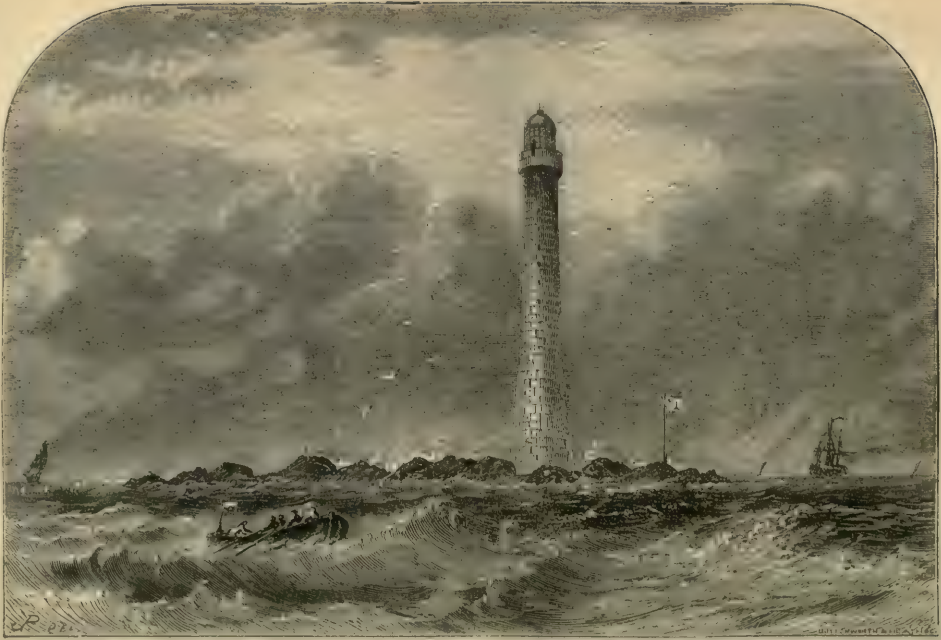
Florence's bursting heart and panting bosom could not for a moment permit her to speak her thanks. She was overwhelmed with the magnificence of the offer, and the prospects it opened up; and when she was able to speak, it was to pour out her gratitude, and state her fears of not being competent for the duties of this new and brilliant situation.

Madame Duhamel, however, allayed these feelings, and interested herself so effectually, that Florence was accepted by Madame Tremonille.

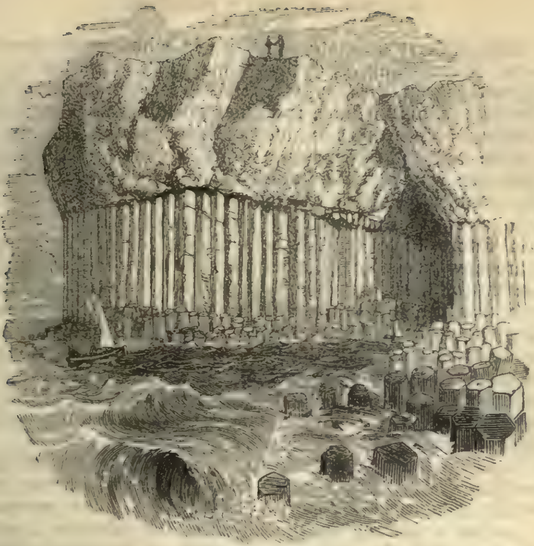
In a short time Florence left France with the Tremonilles; and London, like a new world, burst on her senses.

Kind reader, you will not be able to guess where and who Florence now is; and I fear I must not satisfy your very reasonable curiosity. The once poor girl of Nancy, by the force of her simple yet energetic character, rose to be the wife of a learned professor in one of our northern universities; and no lady is more esteemed or admired in the circle in which she has been received. Her parents, I believe, are still living in France, supported in comfort by her munificence; and old Hans is repeatedly heard to say, that although all cannot rise in the world as his dear Florence has done, it may be generally observed that those who *aim well end well.*





SKERRYVORE LIGHT-HOUSE. –See No. 91.



Fingal's Cave, Staffa.

A LORD PROVOST'S HOLIDAY.*

CHAPTER I.

AN amusing peculiarity in the office of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh is the obligation of being a member of so many public bodies, that he would frequently have to give his presence at five or six places at precisely the same hour—a thing not easily done, even with the aid of a carriage and pair of horses. In circumstances of this perplexing nature, his Lordship usually compounds with his conscience—sometimes preferring one Board, and sometimes another, with perhaps a kind of leaning to some one in particular. In occupying the onerous position here referred to, if I have had any preference at all, it has been for the Commission of Northern Lights, a body invested with the duty of managing all the light-houses on the sea-coast of Scotland and Isle of Man, now amounting to nearly sixty in number (to say nothing of buoys and beacons), and involving an expenditure of eight-and-twenty thousand pounds per annum.

This Northern Commission may be accepted as a fair specimen of that little understood state of affairs in which many people, for the honour of the thing, give their time and trouble for nothing—certainly nothing in the way of cash. A story is told of Joseph Hume having, in his virtuous indignation in parliament, described the Commission of northern luminaries as being a regular and costly job, when he was set right by the Lord Advocate of the day, who stated that the whole remuneration derived by the Commissioners for their trouble consisted in a dinner once a year—whereupon Joseph, in a state of munificent repentance, declared that they should in future have two dinners instead of one! These two dinners are now, accordingly, a settled institution in Edinburgh, the head-quarters of the Commission; and, from experience, I am able to confess that the institution is conducted in no niggard fashion. Supposing the story to be correct, the Lord Advocate might have added in explanation, that a dozen or so of the Commissioners are indulged with an excursion, free of expense, annually in the *Pharos*, a powerful and commodious paddle-steamer belonging to the board, which is employed in carrying stores to, and in making periodical inspections of, the several light-houses.

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* Written in 1866.

Who is to go in the *Pharos* is sometimes a matter of delicate consideration. The Commissioners consist of certain crown-officers, and sheriffs of maritime counties, along with some provost and bailies; and at a meeting for the purpose, the selection is properly adjusted, not a little depending on the wish of the parties, for what some may consider to be a privilege, others view as a positively irksome or impracticable duty. In the present year I was honoured by being named one of the excursionists; and not disinclined to a little airy variety in the routine of public business, I ventured on giving my assent. The only real pinch was how to get away. The *Pharos* was to depart for its voyage on the west coast on the 23d of July, but owing to certain civic matters of pressing concern, I could not leave for some days later; by these means, I lost the Clyde, Galloway, and Isle of Man part of the excursion, and had to be taken up in the harbour of Belfast, where the *Pharos* was appointed to lie tranquilly during Sunday the 29th.

Apropos of the Isle of Man—what has it to do with the Northern Commission? Thereby hangs a tale. Light-houses, as is very reasonable, are supported from the proceeds of statutory dues payable by the ships which are presumed to benefit by them—outgoing foreign vessels paying the dues on starting, and vessels entering port paying on arrival—the whole managed in a neat way by the officers of customs. In old times—say fifty years ago—the Isle of Man had its own system of lights, which were so bad as to be complained of by the Liverpool traders; and it became obvious that these lights should pass under the authority of one of the three boards of the United Kingdom—the Trinity House of England, the Ballast Board of Ireland, or the Northern Lights of Scotland. The method adopted for settling the question was exceedingly rational; it was to ask what each Board would take to light the Isle of Man, and adopt that which was cheapest. The Trinity offered to maintain the lights for twopence per ton on all vessels that passed; while the Northern Commission declared its readiness to accept the very small sum of a farthing per ton. This was in 1815, since which time the Isle of Man, in the matter of light-houses, has been connected with Scotland. The farthing per ton was a shrewd conception. So large is the number of vessels passing the Isle of Man, that this forms the best-paying branch of revenue of the Northern Lights.

Reaching Belfast (by way of Greenock) early on the morning of Saturday 28th, and hospitably entertained and escorted about by one of the esteemed citizens, I had an opportunity of visiting the more remarkable places in the town and neighbourhood, and learning some particulars worthy of note. As it was twenty years since I had seen Belfast, I was not prepared for its vast extension and numerous street improvements, or for learning that the annual income of its harbour has risen, since 1848, from £23,000 to £52,000—looking to which notable circumstances, one is inclined to feel somewhat incredulous on the score of alleged Irish poverty. Belfast, at all events, possesses one unmistakable evidence of social advancement—a fœtid river and harbour; so loathsome and insalubrious were its waters, that the *Pharos* could not make out the entire Sunday at its handsome quay; and, receiving me on board, dropped down for the night to the open sea adjoining Carrickfergus.

Skirting along the north of Ireland, and then shooting across to the southern points of the Hebrides, I enjoyed my first day at sea. In passing, we took a look of the Giants' Causeway, which all on board pronounced to be a poor affair in comparison to Staffa. At the Rhins of Islay began that systematic visitation of Scottish light-houses which was pursued for the next fourteen days, among the outer and inner islands, and along the coast of the mainland as far as Cape Wrath; from which limit the vessel retraced its course southwards to Oban, leaving the east coast, and Orkney and Shetland Islands, for next season.

With the drawback of generally dull and moist weather, suggestive of an improvement of Scott's well-known lines:

'O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Wet-nurse for a poetic child'—

and occasionally tossed about in a rather unceremonious way, life glided on pleasantly in the *Pharos;* there being in it that nice blending of duty with amusement, good living, and leisurely converse, which constitutes an enviable mode of existence—at anyrate, I do not know of anything better in this world of ours. Five sheriffs, the provost of Inverness, the senior bailie of Glasgow, the secretary, and myself, made up the party—a joyous set of mortals, who, with one or two exceptions, scorned to be sea-sick, in nearly all weathers played at shovel-board on deck, and quite as regularly made their appearance at meals as they took to the boat to visit the several light-houses.

It is customary in these excursions by the *Pharos*, for one to be chosen 'commodore' who has the high function of presiding at table, regulating the routes as well as general procedure, and of deciding what shall be the daily bill of fare—in which last capacity he has frequent serious communings with the cook. Our commodore on this occasion was the Sheriff of Forfarshire, who happily tempered power with discretion, kept all in good-humour, and deservedly received a vote of thanks for his services, not the least of which consisted in keeping a capital cuisine. Breakfast at 9 (a Scotch breakfast), lunch at 1, dinner at 6 (full dress), tea at 8, and anything you like at 9; all in bed by a little after 10. Such was the usual routine in the alimentary department—any modification in the fare, considering the amount of fresh air and hard work encountered, being quite out of the question. It added not a little to the comfort of the party, that the ship anchored in a quiet bay every evening about dinner-time—that, in my opinion, contributing materially to digestion—and did not start on a fresh cruise till 7 next morning, which allowed a walk of a couple of hours on deck, to promote a relish for the kipper, the fresh herrings, and the other edibles which at 9 garnished the table of the saloon.

I have never lived for a time on board any vessel so entirely satisfactory as the *Pharos*. With the exact discipline, promptitude, and courtesy observable in war-ships, it offered the comforts of a well-regulated home—the alimentary arrangements above hinted at; a library, if you wished to indulge in reading; and a snug little room on deck, provided with telescopes, charts, and maps, where one might lounge at ease, and be ready to turn out in a moment with field-glass in hand, to scrutinise the wildly picturesque shores of the Hebridean Archipelago.

There was always some little bustle and fun, along with a becoming air of business, on landing. The stoppage and anchoring of the vessel about a quarter of a mile from the shore, the lowering of a boat, into which the party trooped in walking trim, and the serving out of capacious and well-kept sea-cloaks, as a shelter from the spray while darting over the waves, formed the ordinary routine of disembarkation. One thing was never missed—the landing of 'Milo.' All who have sailed in the *Pharos* have made the acquaintance of Milo, a middle-aged brown water-spaniel, somewhat lazy from not having much to do, but solemn in character, and to all appearance impressed with the conviction that he is an essential member of the crew. Milo always makes a point of going on shore with the Commissioners, in order to have a ramble about, while they are engaged in their grave official investigations. When the landing is at a precipitous quay, up which you have to climb by a fixed iron ladder, poor Milo is somewhat nonplussed; but the difficulty is got over by his being placed on the back of one of the sailors, whom he grasps round the neck with his forepaws, carried in which fashion up the steep ladder, he is set down in safety; and by the same pleasant process of locomotion, he returns to the boat, after enjoying his scamper over the scanty herbage which clothes the rocky promontories.

In these landings, there was considerable uniformity. For the most part, the light-houses are placed on bold headlands, at a distance varying from a hundred yards to a mile and a half from the landing-place. Each establishment consists not only of a tall stone tower, with its lofty lighting apparatus, but of a cluster of neat dwellings for the keepers, to which, in all cases, there is convenient access from the shore by a road made at the expense of the Commission. The making of these roads forms, in some instances, a heavy item of outlay, but is indispensable for the construction of the works, and afterwards for facilitating the regular and safe transmission of stores. Reaching the spot, and throwing aside walking-sticks and loose upper-coats, the Commissioners mount in the first place by winding stairs and ladders to the summit of the tower; there they sagaciously examine the bright burnished lamps, lenses, and reflectors—some, perhaps, by dint of repeated investigation, acquiring for the first time an intelligent idea of the difference between the two great modern systems of lighting—the catoptric and dioptric. All, at least, are struck with the singular beauty and ingenuity of the works, and of their great value as regards averting shipwreck and the saving of human life. Noble outposts of humanity and civilisation are these gigantic structures! Would not any one be proud to take part in their organisation and maintenance!

Large lenses and prisms of different shapes for concentrating and sending forth the rays of light from effulgent oil-lamps, constitute a leading feature in the apparatus. Formerly, Great Britain could not produce these lenses in perfection, owing to the obstruction to experiment caused by the glass-duties, and our light-houses were therefore supplied with the needful apparatus by France. Now, the works are of home manufacture, glass, lamps, reflectors, and everything—Chance of Birmingham for lenses, and Milne of Edinburgh for brass and lamp work, being the main producers; the cost of a fully-equipped apparatus is from £800 to £3000, according to the class and character of the light. The outlay in building a light-house varies, according to dimensions and other circumstances, from £4500 to six times that amount; but sometimes the cost is considerably higher. Something, I learn, in the way of sufficiency, depends on the spirit which happens to influence the

Trinity House of England and Board of Trade, which, by statute, exercise a certain control over the operations of the Northern Commission—the Trinity as regards sites and projects, the Board of Trade as regards plans, revenue, and expenditure. It was not always so; some appear to think that under the new régime the spirit of economy has weighed a little too heavily on the construction and general character of the light-houses lately erected on the dangerous sea-shores of Scotland. A pretty bold attempt was made about sixteen years ago to abolish the Scottish and Irish Boards, and concentrate the entire management in the Trinity House. A recommendation to this effect came, as I think, with a peculiarly bad grace from the Royal Commission employed to look into these affairs; for in drawing a comparison, it had to acknowledge that the 'Scotch light-houses are in the best state of general efficiency, the English next, and the Irish third.' The Northern Commission was accordingly let alone, and continues as effective as ever, under the administration of a vigilant secretary and the body of unpaid officials, who seem to take a surprising degree of interest in its operations. Something of its success is doubtless also due to the Stevensons, a well-known family of engineers, who have done great things for Scottish and colonial light-houses. The late Robert Stevenson, the father, was the eminent constructer of the light-house on the Bell-Rock; and for the Skerryvore we are indebted to his elder son, Alan, recently deceased.

Were I giving a formal history of light-houses, I should specify a number of things which characterise the Scotch establishments, and have led to the foregoing testimony of their marked superiority. I will refer only to what no one can avoid noticing—the respectable appearance of the keepers and their families, the large number of children, the neatness and substantiality of the dwellings, and the air of comfort which universally prevails. One would almost think that a blessing was showered upon the fraternity, in compensation for the exile which all less or more necessarily experience. But it is to be kept in mind that the 'service' is somewhat enviable, and commands a superior class of officers. To the excellent pay of from fifty to seventy guineas a year, are added a uniform, a free furnished house, coal and candle, a garden and a cow's grass if it can be obtained, books and periodicals—changed about for mutual convenience—medical attendance, and lastly, the visits of a missionary, who acts also as schoolmaster during the period of his stay at any station.

When the keepers have to do duty in those light-houses which stand on isolated rocks in the ocean, and must for weeks be absent from their homes, they are, over and above all these various advantages, provided with rations. The Board furnishes the houses of the keepers in every particular, and by means of regular inspectors, preserves the whole in good order. It could not well be otherwise. Like soldiers on duty, keepers are moved about from place to place, according to promotion in the service, health, wish for change, and other causes: and when ordered off to some new scene, the family has only to carry away its personal luggage, with perhaps a few fancy articles, such as a favourite canary in a well-wrapped-up cage, a geranium in flower, or a stuffed solan goose, prized as a chimney-piece ornament. Quitting one home, it may be in a wild islet of Shetland, and reaching another possibly on the more genial shores of Mull, the wanderers find it a facsimile of that which they have left—the very eight-day clock, in its burnished mahogany case, that confronts them as they enter the new mansion, presenting, as it were, the face of a well-known friend, and in familiar sounds ticking an accustomed welcome.

Social economists speculate on plans for making life-assurance a matter of compulsion. This is done by the Northern Lights in a way worth describing. From the annual salary of each man who enters the service, the sum of £3 is deducted, and laid out in insuring his life. The insurance is taken in the name of the Commissioners, who, on the decease of the assured, draw and pay the amount to his family. According to the age at commencement, the sum ultimately realised ranges from £100 to £130, and comes as an acceptable boon to the bereaved widow and children. The good effected by this arrangement is incalculable. There are likewise retiring allowances for superannuated and well-behaved officers.

Comparative seclusion, remoteness from friends, at most only one or two neighbours with whom to hold rational converse: Are not these terrible drawbacks on the current sources of happiness of these light-house keepers? Not at all. Instances are not unknown of individuals sinking under the quietude and sameness of their mode of life; but these are exceptions. As a general rule, the keepers and their families are a happy set of people, well read as to what is going on in the world, and accustomed to make the best of opportunities for bettering their circumstances. The periodical visits of inspectors, and of the *Pharos* or some other vessel with stores, are events of moment. But the greatest event of all during the year is the arrival of the Commissioners, when the flag is hoisted in their honour, and requests are entered in the note-book of the secretary. Some keepers solace their spare hours with handicrafts. One is a good tinsmith; another amuses himself with a turning-lath and carpenter's bench; and I heard of a third who is noted among the islands as an excellent bootmaker. Setting aside all such useful recreations to fill up the time, let us again remember that these light-house keepers belong to a class of society who value the importance of an assured income, along with the other substantial benefits and social elevation of the service, above mere sentiment. Neither man nor woman whom I talked to complained of loneliness. No; it was not there that the shoe pinched. Revealing, as I thought, a fine trait in the Scottish character, that which only and really detracted from the happiness of the situation, was the difficulty—often the entire impracticability—of getting proper schooling for the children. 'I have not been at church for four years, and scarcely expect to be ever at one again,' said the wife of a keeper. Another whom I spoke to, gets to church twice a year in a boat, the voyage thither being fourteen miles, along a rugged coast full of sunk rocks. However, the desire to do a duty to offspring goes beyond any such consideration. The want of schools is the subject of constant lament: for without education, how are the children to get on in life? As a make-shift, sometimes an elder girl teaches the younger, or the parents themselves try to take the matter in hand, while the missionary also, as above mentioned, helps in the business of elementary instruction.

I inquired if there was much intercourse between the keepers and the widely scattered families of the Gaelic-speaking natives. Very little, was the reply. As a rule, the Board find it necessary to discourage the visits of these poor people to their establishments, on account of personal habits which are adverse to the scrupulous cleanliness insisted on in the dwellings. Those who are acquainted with the miserable condition of the natives of the more remote Western Islands, will not be surprised at this species of exclusiveness. Wherever placed, the cluster of buildings composing the establishment, with their whitewashed walls, form a kind of oasis in the desert—a bit of civilisation planted and flourishing in the midst of scenes of savage sterility and human degradation.

Mention of these circumstances reminds me that the service has two prizes, to which all keepers with ambitious views properly aspire. These are appointments to the Bell-Rock and Skerryvore, in both of which the keepers reside for weeks in the midst of the ever-surging waves, and only enjoy the society of their families at stated intervals. How do we explain the paradox? Simply enough; higher pay, rations, and chiefly, convenient schooling for children. The Bell-Rock, with a family residence at Arbroath, where schools abound, and employment for children is obtained, was on all hands referred to as the *ne plus ultra* of light-house appointments—a thing sighed for, but not easily obtained, and when quitted, looked back upon as a kind of 'Paradise Lost.'

And now, let us be off for Skerryvore, which some people think, myself for one, is worth travelling a thousand miles to see; but the voyage must be left to another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Yes—off for the Skerryvore, but only after the essential preliminary of spending a day at Oban in coaling. Oban, which may be taken to be a kind of metropolis of the Hebrides, is the place set apart for this important particular, and thither the *Pharos* wended its way from Islay and the Sound of Jura. All who are acquainted with the beautiful land-locked bay of Oban, will recollect seeing a strange black hulk composedly anchored near the island of Kerrera, opposite the town, and perhaps they may have wondered why that old and mastless vessel should not be removed and broken up as a useless speck on the scene. That dark mass, however, is not useless, nor is it without a history. It is what remains of the *Enterprise*, a strong-built wooden vessel, which took part in the ill-fated explorations of Sir John Franklin, and which, placed at the disposal of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, is employed by them as a repository for coal and miscellaneous stores. Nor is the mass dull and lifeless. It is inhabited by a keeper and his family, who, as things go, find themselves tolerably well off. The hulk, as a western dépôt, is often visited for light-house purposes ; the children of the keeper are rowed daily ashore to a school at Kerrera ; and if the little dog which feels itself to be installed as a guardian of the old battered craft does not often get across the bay to Oban, it can at least reckon on now and then renewing acquaintance with Milo, when the *Pharos* steers alongside, and a broad gangway for wheel-barrows is temporarily established between the two vessels.

There was a day of this gangway intercommunication, during which loads of coal were wheeled by a band of grimy Calibans from the *Enterprise* to the *Pharos*, and the two dogs paid accustomed visits to each other, and in their own way talked over matters of canine interest. The Commissioners, in the meanwhile thrown off work, went on shore at Oban to look after letters and newspapers, and a number of them, by way of filling up the time, set off on a sauntering pedestrian excursion to Dunstaffnage ; but I believe they never reached that historical ruin, for all were anxious to return to the ship in good time for the raising of the anchor, it having been determined that as soon as the coaling was over, the ship should make the best of its way for Tobermory in Mull for the night. With all on board, six o'clock saw the *Pharos* once more pursuing its way among the islands.

Early next morning, we were *en route* round the northern extremity of Mull, and with a slight bend southwards to have a glimpse of Staffa, the vessel held on almost straight west to Tyree, a long unpicturesque island, generally low and grassy, with a high rocky extremity presented to the full sweep of the Atlantic. In a small cove near this headland is the harbour of Hynish, at which, while the *Pharos* remains discreetly in the offing, we land to make our inquiries. Milo, of course, is not forgot ; on the back of a sailor, who climbs up the ladder at the pier, he is placed amongst us on solid ground, and makes off over the adjoining knolls. The inner part of the small harbour consists of a wet-dock sufficient for the sailing schooner of fifty or sixty tons burden, which is employed in communicating with the Skerryvore light-house, eleven to twelve miles distant.

Hynish, altogether, is but an adjunct of Skerryvore. In the olden time, it may have been a clachan of the Highland type, but now it is nothing more than a settlement of families less or more under the auspices of the Commissioners of Northern Lights; and only after a little scrutiny do we see, on some distant braes, several poor-looking thatched huts spared from inevitable clearance. Like all the establishments for the residence of light-house keepers, that at Hynish is of a most substantial kind; it embraces residences for the families of four keepers, along with dwellings for the men who attend to the small sailing tender, and one or two houses for stores—a community larger than usual, and better off than that of most other places as regards a tolerably near neighbourhood to a church and school, and also medical attendance. Though fertile and mild in climate, Tyree seems to be destitute of trees. The Atlantic blasts would probably prevent their growth, but certainly they offer no check to the vegetables and flowering shrubs with which the walled gardens of the keepers are plentifully stocked.

Behind the settlement, on a conspicuous knoll overlooking the sea on the west, stands a tower of observation for holding intercourse by signal with the lone dwellers on the rock. In the upper floor of the building is placed a large telescope, pointed in the direction of Skerryvore, which some of our party declared they could see like a speck on the dim misty horizon; but this feat was beyond my power of vision. I could see nothing but the great broad ocean, with its long swelling waves, and the sea-birds which wheeled in graceful motion over the coast of the island. Little time was spent in these and other investigations. It was of the utmost importance to reach Skerryvore at low tide, in order to have the best chance of effecting a landing; the weather, though dull, was also still favourable, but both barometer and sympisometer hinted that there should be no undue delay in taking our departure. Off, accordingly, we went, the whole male population respectfully attending on the quay, and watching till the boat had placed us on board the *Pharos*, which instantly steamed away in the required south-western direction.

Of course, all were anxious to catch the first glimpse of Skerryvore, and in spite of cold and damp, took up positions on the bridge of the steamer, in company with Captain Graham, the commander, who directed attention to the point where the tall structure would be seen emerging from the bosom of the deep. And there, sure enough, at length it made its appearance, looming dimly through the dull haze, solitary amidst the world of waters. As the vessel approached this extraordinary work of art, the feeling of those who had not previously seen it was one of intense pleasure and satisfaction. There are sights of such impressive grandeur as cannot be forgotten, and the recollection of which forms one of the charms of existence.

Among these I have reckoned the falls of Niagara, the ruins of the Colosseum, and interior of St Peter's, and now am able to add the Skerryvore light-house. Its isolation is paralleled at the Bell-Rock and Eddystone, and one or two other places. So far, there is nothing singular. What enchains the mind of the spectator is the remarkable dimensions and matchless beauty of design of the Skerryvore—its elegant curving taper, from the broad and firm base to the summit, and its great height of a hundred and fifty feet to the top of the lantern, which is double the altitude of the Eddystone, and a third higher than the Bell-Rock. There is however, more to surprise us in the perfection with which the whole is finished, as well as in the depth of thought required in its execution. I believe there is only one loftier light-house in the world. This is the *Tour de Corduan*, situated on a reef of rock at the mouth of the river Garonne, which is a pile rich in architectural details, rising tier above tier to a height of a hundred and ninety-seven feet. Perhaps, after all, the true explanation of the overpowering effect in the Skerryvore is derived from the exceeding simplicity of the structure; for it seems to combine what mechanical science signifies to be the strongest in material, form, and construction, along with what æsthetics would say is most thoroughly simple and tasteful. But it is only on close examination that we learn fully to appreciate the genius of the constructer.

The *Pharos* having dropped anchor, the party, by means of two boats, were rowed to a narrow inlet or gully in the straggling heap of rocks, which at the low state of the tide shewed a variety of protuberances, on the highest and broadest of which the light-house was planted. Our appearance had brought out the three keepers in their uniforms, and, ready to lend assistance, they helped us to step ashore without difficulty. A pathway of ribbed iron, riveted to the rock, and painted red, enabled us at once to walk forward to the foot of the tower under the doorway, which faces the east. Here, looking around, there was apparently at least an acre of rocks in detached masses visible above the water, with a limited smooth space for walking about on all sides of the building. Dry, and free from marine plants, the higher part of the ledge was at the time about fifteen to eighteen feet above the sea-level; and I learned that except during heavy storms, the rock adjoining the light-house, and certain outlying patches, are never entirely covered. The whole of the ledge, consisting chiefly of a kind of gneiss ploughed into gullies, in which boulders are kept ever rolling about, is but a portion of a long stretch of hard rocks here and there shewing their dangerous presence by the lashing and fretting of the sea, and on which wrecks were of frequent occurrence previous to the completion of the light-house.

As early as 1804, Mr Robert Stevenson paid a visit to the Skerryvore reef, the terror of homeward-bound mariners, and again he made a more special investigation of the rock in 1814, in company with a party of Northern Commissioners on their annual tour of inspection. On this occasion Walter Scott accompanied the Commissioners in their sailing yacht, and, in his own easy and humorous way, has given the following account of the visit in his diary :

'Having crept upon deck about four in the morning, I find we are beating to windward off the island of Tyree, with the determination on the part of Mr Stevenson that his constituents should visit a reef of rocks called *Skerry Vhor*, where he thought it would be essential to have a light-house. Loud remonstrances on the part of the Commissioners, who one and all declare they will subscribe to his opinion, whatever it may be, rather than continue the infernal buffeting. Quiet perseverance on the part of Mr S., and great kicking, bouncing, and squabbling upon that of the yacht, who seems to like the idea of Skerry Vhor as little as the Commissioners. At length, by dint of exertion, came in sight of this long ridge of rocks (chiefly under water), on which the tide breaks in tremendous style. There appear a few low broad rocks at one end of the reef, which is about a mile in length. These are never entirely under water, though the surf dashes over them. To go through all the forms, Hamilton, Duff, and I resolve to land upon these bare rocks in company with Mr Stevenson. Pull through a very heavy swell with great difficulty, and approach a tremendous surf dashing over black pointed rocks. Our rowers, however, get the boat into a quiet creek between two rocks, where we contrive to land well wetted. I saw nothing remarkable in my way excepting several seals, which we might have shot, but, in the doubtful circumstances of the landing, we did not care to bring guns. We took possession of the rock in the name of the Commissioners, and generously bestowed our own great names on its crags and creeks. The rock was carefully measured by Mr S. It will be a most desolate position for a light-house—the Bell-Rock and Eddystone a joke to it, for the nearest land is the wild island of Tyree. So much for the Skerry Vhor.'

Twenty years elapsed after this memorable visit before the Commissioners ordered surveys and plans ; and not until 1838 were operations for the establishment of a light-house commenced by Mr Alan Stevenson, to whom is due the glory of planning and perfecting the undertaking. The works were carried on at three places—at Mull, where the stone, a pale reddish granite, was quarried ; at Hynish, where all the slabs were shaped and arranged to fit their respective positions ; and finally, on the rock. It is scarcely possible to imagine the amount of anxiety and bodily toil endured by the constructer in these varied proceedings. One of the lively episodes in the history of the building was the destruction, by a storm, of a temporary wooden barrack planted on the rock for the use of the operatives. Only by an indomitable degree of courage was the light-house at length completed, after six years of exertion. It says not a little for Mr Stevenson's nicety of calculation, that although the stones had to be prepared at Hynish, they did not, on being set in their several courses, vary the sixteenth of an inch, while the building did not exceed half an inch in height over the intended dimension. Nor is it a matter less worthy of note, that throughout the whole of the hazardous undertaking not a single life was lost by accident.

On the 1st of February 1844, the Skerryvore light for the first time sent its brilliant rays over the surrounding seas, and human skill may be said to have achieved a new triumph. What was the entire cost of this wonderful work of art, including the establishment and harbour at Hynish? It was £83,000—not a great sum, all things considered. It is a circumstance to be gratefully borne in mind, that the late Duke of Argyll permitted the stone to be taken free of charge from his quarries. A very few figures give one a notion of the ponderous character of the light-house. With a foundation sunk fifteen inches in the rock, the base of the edifice is forty-two feet in diameter, and is solid for the first twenty-six feet—to which point the mass of masonry weighs two thousand tons. Above this level, the walls are fully nine and a half feet thick, gradually reduced to two feet, and leaving an interior space of twelve feet in diameter. By an adjustment of weight in reference to the height of the building, the centre of gravity is kept comparatively low; and with the additional means which are employed to joint and cement the stones firmly in connection with each other, the whole becomes a species of monolith, which, seemingly, not all the pressure of the sea in its wildest mood is able to disturb.

Let us ascend to the interior. Climbing hand-over-hand up a weather-stained brass ladder attached to the side of the tower, we one by one reach the doorway in the enormously thick wall, and find ourselves in what may be styled the ground-floor of the building. Stone is above, below, and around us, for neither deal flooring nor ceiling enters into the composition. A step-ladder, bent to the interior curve, enables us, by clutching to a brass rail, to reach the next story above; and so on through ten stories we reach the top. In the construction of the stone floor of each story in succession there is much to admire. It consists of an arch, but not of the ordinary kind. From the walls around flat stones are projected and jointed into one central stone, the whole forming a compact mass, level on the top for the floor, and slightly curved on the under side for the ceiling of the story below. These flat stone arches, in which gaps are left for the ladders, are probably of value as regards strengthening the general fabric. The lower stories are used for stores of coal, fresh-water, provisions, and other articles. In one of them were a carpenter's bench and tools. Above are the sitting and sleeping rooms lighted by windows, and fitted up with furnishings of oak. Everything was comfortable and even tasteful; but not more so than was proper for the residence of three men cut off for weeks from intercourse with the outer world. On a window-sole stood a geranium in flower, doubtless an importation from the gardens at Hynish. The highest floor of all, as in the other light-houses under the Commissioners, is provided with a table and chair, with writing materials, along with a book for inscribing the names of visitors; we also find a shelf with books and periodicals to wile away the hours during watch, and a framed list of the exact time for lighting up and extinguishing the lamp daily over the whole year. On this last-mentioned particular, the system prevalent at the Scottish light-houses deserves special notice. Instead of lighting up at sunset, and extinguishing at sunrise, as is the practice, I believe, in England and elsewhere, the plan consists in making allowance for the long periods of twilight in northern latitudes, more especially in the summer months, when, although the sun is below the horizon, there is in reality good daylight. Tables are calculated accordingly, from actual observation in the different localities. By adopting this plan of lighting, the Northern Commissioners effect a saving in oil of not less than £1600 a year.

Here, as elsewhere, the arrangement for the keepers is to watch four hours alternately, and on no account whatever is one to leave until another takes his place. The watcher can readily communicate with the apartment of the sleeper who is to succeed, by blowing through a small tube in the wall, which produces the sound of a bell. Sitting on duty in this upper apartment, the keeper has overhead the great blaze of light effected by the central lamp, which, according to the dioptric method, shines through annular lenses; beside him, in the centre of the apartment, is the mechanism, in the form of clock-work, by which the frame of lenses revolves, and causes an alteration of darkness and a bright blaze of light every minute. By a narrow ladder we ascended to the iron gangway around the apparatus of lenses, and had the process of lighting explained. The light, when at the moment of greatest brilliance, can be seen at a distance of eighteen miles on the sea-level. Its appearance is a warning to avoid the foul ground in the neighbourhood, of which Admiralty charts give the fullest intimation. From the floor occupied by the man on duty, there is an outlet by a door to the exterior balcony, on which is placed a bell to be struck as a fog-signal. We examined the bell. By an adaptation of the clock-work, it can be made to sound at regular intervals, but it is doubtful if these signals of danger can be heard at any great distance. My own experience of a fog, on one occasion in crossing the Channel to Calais, where a bell was kept tolling, leads to the supposition that bells can be heard but a short way off during a thick palpable fog, and are of little practical avail.

As the weather had partially cleared, we had a pretty extensive view over the waste of waters from the balcony. The only visible land was that of Tyree at Hynish, with its signal-tower. I was interested in knowing the method of intercourse by signals. Every morning between nine and ten o'clock, a ball is to be hoisted at the light-house to signify that all is well at the Skerryvore. Should this signal fail to be given, a ball is raised at Hynish to inquire if anything is wrong. Should no reply be made by the hoisting of the ball, the schooner, hurried from its wet-dock, is put to sea, and steers for the light-house. Three men are constantly on the rock, where each remains six weeks, and then has a fortnight on shore; the shift, which is made at low water of spring tides, occurs for each in succession, and is managed without difficulty by means of the fourth or spare keeper at Hynish, who takes his regular turn of duty. According to these arrangements, the keepers of the Skerryvore are about nine months on the rock, and about three months with their families every year. But this regularity may be deranged by the weather. One of the keepers told me that last winter he was confined to the rock for thirteen weeks, in consequence of the troubled state of the sea preventing personal communication with the shore. I inquired how high the waves washed up the sides of the tower during the most severe storms, and was told that they sometimes rose as high as the first window, or about sixty feet above the level of the rocks; yet, that even in these frightful tumults of winds and waves, the building never shook, and no apprehension of danger was entertained.

When the weather is fine, the keepers are not by any means confined to the building. They may straggle about among the gullies, enjoy the fresh air, and amuse themselves by angling for the smaller kinds of white-fish; any catch of this sort imparting a little relish to the monotony of the daily fare. The visits of seals, which are occasionally seen frisking in the surf, also furnish some amusement, and one can fancy that, to a student of natural history, life at the Skerryvore might furnish some useful memoranda. The keepers, as previously mentioned, do not complain of solitude; the obligations of professional duty, and the periodical return to their families at Hynish, where in fine weather they occupy themselves with their gardens, help materially to banish the sense of loneliness. Besides, as we observed from the visitors' book, yachting-parties sometimes land on the rock, and ascend to the top of the light-house, perhaps leaving behind them the acceptable gift of a few newspapers, to shew what is going on in the outer world. The Commissioners do not object to the visits of respectable parties to this or any other light-house under their charge, for they believe that such visits, when properly conducted, may be in various ways beneficial.

We spent an hour on the rock: more time could have been agreeably occupied, but the Commissioners of Northern Lights act as men of business, and have little to charge themselves with in the way of procrastination. There was other work to be done before night. We had to reach a bay behind Barra-Head, the bold southern promontory of that long series of islands and rocks which stretch northwards and terminate in the Butt of Lewis. The *Pharos*, with all safely on board, is therefore to be supposed once more pushing onward in its course. My last look of this giant of the ocean embraced the three keepers standing at gaze on an elevated peak of the rock, but the rising mist and increasing distance soon shut them from our view; and Skerryvore remained only as one of the pleasing remembrances of my excursion.

CHAPTER III.

Leaving Skerryvore wrapped in the rising mists, the *Pharos* went merrily on its way in a north-westerly direction for Barra-Head, on the small island of Bernera, which may, from its great height, in clear weather be seen from a considerable distance. In present circumstances, it did not become visible till we were within ten miles of its light-house, situated on the summit of the precipitous crag. The value of the Barra-Head light can be easily conjectured, for shipwreck on the cliffs beneath would be instantaneous destruction.

With the headland on our left, the *Pharos* rounded into a sheltered bay, where it dropped anchor for the night. Properly speaking, the bay was a channel between two islands, Bernera and Mingalay; but intersected as it is with huge rocks near its western extremity, it is impracticable for navigation. Both islands and some others are often collectively styled Barra, from the larger of the group, and hence the terminating point of the most southerly receives the designation Barra-Head. Our business was exclusively with this famed promontory, and to reach it, there was before us a pretty long walk uphill. Overnight, it was resolved in full conclave that the walk should be performed next morning before breakfast, as there was a long day's work afterwards; but as this was deemed to be exacting in the way of duty—in fact, against all rule, and not to be construed into a precedent—cups of coffee were to be considerately served all round before starting. So fortified, the Commissioners were next morning rowed ashore about seven o'clock, and made their landing on Bernera at an inlet in a long stretch of dry rocks, dotted over with quantities of fish in the process of being cured for export. With Milo as a sort of scout in advance, all sturdily betook themselves to the ascent. The road slanted upward across the open hillside, which was devoted chiefly to the pasturage of a few cattle and sheep. Here and there were small patches of barley and oats, enclosed with fences of turf; but so meagre were the crops, and so plentifully interspersed with tall dock-weeds, that there was promise of but an insignificant harvest. The tenants of these crofts, as far as I could see, were the dwellers in two or three thatched huts by the wayside. Nearly half-way up, I called attention to a phenomenon in these parts—a low building which appeared to be a mill of some kind, with a wheel at one end, movable by a rill of water from the grounds above.

After a stiff pull, we at length reach the light-house establishment, which, with its environing walls and gates, has somewhat the aspect of a fortification. The whole of the buildings are of a beautiful white granite, quarried in the island. As in similar cases, the transition from the rough state of things outside the establishment to the orderly arrangements within, was an abrupt step from medieval to modern times. An interior paved court is environed by the houses of three keepers; and passing them, we reach the tower for the light, with its winding stair, which all immediately ascend, preceded by one of the keepers. What an outlook from the upper story down to the sea, which surges seven hundred feet below; and what myriads of sea-birds screaming and fluttering on ledges of this tremendous precipice! I have seen it stated that these cliffs excel in grandeur anything of the kind in the Hebrides, and can scarcely doubt that such is the case. On a projecting point immediately in front of the light-house, are the ruins of an old castle or keep, once the stronghold of some Hebridean chief. As usual, before departure, we visited the several houses of the keepers, and entered into a little friendly conversation on matters of domestic interest. In one of the dwellings, some information was picked up respecting the water-mill which had excited our curiosity. The mill is entirely the handiwork of an ingenious assistant light-house keeper (a Fife man), who diverted his leisure hours in its construction. He erected the building, covered it with a tarpaulin roof, and fabricated the whole of the grinding apparatus. The most difficult part of the undertaking was accomplished by adapting an old cart-wheel. The idea of erecting a mill was suggested by the absence from the island of all means for grinding except by a primitive species of hand-querns. It turned out to be a grand conception this mill. Glad of the opportunity of so easily transforming their corn into meal, the crofters besought the privilege of using it, which was of course allowed; and as money happens to be a rare article in Bernera, the multure was arranged on the convenient footing of giving a lamb for a grist, be the quantity much or little.

Returning leisurely before the others, I had time to inspect the interior of the mill, which I found to be about eight feet square, and lighted only by the low doorway; adjoining is a kiln, equally diminutive, made, as I was told, from a piece of old sheet-iron, and indispensable for drying the parcels of grain which are taken to this modest establishment to be ground. I afterwards took the liberty of visiting two thatched dwellings of the well-known Western Island type—poor lowly biggings, with no attempt at either neatness or cleanliness in their miserable surroundings. Let me just say a word or two about dwellings of this sort. A leading feature consists in a twisted orifice in the roof, to let out the smoke as it ascends from the peat-fire in the middle of the clay-floor—the said twist being adjusted so as to keep the rain from falling directly down over the fire, which would not be pleasant. Two things are obviously disliked in this quarter of the world—chimneys and windows. The great enemy is cold, which would be radiated from windows of ordinary size ; and with a chimney constructed in the wall of the house, the family could not sit round the fire. If the smoke does not shoot immediately upwards, so much the better ; hovering overhead, it keeps the dwelling warm, and shrouds all in that fine indistinctness which affords play to the imagination. It is, however, not altogether for such reasons that the inmates of these cabins dislike slated roofs. Thatch offers a particular advantage. When sufficiently rotted with damp, and well saturated with soot, it forms an esteemed manure, and is carried away in back-loads to the arable plots in the vicinity; wherefore each house may be said to be a dung-heap in preparation, such as Mr Mechi, I venture to think, has not yet introduced into his marvellously economical systems of husbandry.

I had learned, from various knowing hints and looks of a Commissioner, that it was not advisable to enter any of the dwellings organised on these admired principles, but had no reason to regret having disregarded the well-meant intimations. In the first hut I entered there was an old woman barefooted, who could speak only a few words of English, but seemed anxious to be hospitable, and set a chair for me beside the peat-fire. Though small, smoky, and dingy, the cottage contained a loom in one corner, in which was a web of dark woollen cloth, which the woman made me understand was for the clothing of the family. In the other hut there were an old woman carding wool, and her daughter neatly dressed in tartan, who spoke English tolerably. Here, also, was a loom, at which the daughter wove the family woollen clothing; a circumstance shewing no little thrift and ingenuity. The husband and sons connected with these families, as I understood, occupy their time partly as fishermen, and at certain seasons take cargoes of cured fish in their open boats to Portrush, on the northern coast of Ireland, or sell them to Glasgow traders. What with the hill-pastures, the arable patches, and the sea, there was apparently no deficiency as regards means of living; and if existence in these smoky dens did not seem altogether enviable, I was constrained to remember that I had not long since visited dwellings in the closes of the Old Town of Edinburgh quite as dingy, and infinitely more revolting. In the last of my civic explorations, I had seen a dwelling in Toddrick's Wynd consisting of a single dungeon-looking apartment, without a window, in which ten persons of different sexes habitually lived, but one of whom, by a not unusual casualty, happened at the time to be in prison. After spectacles of this nature so near home, and which the world takes very complacently, it would be ridiculous to bear hard on the domiciliary condition of these Bernera crofters.

All on board by half-past nine, and the *Pharos* once more under steam, taking its course along the east side of Barra, South Uist, Benbecula, North Uist, and a number of intermediate islands, and stopping for a short time midway to admit of a visit to the light-house of Ushenish. The programme indicated that the Commissioners were to visit the Monach light, on the western side of the islands, which the vessel was to reach through a navigable channel; but the weather proved too stormy for us to face the Atlantic, or to attempt a landing in that direction; the *Pharos* therefore pursued its way to Lochmaddy, a well-sheltered bay in North Uist, where it was to remain for the night. Cold and gusty as the day happened to be, most of the party kept the deck, and occasionally mounted to the bridge, with field-glass in hand, to catch glimpses of the rugged coast, which appeared a strange combination of rocks, low unpicturesque hills, and inlets of the sea. Some amusement was derived from the notion that part of this ungenial domain was the ancient patrimony of the M'Neills of Barra, who at one time assumed the airs of independent sovereignty, and, according to Carstairs's state-papers, had sent a magniloquent letter offering aid to the Earl of Argyll. The best of the traditions regarding these self-sufficient old chieftains, is that of the daily proclamation, in Gaelic, from the top of their castle of Chisamil: 'Hear, O ye people! and listen, O ye nations! The great M'Neill of Barra having finished his dinner, all the princes of the earth are at liberty to dine!' Seen from the east side, Barra and the other islands we were passing did not seem qualified to furnish a dinner; but that there might be no mistake on this point, Captain Graham let us know that the belt of fertility stretched along the west side, and that there the sea-shores were remarkably rich in cockles and other varieties of mollusks; from which I would infer, that with a reasonable degree of diligence on the part of his caterer, the great M'Neill never wanted for a good dish of lobster at his famous entertainments. Be this as it might, there can be no doubt that the seas hereabouts are not a half nor a tenth part fished. I would almost go the length of saying, that members of the cod, ling, and sethe tribes jostle each other in their anxiety to be caught and eaten; when baited lines were thrown overboard while the vessel was at rest, hauls were rapidly made, of which cooked specimens duly made their appearance in the saloon.

The reverend minister of Barra, writing in 1840, tells us that the great majority of the inhabitants were Roman Catholics; and the same thing is said by the incumbent of South Uist respecting his parishioners; but as we go northwards, Protestantism in the Presbyterian form gains as remarkable a predominance. This diversified religious condition of the Western Isles is exceedingly curious. It is historical. From the possessions of certain chiefs, the Reformation was somehow excluded, and three centuries have failed to make any great change in this respect. Not only in language and style of living, but in religious sentiment, people are here seen much as their predecessors were immediately after Columba, in the sixth century, propagated a knowledge of Christianity in these insular Caledonian regions. Any one having a fancy to see what Scotland generally was like a thousand years ago, may go to Barra—that is to say, if he can manage to get to it, which may be no easy matter. The extreme difficulty of visiting this and other outlying islands must have acted detrimentally on their interests. The mere trouble of getting from island to island across narrow sounds is annoying. Through these channels, the tides run with a violence that no ordinary boat can withstand. At low water, a number of the channels are dry, and at such times they become excellent fords for traffic by carts or otherwise, on which account the exact state of the tides is a matter of vital solicitude to the islanders. To wish a wayfarer 'a pleasant ford' is something more than an idle compliment; for if he misses the nick of time to make his passage, a delay of twelve hours in his journey may chance to be his fate. From perhaps this as well as other causes, post-letters take a desperately long time to make their way through this part of the Western Isles, which, but for the touching of one of Hutcheson's Glasgow steamers once a fortnight at Lochmaddy, would still be deprived of nearly all regular means of communication for goods or passengers.

Lochmaddy was to us a desirable haven, for the weather was hourly growing worse, and all were glad when, within the shelter of the bay, two anchors were dropt, to keep all secure till morning. As could be seen through our glasses, there was no town on the shore; only two or three buildings with slated roofs, one of which was said to be the house of the sheriff-substitute; and this resident magistrate, by way of compliment to the Commissioners, politely hoisted his flag as we next morning departed on our assigned course. This day, Saturday, August 4, weather continues cold and boisterous; few keep the deck, but all, with two exceptions, of whom I am one, are able to go off in the boat to visit two lighthouses. The last of these establishments was on the point of land on turning into Stornoway Bay; and getting this piece of duty over, the vessel was at its anchorage just in time to allow of dinner being served with some degree of comfort.

Stornoway, I should say, is a good place for finishing off a week's cruise. It offers a fair choice of churches for Sunday, and in this respect it was fully taken advantage of by our party, as well as by the ship's officers, for the weather had temporarily calmed, the sun shone, and a walk on dry land was a luxury which no one could despise. Built in a semicircle at the inner end of the bay, Stornoway appeared to be a rudimentary kind of Oban; but in place of the high, picturesque background of that pretty West Highland town, we have, as the only object of interest, the castellated mansion of Sir James Matheson, the munificent improver of the Lewis, and of this seaport in particular. Between ten and eleven o'clock, two boatfuls are set on shore at the slip of quay, and all make off for their respective places of public worship. About an hour too early for the one I am bound for, there is time to look about, and see what is going on. Shops all decently shut, and men and women pouring in streams from different quarters towards a central point, to which they are lugging along chairs or stools as seats for an open-air preaching. Dropping into the concourse, I am led to a grassy field with environing walls, having a wide gateway, at each side of which stands a man gathering halfpence in a dinner-plate. A tent is placed at one end of the area for the preacher, and stretching half-way across the enclosure is a table decorously covered for dispensing the communion. The scene, with its great crowd of worshippers, was solemn, and more than usually interesting; but as the service was in Gaelic, I listened without edification, and did not remain longer than was necessary to satisfy a reasonable curiosity.

I saw little more of Stornoway. On returning to the ship after attending church, the effects of the last two or three chilly days, and perhaps some over-fatigue, rendered it advisable that I should betake myself to bed; and greatly to my regret, I was robbed of the opportunity of enjoying the kindly proffered hospitality of Stornoway Castle, and learning something coherent of those physical and social improvements on the Lewis which have far and wide spread the renown of Sir James Matheson. Well pleased I should have been had my brother-Commissioners seen the desirableness of staying at Stornoway over Monday; but it was resolved otherwise, and in the face of a gale which rendered a visit to the light-house at the Butt of Lewis altogether impracticable, the *Pharos*, as if determined to get into a mischief, was again on its travels. To all appearance, the storm had been reserving itself till we got fairly outside, and then what an uproar of winds and waves! Nothing for it but to give up, *instanter*, the northerly direction to the Butt, and fly eastward across the Minch to some quiet bay on the coast of Sutherlandshire. Bad as things were, no one had the least fear of the *Pharos* coming to any disaster, for, strongly built, and broad on the beam, it swept on its course in gallant style, and about mid-day took us all safely into Lochinchard. Having properly punished our audacity, the weather, as if by magic, suddenly changed to the brightness of a tranquil summer day. Party go on shore to fish in a small river in the neighbourhood—two of the sheriffs, great in the angling art, bring back a grilse and salmon-trout—I am again on my legs, and able to assist at dinner, at which there is not a little merriment over the day's adventures. A degree of novelty at table was the presence of a country doctor, whom the angling party had discovered on his journey to some distant scene of professional duty. This young gentleman let us have an idea of what was a Highland doctor's course of life. His range of practice was over sixty miles in different directions. Sometimes he was on horseback two days at a time, bivouacking at farmhouses and shielings by the way ; and no sooner did he get home after these excursions, than he had to be off somewhere else. The narration of these circumstances reminded me of a saying of Mungo Park, that his toil and distraction during his first travels in Africa were nothing in comparison to what he endured in the ill-requited practice of a Scottish country surgeon.

A light-house keeper with his family from Pladda had made his way as far as Stornoway, *en route* for Cape Wrath. Received on board the *Pharos*, he was landed with his wife, bairns, and boxes at Lochinchard, whence he was directed to proceed by a cart to the place of his destination. To the general surprise, the whole boat-load were brought back to the vessel. The people at the inn had a cart, which was at the man's service ; but the only two horses in the establishment were lame, which was as bad as having no cart at all. Family once more stowed away somewhere on board till next morning, when, if storm do not reappear, they are to be taken on to Cape Wrath. Fortunately, next morning the weather had taken itself up ; by an early start, we were off the Cape by seven o'clock, and saw before us that grand sweep of rugged precipices which constitute the north-western extremity of the island of Great Britain. Here the knocked-about light-house keeper was landed, and installed at his post by the Commissioners ; they bringing back with them a keeper who had been promoted to Skerryvore. So adroit are the arrangements of the service, that the ingoing of one family and the outgoing of another scarcely occupied an hour. An object of special care on the part of this new family, whom we were taking with us as far as Portree, was a hen with a brood of infantile chickens under her wings, the whole very nicely accommodated in a basket, and which, unconscious of the change, are now doubtless picking their way comfortably about at Hynish.

At Cape Wrath, the captain had his suspicions as to the weather. Things did not look well in the north-west ; and when returning southward along the coast of the mainland, the storm resumed its fury. Driving onward before the misty blast, any attempt to land on the island of Rona, to inspect the light-house, was deemed hopeless ; and the vessel did not stop in its course till it arrived in the evening at Portree in Skye. The bay of Portree, land-locked and sheltered like a placid basin from the outer storms, was to us a pleasant haven of rest ; and further, it enabled us to procure some much-needed public intelligence. From the *Clansman*, one of Hutcheson's steamers, without which the social condition of the Western Isles would still cut a sorry figure, we procured Glasgow morning newspapers of the day of our arrival; after perusing which, we sauntered about for an hour on shore, admiring the beauty of the scene from a prominent woody knoll overlooking the town and bay; and while admiring, remembered that the spot had been visited by James V. of Scotland on his celebrated hydrographic expedition round the coast in 1540.

Next day, resuming our route, the voyage of the *Pharos* was greatly more pleasant through the sinuous channel of Kyleakin—a name ever commemorative of Haco of Norway and his maritime exploits; after visiting the light-house at that picturesque strait, also one at Isle Oronsay, and another on the bold promontory of Ardnamurchan, night saw us back to our old anchorage at Tobermory.

I have little more to tell. Had I set myself to write a book, instead of a few off-hand sketches, how easy—and perhaps how agreeable—it would have been to scatter in a variety of statistical details and conversational anecdotes, along with a seasoning of territorial and family history! What could not one say about that marvellous change of ownership in the Highlands—the transference of vast estates from the Mackenzies, Mackays, Macleans, Macdonnels, and a dozen other Macs, with a few Campbells to boot, all high chiefs in their day, to the Mathesons, Baillies, Ellises, Bairds, Dalgleishes, Ramsays, and so on! And what strange tales about rise of rental in the hands of these men of the modern world! How could we also expatiate on the character of the natives on mainland and island; describing with what patience and good-behaviour these poor people have suffered vicissitudes such as few are well acquainted with. And then, how the pen would dilate on the wisdom of their unmurmuring submission to lawful authority—how by such propriety of demeanour they have in reality conquered and absorbed the Sassenach, allured him to abide in their wild glens, made him a grateful landlord, furnished him with a following of gillies, put him in kilts, and actually taught him to be fond of the bagpipe, and to dance the Highland fling!

All that and much more must be left to some one with a little more time on his hand than I just now happen to have at my disposal. After visiting the light-house on the point of land near Tobermory, Thursday, the last day of our trip, was devoted to the light-houses of Lismore and Coran Ferry on Linnhe Loch, familiar to all tourists to Glencoe and the Caledonian Canal. At Oban, on the morning of Friday the 10th of August, proceedings were brought to a close; and respectfully conveyed by boats to the quay, the Northern Commissioners dispersed on their respective routes homeward.

CHAPTER IV.

I had still two or three days to be absent, and did not need to hurry forward like the others. Oban I have always liked, and gladly accepted the invitation of a friend to be his guest at this pretty West Highland town. I must say something of Oban. Imagine a group of whitewashed houses stretching like a semicircle round the head of a bay with a sunny western exposure—a background of irregular protuberances rather than hills, which terminate on the right in the woody heights and picturesque ruined castle of Dunolly, and on the left by a similar piece of rugged scenery, amidst which, among embowering trees and shrubs, are placed several neat villas : then imagine that the bay is bounded so completely in front by the island of Kerrera, as to seem enclosed by the land, and you will have a tolerably good idea of the place. A little inquiry makes the stranger aware that Oban is a modern Scoto-Saxon settlement, founded for the purpose of improving the country. Tasteful villas are perching themselves about on the rocky knolls behind the town; branches of banks, and other commercial establishments are being established; and hotel and lodging-house accommodation is recently much enlarged. The largest and most splendid of the hotels is the Great Western, but the Caledonian is also most extensive, and the Craig-ard, the King's Arms, and others, are all worthy of commendation. Lately, an Episcopal chapel has been added to the list of places of public worship. The town has some good shops; and those who want guide-books and photographs connected with the district, will be provided to their taste.

The great centre of attraction is the pier, which juts out from the line of terrace-like street. At this point, morning and evening, steamers are seen to arrive and depart; while crowds of tourists are pouring in and out, and considerable is the struggle in hurrying to and fro with luggage. In the immediate environs of the town there are several points of interest—Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, and at a greater distance, Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe, to which there is a charming ride by the 'Banks aboon Bonaw.' Dunolly, which can be seen only by some special arrangement, is within a short walk of the town; it is an open ivy-clad ruin, with the modern mansion near it among the trees. Few tourists are perhaps aware that the history of Dunolly is associated with the famed Brooch of Lorn—an ornament for the dress, which at one time pertained to Robert Bruce, now belonging to the family of Macdougal of Dunolly.

Tourists usually make a point of spending a day in an excursion from Oban to the islands of Iona and Staffa. On the present occasion, it was not necessary to make this agreeable trip, for to say nothing of my late voyage by the *Pharos*, I had a year or two ago made one of a party by the *Mountaineer* to these two interesting islands. Let me give a brief account of this joyous little trip.

Our first destination, of course, was Iona, 'that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' To reach this classic spot, steamers proceed from Oban according to wind and tide, either round the north or south side of Mull: if by the northern route, Staffa is first visited; if by the southern, Iona—the usual practice, we believe, being to go one way and return another; by which means the tourist circumnavigates Mull, and has an opportunity of seeing, close inshore, various lofty and jagged precipices, and several ruined castles standing in desert loneliness on half-insulated peaks over the white foam which dashes on the iron-bound coast, while far above and beyond these objects he will have a view of huge, misty-topped mountain masses, one of which, the giant of a particular group, attains the height of 3000 feet. The voyage to Iona, by the shortest or southerly passage, ordinarily occupies about four, but on the present occasion, it was effected in three, hours. We left Oban at seven, and at ten were in the Sound, a mile in width, which has the Ross of Mull on the east, and Iona on the west—the isles of Colonsay and Jura being seen far away in the south. At this point, the territory of Mull sinks into tameness, and offers some scope for cultivation, with space on the level shore for a village, whence there is a boat-ferry to Iona, which, at a glance, we perceive to possess the same unpicturesque features as the opposite coast.

Running up within a hundred yards of the island, a boat is seen to put off, manned by two or three natives, the leader of the crew being Alexander Macdonald, an intelligent and obliging Highlander, who speaks English, and acts as guide and interpreter to strangers. Approaching the shore, which is covered with big boulders partially overgrown with sea-ware, and over which, on landing, we pick our way to the dry sward beyond, we perceive that, in the present day, the island of Columba is a simple pastoral bit of land, rising in the middle to a height of two or three hundred feet, and with a slope towards the sea, on which is concentrated within a space of a hundred yards all that is interesting to visitors. But, then, such interest! Standing right in front of this gentle slope we have, first, close on the shore, a row of low huts covered with thatch, a species of roof not seemingly able to encounter of itself the gusts occasionally blowing from Mull, since it is enshrouded in a netting of straw-ropes, held down by big stones, in a manner rather threatening to the heads of the Celtic children, who are sprawling about in their little kilts before the smoky doorways of the clachan.

Let us have a look, however brief, at what distinguishes this otherwise uninteresting island. Partly behind the row of thatched huts, and partly a little to the north, amidst enclosures of low stone dikes, are a series of ruins in three detached groups, to which we gain access by a rude kind of pathway, environed by the patches of potatoes and corn of the humble villagers. Guided by Macdonald, we do not reach the ruins in the order of their antiquity, but according as they happen to lie. The more southerly group reached first in the series is a nunnery, of which the chapel, with walls tolerably entire, is the principal remnant. This monastic establishment for females is said to have been founded in the early part of the thirteenth century, a date almost indicated by its finely rounded Saxon arches. Within and around it are some flat tombstones commemorative of prioresses and ladies of rank who were here interred. On one, considerably mutilated, the sculptured figures are exceedingly fine, representing the last prioress; her head supported by angels, and the figure of a little dog on each side—indicating, possibly, that she had been attached to these animals. The date of her death is 1543. Turning round an angle of the building after examining these relics, there stood before us, ranged demurely along a wall, about a dozen little girls, each holding in her hand a small plate of pebbles and shells, which were silently offered for our inspection and purchase.

The next group of ruins to which we are admitted is that of St Oran's Chapel, being apparently a sepulchral chapel in the midst of the burying-ground, which had received the remains of Irish, Scottish, and Norwegian kings for several hundred years, besides those of abbots, bishops, chiefs, and others who had deemed it an honour to be entombed in what, during the middle ages, was one of the most noted resorts of learning and piety in Western Europe. Several rows of flat tombstones, sculptured and in good preservation considering the usage they have received from iconoclasts and fanatical relic-hunters, are pointed out by the guide; the whole being of a durable species of mica slate, but gray, and partially covered with vegetation.

The various names given to Iona can hardly fail to perplex a number of tourists. On the tombstones, it is uniformly called by a word formed of the single letter I or Y—pronounced *E*. Colme's-kill, sometimes written Icolmkill, signifies the cell of Colme. Latinised according to the medieval usage, Colme becomes Columba, and I is euphonised into Iona. The real name of the island therefore is I, or, in pronunciation, E. While so called, it became in 563 the chosen residence of a handful of Irish missionaries, who, under the charge of Colme, their gifted superior, introduced the knowledge of Christianity into Scotland. Of St Colme, or Columba, however, the island cannot with certainty shew any trace. The early and simple edifices of the apostolic band were merged in edifices of a more aspiring kind, which sprung up under the ritual of the Church of Rome. The nunnery, as already seen, is a comparatively modern erection, and so is the third or last group of buildings to which we are conducted, consisting of the cathedral, which latterly became the seat of the bishops of the Isles. This edifice is the most imposing of all the ruins. Its tall square tower, seen at the distance of several miles, rises from the centre of a cruciform structure, of different ages—to the older Saxon arches there being added the pointed Norman, along with decorations of a still later period. It will be for ever matter of regret that the rage for indiscriminate destruction which marked the Reformation in Scotland, should have been carried the length of pulling in pieces all that was artistically beautiful, all that was consecrated by learning and religion in Iona. Buildings were destroyed, clergy and educators chased away, piles of documents of vast historical value dispersed, and the island allowed to lapse into barbaric rudeness; the only parties benefited, as was usual in such cases, being those singularly disinterested personages who accepted from the crown gifts of the varied patrimony of the colony of Columba. After much dilapidation, some care has been taken by the proprietor, in conjunction with the Iona Club, to secure the ruins from utter demolition; nevertheless, it is painful to say that the whole place is kept in a shabby, ill-assorted condition, and if something be not done to secure by masonry several finely groined vaults, damp and decay will speedily lay them prostrate. Both in going to and walking about the ruins of the cathedral, the visitor sees several upright crosses, consisting of slabs of sculptured slate; such being everything that remains of some hundreds of similar elegant objects with which the island was at one time adorned.

Once more on board, the *Mountaineer* steamed rapidly out of the Sound of Iona, with her bows pointed in a northerly direction to Staffa, which was seen right ahead, at the distance of six or seven miles; the view towards the east disclosing Ulva, with the small island of Gometra, at the opening of a bay on the coast of Mull. As Ulva, like Staffa, is a basaltic formation, we now may be said to have got into an archipelago of a very remarkable kind, geologically; it being far from improbable that the whole is but part of a range which comprehends the Giants' Causeway. Perhaps nothing more strikingly marks the low state of public intelligence which prevailed eighty to ninety years ago respecting the Western Islands, than the fact that Staffa was then unknown as an object of scientific interest. Pennant, who made his journey in 1772, did not land on the islet; he only speaks of seeing it at a short distance. Sir Joseph Banks visited it a month afterwards; spent two days on it, having brought a tent for the purpose; and he was really the first man of science who became acquainted with its wonders. Before either Pennant or Sir Joseph had made any public statement of their discoveries, Johnson and Boswell visited the Hebrides; and, strange to say, they knew nothing, and were told nothing, of either Staffa or Ulva. Boswell observes that when about to quit Col, 'they were informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva;' and so they took boat to the small island of Inchkenneth, on their way to Mull. It may be doubted whether these wandering philosophers would have cared much for seeing Staffa, even if they had heard of its natural marvels. Johnson had no regard for scenery, however grand; he liked to go from one private house to another, conversing about social and political questions; while, in his peregrinations generally, he was at the mercy of any one who had a boat, and would, as circumstances served, generously send him on from island to island. However this may be, the fact is certain, that not till 1774 did the world know anything of Staffa, of which Sir Joseph Banks, in a burst of enthusiasm, says, 'Compared to this, what are the cathedrals or the palaces built by men?—mere models or play-things, imitations as diminutive as his works will always be when compared to those of nature.'

Staffa makes no great appearance from the sea. It is only when we get near it that the grandeur of its character becomes apparent. Ordinarily, boatmen with boats from Ulva are in attendance to land passengers from the steamer. When the sea is calm, they conduct their boats to the inner extremity of Fingal's Cave, which penetrates a high precipitous cliff with a southern exposure. On the occasion of our visit, the sea was too turbulent to admit of our taking this liberty. A boat from the steamer landed us on a lower part of the rocky shore near what is called the Clamshell Cave; and thence we climbed to the grassy surface of the island. We were enabled to make this ascent by means partly of a wooden flight of steps, that forms one of several appliances with which Mr Hutcheson has provided the island for the convenience of passengers by his steamers. To leave nothing in this respect undone, he has leased the island, and sublet it at a loss for feeding sheep, of which we saw a few browsing about. The surface is irregular, shelving generally down in a northerly direction with a kind of ravine in the centre. The only appearance of a human habitation is the open ruin of a hut on the higher grounds; and besides its sheep, the only inhabitants of the island are various kinds of sea-fowl, which are seen in myriads, hovering and screaming in front of the precipitous headlands. To have a view of Fingal's Cave, the party walked along the tops of a lower range of basaltic columns—not very even footing—which skirts the shore on the east, and in a scrambling fashion got safely round to the cavern. The description of this wondrous recess—70 feet in height and 230 feet inwards—has been so often given, that it would here be superfluous to offer any account of it. By means of a rope, held by iron bolts to the rock, visitors with nerve to do so may walk on the slippery tops of columns some way within the cavern, about half-way from the water to the roof. None of us tried this hazardous experiment. The crested billows rolled angrily inward, dashing themselves on the irregular sides, and surging up in masses of foam on the further end of the gulf. The Queen, on her visit to Staffa some years ago, was so fortunate as to be favoured with that degree of calmness in the ocean which enabled her to be rowed in a boat to the innermost recesses of the cave, a feat in which her Majesty shewed her usual intrepidity.—So much for a visit to Iona and Staffa, such as is usually enjoyed by tourists.

After a residence of two days at Oban, I returned home by one of Hutcheson's steamers to Crinan, and so on by Ardrishaig to Glasgow. Need I say who is David Hutcheson? He is one of the remarkable men of his time, who lives to enjoy the reputation of having opened up the Hebrides to a course of modern improvement. Mr Hutcheson's life, like that of Bianconi in Ireland, shews in a particular manner what one thoughtful and energetic man may do to advance the interests of his country. A notice of his projects embraces little else than an account of the existing Hebridean organisation of steamers.

Beginning his commercial life about fifty years ago, he devoted himself to the development of tourist and commercial intercourse with the Hebrides. Associated with his brother and a nephew, he has organised business of a gigantic nature. The present arrangement of his steam-boats is in peculiar adaptation to the nature of the waters to be traversed. Looking at a map of Scotland, we see that the long peninsula terminating in the Mull of Cantire cuts off the lower part of the Clyde from any ready access to the western coast, but that to accommodate the transit of small vessels, the Crinan Canal has been formed across the neck of the peninsula—this very useful canal, about nine miles in length, commencing on the east at a place called Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne. Carrying the eye northward on the map, we perceive that, having got into the western sea and as far as the top of the Linnhe Loch, a transit can be made by the Caledonian Canal to Inverness. Now, independently of sea-going vessels to go round the Mull, here are several kinds of vessels in requisition to sustain the intercourse of a line of route which is awkwardly broken into distinct parts. All, however, is provided for.

The best known of Hutcheson's steamers is the *Iona*, by which, daily in summer, an extraordinary system of tourist traffic is carried on between Glasgow and Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne. So far as my opinion goes, no species of excursionising by public conveyances has so many recommendable qualities as pursued by the *Iona*, and the series of steamers connected with it on the shores of the West Highlands. Those who have not seen these vessels, scarcely imagine to what perfection British river and channel steamers have been brought. All along the south coast of England, the short-trip passenger-steamers are on a comparatively poor scale. The Calais and Boulogne boats are very inferior to what they might be and ought to be, considering the nature of their traffic. As for the boats on that very fashionable passage from Portsmouth to Ryde, some of them bear a resemblance to the cast-off steamers of the Forth or Clyde forty years ago. The taste for a large and elegant class of ferry and channel steamers has not been developed on the southern and well-frequented coasts. It is, in short, only on the Clyde that we see this system of locomotion brought to that degree of perfection which may be said to embrace the swiftness, elegance, and comfort—and more than the comfort—of American river-steamers with the security of British sea-going vessels.

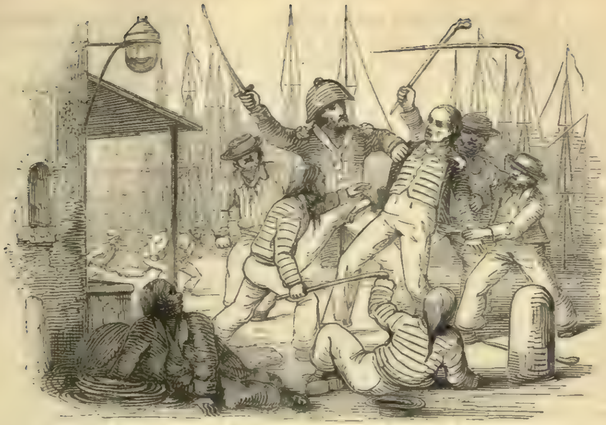
Why the Clyde should have taken a lead in the business, it is unnecessary here to inquire very minutely. For one thing, the wonderful aptitude of the river itself—the Scottish Hudson—for this sort of navigation, has had an influence. While the river, however, has stirred up the travelling propensities of the people, they, in turn, have operated on the river. The Clyde of old topographies is not the Clyde of modern times. Such has been the extraordinary activity employed in scooping out, widening, and embanking within the last thirty years, that a narrow and shallow stream has been transformed into an inlet of the sea, sufficient to float large vessels on its surface—very much as if the Thames in all its capacious dimensions at Greenwich were, by engineering processes, to be brought up to Richmond.

Everything great in this world has had some one man to begin it—not a mere talker or speculator, but one who goes to work in right earnest, even if he is laughed at for his pains. The man who saw the right idea in the present instance was David Hutcheson. He perceived what were the aptitudes of the Clyde and Hebridean archipelago for steam-boating, on a scale commensurate with that universal desire to travel which forms so curious a feature in the present age; and commencing about ten years since, and aided by his brother and others, he has contrived to build up a very wonderful organisation for pleasure-excursions, as also for trading purposes, all along the north-west—the picturesque touring-region—of Scotland. When we say that mainly through his persevering ingenuity a person may now visit spots of interest from the Clyde almost to John o' Groat's—Kyles of Bute, Loch Fyne, Oban, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Mull, Skye, and more distant places, even as far as Inverness by way of the Caledonian Canal—with as much certainty and ease as if he were making a trip from London Bridge to Gravesend, some notion will be gained of the system of transit. But besides the varied fleet of steamers, there is a mechanism for public accommodation, without which the organisation would be incomplete. We may just barely allude to the jetties for landing passengers, the covered wharfs for receiving goods, and the many hotels which have sprung up wherever the vessels happen to touch. What a difference from the time—not quite a century ago—when Johnson and Boswell scrambled about in small boats, and were fain, after a supper of oat-cakes and whisky, to sleep on a couch of heather in the corner of a smoky Highland bothy!

Modern tourists have a choice of two principal routes—one by railway to Inverness, and thence by steamer on the Caledonian Canal, at the western extremity of which—where stands the excellent inn at Banavie—steamers are ready to take them to the islands; the other by the Clyde to Ardrishaig on Loch Fyne, Crinan Canal, Oban, the Islands, and the Caledonian Canal, being just a reversal of the former route. Latterly, a handsome small steamer has been put on this short canal, and by it passengers are carried from sea to sea, with remarkable ease and celerity. The best way, in our opinion, for those tourists from England who desire to proceed on this 'royal route,' is to take the rail direct to Glasgow, where they need only give themselves the trouble to walk on board the *Iona* any morning at seven o'clock. Fairly in the *Iona*, the first of the series of boats, they will be handed from one vessel to another according as they have a fancy—fed and lodged all the way, be it long or short, in sumptuous style. The present *Iona*, in which the Highland tour begins, is the third of the name, and fine as were its predecessors, this considerably excels them. In 1865, we made a trip with *Iona* the Second, and now, in 1866, having performed the voyage homeward from Ardrishaig with *Iona* the Third (which is said to have cost about £20,000), can speak of it with a certain amount of experience.

The appearance of the *Iona* reminds one of the passenger-steamers on the Hudson and St Lawrence. It is constructed on the American pattern, with a long saloon full of windows on deck, and a railed promenade above, on which in the open air we may enjoy to its full extent the beautiful scenery around. The vessel, however, is three stories in depth. Beneath the saloon, and reached by a broad flight of steps, there is a spacious apartment, well lighted and ventilated, for serving refreshments. The vast length of the vessel will surprise those who have not been on board American river-steamers. It is 260 feet long by a breadth, for the greater part, of nearly 25 feet. The moving force consists of a pair of oscillating engines of 180 horse-power, which work with singular smoothness, and can be instantly reversed or stopped. The waste steam, instead of being allowed to rush with ferocity into the atmosphere along with the smoke, so as to spatter every one with dirt, makes its decorous exit by apertures like two nostrils in front, near the surface of the water—an immense and much-needed improvement in steamboat building. The *Iona* being a paddle-steamer, moves with a steadiness which seems deficient where the screw, with its horrid grinding noise, is employed for propulsion. When we went aboard this fine vessel at Ardrishaig, the number of passengers might be about a thousand, pretty equally divided between first and second class; yet, from the great space at command, there was no painful crowding. The upper deck, with its sofas, shewed numbers seated and promenading or leaning over the bulwarks, with eyes directed towards the far-reaching lochs among the lofty blue hills. Thanks to the cheap press, many were engaged in perusing the morning papers, supplies of which are to be obtained from juvenile traders, who are seen also to do some business in selling maps and guide-books to tourists. Descending to the principal saloon, which occupies the after-part of the vessel, and is sixty feet in length, it was seen, as respects painting, gilding, carpeting, and couches of Utrecht velvet, to possess all the luxury of a drawing-room.

The number of persons for whom dinner can be prepared on board of steam-boats, has always appeared to us a kind of marvel. You hear excellent managing wives insisting on the importance of a good large kitchen, without which it is not possible to get up a dinner for a dozen people; but, strange to say, in places the size of a small closet on board steamers, dinners are daily prepared for hundreds. The thing is a problem, 'which no fellow can understand.' We observe that this miracle in cookery is performed in the *Iona*. 'How many can you dine?' said we to the head-steward. 'Two hundred and fifty; but more if necessary.' And such dinners? Two long tables were equipped in a manner which would not have disgraced the mansion of a nobleman—everything in the best style, with ice at discretion. The breakfasts as well as the dinners are so sumptuous and tempting, and such are the appetising qualities of the voyage, that persons who wish to remain lean and interesting had better abstain from the trip. As we have no desire of that kind, but, on the contrary, would be glad of a little more robustness, notwithstanding its extreme vulgarity, we possess a high relish for these repasts, and think it might not be a bad plan to contract for a summer's board in the *Iona*. There would assuredly be no want of company. Every day a fresh set of people, some of them old acquaintances, would leave no time for *ennui*. We remark that this gregarious quality of the vessel affords an opportunity for amusement to the villa-inhabitants on the Clyde. When they want to see the world—the gentlemen to talk politics, and the ladies to learn the last phase in the crinoline frenzy—they step on board this floating palace, make a circuit of a hundred miles, and come back to their homes to tea, all for a few shillings—having had half a day's delightful exhilaration without any kind of bodily fatigue. Such are some of the triumphs of modern practical science, when directed by an intelligent consideration of human wants and feelings. Great Britain can shew nothing more thoroughly adapted for locomotion in conjunction with health, mental and physical, than Hutcheson's Clyde and West Highland steamers. We know not what steamers may come to. At present, the finest thing of the kind is the *Iona;* by it I was landed at Greenock on the afternoon of Monday, 13th of August, and in a few hours later arrived at home in Edinburgh. So ends a LORD PROVOST'S HOLIDAY.



STORY OF A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

ON the 1st of August 1809, a day I shall ever have cause to remember, I went on a pleasure excursion, in a small vessel belonging to my father, from Marseille to Nice. At this time the coast of France was strictly watched by English cruisers; and to elude these, we kept as much as possible close inshore. This precaution was, unfortunately, useless. When off the isles of Hyeres, we were observed, and chased by an English cutter, which soon came up with us. Resistance was of course useless, and foreseeing the result, we at the first shot yielded ourselves prisoners. Before going on board the enemy's vessel, I concealed about my person as much money and other valuables as I could; and of this property I was not afterwards deprived. We were indeed treated with less severity than we had reason to expect. On the day after our capture, we were removed, with many other prisoners, into another vessel, with orders to make the best of our way to England. What my sensations were on being thus torn from my beloved country, my friends, and relations, may be easily conceived.

In a few days we arrived on the coast of England, and were immediately ordered round to an eastern port—Lynn, in Norfolk—whence we were forwarded, to the number of some hundreds, in lighters and small craft, to the dépôt of prisoners of war at Norman

Cross—I think about fifty miles inland. Arriving at Peterborough—a respectable-looking town with a handsome cathedral—apparently a gay and thoughtless set, we were marched to our destination. On reaching Norman Cross, we all underwent the usual scrutiny by the inspecting officers; and an exact description was taken of each individual as to his age, size, colour of hair and eyes, &c., which was entered in a book kept for that purpose. All these preparations gave a fearful presentiment of what we were afterwards to expect, and raised emotions in my breast of a nature I cannot define, but which several times, whilst the examination was going on, made me shudder with a kind of convulsive horror, not at all lessened on our admittance into, and review of our prison. The English had here upwards of seven thousand prisoners of war, of one nation or other, but chiefly Frenchmen. I will endeavour to describe a few particulars of the place, as well as I can recollect, which may at the same time also serve to illustrate my escape from it.

The whole of the buildings, including the prison and the barracks for the soldiers who guarded us, were situated on an eminence, and were certainly airy enough, commanding a full and extensive view over the surrounding country, which appeared well cultivated in some parts; but in front of the prison, to the south-east, the prospect terminated in fens and marshes, in the centre of which was Whittlesea Mere, a large lake, of some miles in circumference. The high-road from London to Scotland ran close by the prison, and we could, at all hours of the day, see the stage-coaches and other carriages bounding along the beautiful roads of the country with a rapidity unknown elsewhere; and the contrast afforded by contemplating these scenes of liberty continually before our eyes, only served to render the comparison more harrowing to our feelings.

There was no apparent show about the place of military strength, formed by turreted castles or by embrasured battlements; in fact it was little better than an enclosed camp. The security of the prisoners was effected by the unceasing watch of ever-wakeful sentinels, constantly passing and repassing, who were continually changing; and I have no doubt this mode of security was more effectual than if surrounded by moated walls or by fortified towers. Very few, in comparison of the numbers who attempted it, succeeded in escaping the boundaries, though many ingenious devices were put in practice to accomplish it. However, if once clear of the place, final success was not so difficult.

The space appointed for the reception of the prisoners consisted of four equal divisions or quadrangles; and these again were divided into four parts, each of which was surrounded by a high palisade of wood, and paved for walking on; but the small ground it occupied scarcely left us sufficient room to exercise for our health, and this was a very great privation. In each of these subdivisions was a large wooden building, covered with red tiles, in which we ate our meals and dwelt; these also served for our dormitories or sleeping-places, where we were nightly piled in hammocks, tier upon tier, in most horrible regularity. One of these quadrangles was entirely occupied by the hospital and medical department. A division of another quadrangle was allotted to the officers, who were allowed a few trifling indulgences not granted to the common men, amongst whom I unfortunately was included. In another division was a school, the master of which was duly paid for his attendance. It was conducted with great regularity and decorum, and there you might sometimes see several respectable Englishmen, particularly those attached to the duties of the prison, taking their seats with the boys to learn the French language. Another small part was appropriated as a place of closer confinement or punishment to those who broke the rules appointed for our government, or wantonly defaced any part of the buildings, or pawned or lost their clothes; these last were put, I think, upon two-thirds allowance of provisions, till the loss occasioned thereby was made good; and I must confess this part was seldom without its due proportion of inhabitants. The centre of the prison was surrounded by a high brick wall, beyond which were the barracks for the English soldiers, several guard-houses, and some handsome buildings for both the civil and military officers; whilst a circular blockhouse, mounted with swivels or small cannon, pointing to the different divisions, frowned terrifically over us, and completed the *outside* of the picture.

With respect to the interior economy of the prison, we were not treated with any particular degree of harshness or of unnecessary privation, further than the security of so large a number of men required. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, we had one pound and a half of bread, half a pound of beef, with a proportionate quantity of salt and vegetables; or, if no vegetables could be procured, we had in lieu pearl-barley or oatmeal. On Wednesdays and Fridays we had the usual quantity of bread, one pound of cod-fish or herrings, and one pound of potatoes. No ale or beer was served out to us, but we were allowed to purchase it at the canteen in the prison. To insure to us no fraud or embezzlement, each department or division sent two deputies to inspect the weight and quality of the provisions, which, if not approved by them and the agent to the prison, were invariably rejected and returned; and if any difference of opinion existed between the agent and the deputies, a reference was made to the officers on guard at the time, and their decision was final. A regular daily market was held in the prison, where the country-people brought a variety of articles for sale, and where every luxury could be purchased by those who had money. Our cooks were appointed from amongst ourselves, and paid by the English government, so that, in regard to diet, we had not much to complain of. The hospital or medical department, I have heard—for I was never an inmate of it, except to visit a sick comrade—was amply supplied with every necessary and attendance; the nurses being generally selected from the friends of the sick. For our amusement, amongst other things, we had several excellent billiard-tables, very neatly made by the prisoners themselves, which were attended by many English officers, and others off duty; but, unfortunately, these were the sources of frequent quarrels and duels, two of which terminated fatally, whilst I was there, both between Frenchmen. Having no arms, they affixed the blades of knives, properly sharpened and shaped, to sticks formed with handles and hilts, with which they fought as with small-swords. I was a witness to one of these conflicts, and it sank deep in my memory for many months. It appeared, in some instances, as if confinement had deprived us of the usual humanity of our nature, and hardened our hearts; for some shocking scenes of depravity and cruelty would occasionally take place, which even the counsel and presence of the good and venerable Bishop of Moulins, who voluntarily attended to the religious duties of the prison, could not restrain.

The distress of mind occasioned by my imprisonment did not so much arise from any one particular cause, as from a continual recurrence of the scenes of human misery which I daily witnessed, more especially those springing from the men themselves. Many of our people were so lost to all sense of honour and shame, as absolutely to rejoice in the miseries of those whose feelings were not so callous as their own. I suffered much cruelty of this sort from them, particularly in not joining in their gaming, which was carried on amongst them to a most deplorable excess—many of them losing not only their clothes, but their rations of provisions for a week beforehand. When reflection came across me, I was almost distracted; for there was but little hope of an exchange of prisoners, or of the termination of a war now carried on with redoubled animosity on both sides. Here I existed for a year or more; but in that space of time how many did I see carried out to their graves, far from their homes, their parents, and those other dear relatives who could have smoothed and made easy the pillow of death! It is very well to read of these things, but it is very different to experience them one's-self.

I had now been confined about a year and a half, when, seeing no other prospect of release, I determined to attempt an escape; for death itself was to be preferred to the misery of delayed hope which I daily endured. It was not a very easy thing to lay a plan of escape, and it took me many weeks in arranging. The execution was difficult in the extreme. The high-paled enclosures of wood which I have before mentioned were of no great strength, and easily passed; but on the outside of these was a belt of sentinels, at only a few yards' distance from each other; beyond these was the outer fence, or wall of brick, very high, which was to be surmounted by a ladder or rope, close to which was another belt of sentinels as before. The fences and wall were not the greatest difficulties to contend with: it was the sentinels, close to each other, who, perpetually on the alert, scarcely left a chance for escape unperceived.

Before anything, however, could be attempted, it was necessary to make a few preparations, and that, too, without giving any room for suspicion, even to my fellow-prisoners. With some difficulty, and by degrees, I exchanged part of my French gold for English money with those of my comrades who, by making toys and fancy-work in straw, which they were allowed to dispose of for their own benefit, had got a little together. Many of our men made large sums of money that way, and, had they been provident, might have returned home with more wealth than they could have gained in the same space of time had they been at large in their own country. One of them, a most ingenious fellow, had absolutely, during the many years of his imprisonment, accumulated the sum of £300 of English money. Of this man I procured, for a louis-d'or, a good and correct map of England of his own drawing, on which was pointed out a line of travelling as offering the best route for escape. The names of the towns, and of many of the villages, with their distances, together with other useful remarks, were all written at length, and I found them exceedingly accurate. He sold several of these maps to many who never attempted their escape, but who, nevertheless, had that hope often in their breasts. For some time after I had the map in my possession, I endeavoured to learn to pronounce the names of the places I was to pass through; but finding all in vain, I gave up the attempt as hopeless, for Russian itself is easy to this unpronounceable language. Well assured, if ever I endeavoured to speak English, I should betray myself, I determined, if once I got clear of the place, *never to speak at all.*

The route pointed out as most preferable was to the eastern coast, a part of Norfolk, and there to bribe some fisherman or smuggler to carry me over to Holland. The name of one of these latter was given me, with ample instructions how to find him out, and to make myself known to him. One thing I was well aware of, and which, in fact, was almost everything in my favour; namely, that in the land of liberty, as they call it—and in this instance deservedly so—no passport was wanted; nor, as I was well informed, had any one a right to inquire whither I was going, or what was my business. To say the truth, they do not seem to require such safeguards in England. The ocean which girds it round acts far more effectually for security than passports or gensdarmes.

I got together, I think, about five pounds of English money in silver and a little copper; I had also between twenty and thirty louis-d'ors and other gold coin, and a few guineas, which I concealed in different parts of my clothing. I also procured a small pocket tinder-box, which I hid in the crown of my cap. I do not know how I came to think of this last article, as I had never made any use of it. I also concealed, in different parts of my dress, several other things which I thought might be of service to me, particularly a French and English Dictionary; and being thus provided, I only waited for a favourable opportunity to make the attempt.

After waiting day after day and week after week with emotions and impatience indescribable, the moment of liberation at length arrived in a dark and dismal night in the month of February. The rain had poured down in torrents all that day, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow, and the wind blew a most violent storm. Nothing could better answer my purpose, as in darkness lay the only chance I could possibly have of eluding the keen and vigilant eyes of my ever-watchful guards. Being now determined to make the attempt, I took from their places of concealment, where I had arranged all ready for the occasion, a strong knife to cut the wood paling, and a rope, which I had made out of wool, with a hook at the end, to surmount the wall. I also put a biscuit or two in my pocket, with a shirt and pair of stockings (which last I found exceedingly comfortable and refreshing to me), to put on dry when my others were wet and dirty. I had no room for anything else; in short, what I had, filled my pockets, as my dress was only a sailor's jacket and trousers, both of coarse blue cloth, but sound and warm. I had also a good strong pair of shoes on, another great comfort, and which ought always to be particularly attended to by every adventurous wanderer.

My fellow-prisoner of whom I bought the map was the only one I acquainted with my purpose; not that he might accompany me, for he had given up all thoughts of escape himself, but that he might answer to my name if called over, which sometimes was the case, or otherwise assist me as far as lay in his power, without rendering himself liable to suspicion. It was a regular custom in the prison to count us out of our lodging-places in the morning, and in again at night, so that, if any were missing, it was immediately discovered, and the alarm given. This rendered it necessary that the first attempt should be made from within, after we were shut up. As soon, therefore, as it was dark, I began my operations—my friend standing before me as I lay on the ground, and screening me from observation as well as he could by several artful manœuvres, which were much assisted by a long bench and table near us, on which he was apparently very deeply engaged at work. My object was to cut out one of the boards from the bottom of the building, which I had previously prepared for removal. In this I succeeded better than I could possibly have expected; and, creeping out on my hands and knees, silently replaced the board, and, unperceived by any one, concealed myself among a heap of fagots in the yard, which had been brought there during the day for firing. The rain and wind seemed, if possible, to increase as the night approached, and soon shrouded all around me in pitchy darkness. There were here and there, at long intervals, and at a great distance from me, regular rows of lamps; but they only served to make the outer darkness more intense. As I crouched up in my hiding-place, wet and almost benumbed with cold—which nothing but the hope of ultimate escape could have enabled me to bear—I could occasionally hear the clang of the arms of the sentinels at their post, notwithstanding the pattering of the rain and the howling of the wind, which had now increased to a perfect hurricane; nay, I could now and then even distinguish their voices. Their proximity did not at all tend to the encouragement of my hopes or the exhilaration of my spirits; but I was gone too far to recede. I continued in this horrid state of suspense till the clock struck eleven, which I had chosen as the most favourable point of time, the sentinels being then, as I thought, more likely to be tired, and not so much on their guard, being changed at nine and twelve. Commending my soul to God, I left my hiding-place, but was at first so stiff and cramped with being so long confined in one posture, that I could scarcely stand; however, this soon went off, and I found my courage rise as my blood circulated more freely.

The wood paling could scarcely be called an impediment; and listening attentively for a moment, and hearing nothing to alarm, I silently cut a part out, and crept through on my hands and knees as far and as quick as I could. I was interrupted by no one, and the sentinels were undoubtedly sheltered in their boxes. My success so far inspired me with great confidence. I knew that I had passed the first line of the guards, and that there were no more obstacles on the inside of the wall. If anything at this moment, the hurricane blew with tenfold violence; and justly thinking that no soldier would face it, but seek shelter, I jerked the hook, with the line attached, on the top of the wall, which, fortunately for me, caught the first time, and with but little noise to alarm. I, however, listened for a moment in great agitation; but all appeared quiet. I then tried the rope with all my strength, and it proving safe, I made the desperate venture; and desperate indeed it was; but what will not a man attempt for his liberty? Well, to proceed. With great difficulty I got to the top, and gently and by degrees peeped my head over. I listened most attentively, but could hear nothing; and had just got my knee upon the wall in the attitude of ascent, when a door opened close by me, and a soldier passed along. In a moment I threw myself flat upon my face on the wall, and very plainly heard his footsteps directly beneath me. I continued in this posture for some minutes, and had almost given myself up to despair, when, after passing and repassing several times—for I could hear him, though not see him—he again retired to his box, and I heard the door close after him. I seized the favourable moment, and pulling up the rope, descended in safety on the other side. I then took off my shoes, and softly walked on tiptoe across the beat of the sentinel, till I had got to some distance, when

I threw myself on the wet grass, and stopped to take breath. My greatest difficulties were now surmounted; but as no time was to be lost, I soon started off again, and had nearly approached some of the lamps, which I was obliged to pass, when I plainly saw a picket or patrol of five or six men across my very path. It was astonishing they did not see me; but my good star predominated, and I remained unnoticed. The lamps were now, indeed, in my favour, as they shewed me what to avoid, whilst I was myself shrouded in darkness. Choosing the most obscure places, and proceeding step by step with the utmost precaution, I at last reached, unmolested, the boundary ditch, which I soon cleared; and in a moment after found myself free of the prison and on a high-road, with nothing further to obstruct my progress.

Scarcely crediting my good fortune in succeeding thus far, I put on my shoes, and set off in a northerly direction, running with all my speed, notwithstanding the wind and rain continued for about an hour, when I came to a house situated at a point where four roads meet [Kate's Cabin]. Lights were in the windows, and a stage-coach with lamps, and the words 'London and York,' which I well remember, painted on it, was standing at the door. Shunning observation by keeping under the hedge, I took the left-hand road, though totally ignorant to what part I was going. Continuing my flight, I proceeded for two hours more, when my apprehensions of immediate pursuit being somewhat abated, and also beginning to feel fatigued, I slackened my pace. I had passed through two or three villages, but had met with nothing to interrupt me, or indeed to notice. I kept on thus some short time longer, when I came to a toll-gate, situated at the foot of an extraordinary long bridge, which led to Oundle, a town of considerable size. The chimes of the church clock were just playing the hour of three as I seated myself for a moment on the steps of the foot-gate. I was at first in doubt whether or not I should proceed straight on, or seek a by-road, one of which adjoined the bridge on the left hand. I determined, however, on the former, and continued my journey through dark, long, and dirty streets, without stopping or seeing any one, when I came to another bridge, at the farther extremity of the place, almost as long as the one I had before passed, so that the town appeared to be situated on an island. The moon had now got up a little, and afforded me light enough to discern, in a field just beyond the bridge, on the left hand, a small shed or hovel. I was now exceedingly fatigued, and I determined to rest here a short time at least, till I could collect my scattered senses, which had been so long in continual agitation.

The door of the hovel was luckily open, and it afforded me an excellent shelter. I cannot express my mingled feelings of fear and joy, hope and thankfulness, as I now stretched myself on the straw with which the ground was covered. No longer cooped up in what I may call a dungeon, where life itself almost ceased to be worth caring for, I now had before me a fair prospect of succeeding in my enterprise; and my energies being thus brought into action, I became a new man, and felt renovated accordingly: my mind, as it were, expanding and adapting itself to the occasion, called forth all its powers.

In the hovel, tied to a manger, was a cow, and her calf was placed in a pen just by her. At first the cow gave tokens of alarm and uneasiness; but humouring her by degrees, and treating her gently, she suffered me to approach her more familiarly, which I took advantage of, by milking her in the crown of my cap. The milk, with part of a biscuit, afforded me a most delicious meal. I had taken off my shoes and wet stockings; and putting on the dry ones which I had in my pocket, I felt inexpressibly refreshed, though my wet clothes and fear of pursuit prevented my sleeping. Indeed it would not have been prudent to have slept, for it was evident the owner of the cow would be there in the morning to milk her; so, contenting myself with the good berth I had obtained, for it still continued raining, I waited very patiently for the first dawn of day, when I intended to start again. Of course I had not yet been able to examine my map, which, being enclosed in a case, was quite dry; but I thought that of little consequence, as, whether the road I had taken was right or not, a few hours would make up the difference.

As the day broke, the weather cleared up a little, so far as to cease raining, but the road was very wet and dirty; however, there was no alternative, and leaving with regret the hovel which had so kindly sheltered me for the night, I continued my journey. My wet clothes made me feel extremely cold and uncomfortable at first, and I kept up a pretty good pace for some time, in order to warm me. It was not my intention to go far, and seeing a haystack in a retired part of a field some distance off on my left, I quitted the high-road, and proceeded to it. It was farther than I expected; but it appeared to be the very spot I should have chosen for concealment, there being no public path or road leading to it. Part of the stack had been cut, so that I easily gathered enough of the hay to make me a soft and dry bed; and here I determined to stop and examine my map, and devise a plan for my future proceedings.

After I had rested some time, the sun, to my infinite delight, suddenly broke forth, and gave every sign of a fine day; and though a February sun in England is very different from a February sun in the south of France, yet the warmth I derived from it gave me great comfort, and refreshed me exceedingly; so much so, that, after several vain attempts to keep my eyes open, I sank into a sound sleep, which must have lasted for some hours, as the height of the sun on my awakening shewed it to be past noon. Having risen and looked around, and finding nothing to interrupt me, I took out my map to see whereabout I was. This I accomplished with great ease; for the names of the places I had passed being painted on the milestones and direction-posts, as I observed when I started in the morning, and corresponding with those on my map, I soon found out that I had come diametrically opposite to the road I had intended to have taken. But this was of no great moment; and I now determined to pursue a direct easterly course, in as straight a line as I could, and to make for the coast in that direction. I may as well mention here, that, through the whole of my route afterwards, I could at any time find out the exact spot I was in by observing the names of the towns or villages painted on the milestones and direction-posts. This I found of great service to me, as I seldom wandered far from my way, and never had occasion to ask the road, even had I been able or inclined to do so. But to proceed. The clock of a neighbouring church was just striking one when I started again, in high spirits, my clothes being now quite dry, eating my last piece of biscuit as I went. How I was to get a fresh supply of provisions did certainly now and then strike me; but it made no very deep impression, my chief object being to get on as fast and as far as I could, not doubting but I should make the coast in two or three days more at farthest; but in that I was woefully out of my reckoning.

The day continued fine, and I walked on at a pretty round pace, in as straight a line as I could, over hedge and ditch, carefully avoiding any house or person passing, for about two or three hours; and I was congratulating myself on the progress I had made, when, suddenly casting up my eyes, and looking around me, to my utter horror and dismay I saw, but a few fields off, and in the exact path I was taking, the very prison I had left! I could not be mistaken; its red tiles and striking appearance, with the numerous holes cut in its wooden walls for air by its unfortunate inmates, were too deeply imprinted on my memory to be forgotten. In short, not having any guide across the open fields, and there being no milestones to direct me, I had wandered back again to within half a mile or less of my former prison. I cannot express what I felt at that moment; I seemed to have lost the very power of perception; and, instead of turning back immediately, I absolutely continued for a little time walking on in the same direction—like the squirrel fascinated to its own destruction by the eyes of the rattlesnake.

Fortunately for me, going thus without heed, I tripped and fell, which brought me suddenly to myself, when, turning round, I took to my heels, as if pursued by a whole legion of devils, and never stopped till I once more found myself in the very hovel, near the long bridge I have spoken of at Oundle, where I had before found shelter, and which remained in the same state as I had left it, with the exception that the cow and calf had been removed.

Though nearly dark for the last mile or two, I found my way back without much difficulty; but I was nearly exhausted by fatigue, and had nothing to refresh myself with; however, I did not as yet feel so much from hunger as from the disappointment I had experienced in being obliged to retrace so many weary steps. On the other hand, I had much to congratulate myself upon, independent of the lucky avoidance of running my head again into the very bars of my prison, which I was certainly in a fair way of doing; for in a few minutes after my arrival in my old quarters it began to rain, and it continued throughout the night in torrents. Having a good roof over my head, I considered the rain in my favour, as it would doubtless prevent any one from interrupting me in my resting-place. The human mind, particularly in youth, soon reconciles itself to circumstances; so, making the best of the matter, I nestled myself snugly in the straw, and slept comfortably and undisturbed till morning.

It still continued raining, and the floods had come down in the night with great rapidity, inundating the meadows around me till they looked like a sea. A few qualms at breakfast-time flitted over unheeded, when of a sudden it struck me that my situation was too exposed for the day, as, should any one come into the hovel merely by accident, which was not at all improbable, I must inevitably be discovered; and I appeared too like what I really was to be passed by unquestioned. I by no means wished to leave till I had laid out some definite plan to act upon, and some other route to follow. Looking, therefore, about me, I found a hurdle or two and an old gate thrown over the beams or rafters which supported the roof. On these I climbed, and with little trouble succeeded in making, in the most obscure corner, a sort of floor or landing-place. On this I carried some straw to lie upon, and was glad to perceive that, when looked up to from below, it by no means appeared calculated to excite suspicion of concealment; and here I spent the remainder of the day. It was well I took this precaution, as will be seen presently. I had constructed a small hole in the roof, through which I could see everything passing on the high-road, which was not more than a few yards from me. I could also see the town, and the country round me on all sides.

The church clock had just chimed the hour of noon, when, looking through the opening I had made, I plainly saw three soldiers coming over the bridge within a hundred yards of me. They had their bayonets fixed, and I knew, at the first glance of their uniform, that it was the same as that of one of the regiments on duty at the prison. My heart now sank within me, and I gave myself up for lost. They came exactly opposite to the place, as if they had intelligence I was there. I held my breath almost to bursting as they got over the gate which led to the hovel. Two of them came in and looked around; but seeing it an open stable, and not much like a hiding-place, they walked out again without stopping, but not till one of them had thrust his bayonet twice or thrice through the hurdles and straw upon which I lay; they then, to my inexpressible relief, slowly rejoined their comrade, and continued their journey.

I was disturbed no more after this, but determined to leave so dangerous a situation as soon as possible. I found that, while so near my late prison, it was not so prudent or safe for me to travel by day, and that I should be continually liable to be retaken. I therefore, as soon as it was quite dark, sallied forth once more on my journey. I had studied my map so well as to have in my memory every place through which I was to pass; and my present plan was to go rather a circuitous route, in a northern direction, and endeavour to come into a more direct road by way of a bank bounding a navigable river running to the sea; in fact the very river by which I had, with so many fellow-prisoners, been conveyed from the coast on my first arrival in England. I was aware this would lead me through the town of Peterborough, which there were many reasons for avoiding, as it lay very near our prison, and was full of soldiers. However, there was no alternative, without going through a fenny country, which my instructions told me particularly to avoid. I sallied forth, therefore, from my hovel about nine o'clock, and again passed the long and dreary bridges of the town [Oundle] which I had gone over the first night of my escape. All was dark and gloomy, there being no lamps; and so far it favoured me, as I was obliged to walk through the entire street, which I did as fast as I could, without exciting suspicion. Once, indeed, I stopped at a shop where some loaves of bread seemed inviting a purchaser; but my courage failed me, and I went on without any. I found my way very readily to a village about eight or nine miles distant, with another long and high bridge, for which indeed this part of England appears celebrated. A large hotel, or inn, stood just by the bridge, the sign of which struck me as very curious, but which I could make nothing of, although I could very plainly see it by the light of two lamps just below [the Haycock Inn, Wansford]. However cheering the sight of a well-lighted inn may be to a benighted traveller, to me it afforded but little consolation. It offered no home or comfort to me. I therefore made the best of my way over the bridge, and turned into another road on my right hand, which, after walking a few miles farther, brought me to Peterborough, whose noble cathedral, in its dark mass of shade, rose full before me just as the clock struck three. Wishing by all means to pass the town before light, or I must lose another day, I continued on without stopping, entering the place with great trepidation. It was with much difficulty, and after several times bewildering myself in what appeared to me a complete labyrinth of streets and lanes, that I at length found my way to the bank, and saw the road I was to take running as straight as an arrow before me, as far as my eyes could trace it in the haziness of the morning. On my right, a noble river [the Nene], spreading into a spacious sheet of water, protected me from all danger on that side; whilst on my left, and before me, was an immense tract of fen and level country, where I could for miles see anything to avoid. For the first time since my attempt at escape, I began to feel a consciousness of security. I had left for certain my prison behind me, and there now appeared nothing to interrupt my further progress. Every step I took led me nearer to the haven of my wishes, and I knew full well that the floods below me were rolling along to that ocean which was to waft me home. I felt myself comparatively happy, for the prospect before me was cheering.

I rested myself for some time on a stile which crossed the bank, watching the clouds as they swept along from the west, in heavy and threatening masses, over the wide expanse of waters before me; and at the same time contemplated my future journey with much satisfaction. But I was aware that I must have something to eat before that journey could be accomplished; for however heroes and knights-errant of old might wander without food, I found myself in that respect no hero at all. Still, there was no help for it at present; but I determined to avail myself of the first opportunity, even at a little risk, to supply my wants. I had now been, I may say, eight-and-forty hours without food; for I had never been fortunate enough to meet with a single turnip, or indeed anything to serve me for a meal. In truth it was a bad time of the year to travel in, as far as related to a supply of food from the fields.

According to the plan I had laid down for myself, of not travelling by day, after proceeding a few miles along the bank, on the first dawn of morning I concealed myself in a barn standing in a field on my left hand, the appearance of which gave every hope of effectual security for the day. Having covered myself with straw, I composed myself to rest, and slept uninterruptedly till the day was far advanced. Seeing no appearance of danger, I got up, and amused myself by walking to and fro in the barn, and occasionally chewing the straw for want of something better. In the course of the day an incident occurred which led me to fear that I was discovered by one of the people on the farm, and I felt that it would be necessary for me to shift my quarters; therefore, after deliberating a few minutes, I continued my journey, keeping a good look-out, and carefully avoiding too near an approximation to the few houses scattered along the bank. In truth I scarcely met with anything but the lighters or craft which navigated the river, drawn by horses. The extraordinary noise which the navigators made, always gave me notice of their approach, and time to avoid them; for I could hear their hallooing, which was a kind of loud singing peculiar to these people, at more than a mile distant. This part of England has much the appearance of Holland, with its high banks and causeways, intersected with numerous drains and canals; and, as far as the eye could reach, it was a perfect level of fens and marshes on one side, and water on the other. I particularly noticed the beauty of the church steeples, which stood towering majestically over the floods in different directions around me. The distance I had to travel to Wisbeach, another large town, and which I must of necessity pass through, was about sixteen miles; and I managed so well as to get there about dark. This is a small shipping-town, though at some distance from the coast; and as I passed over the bridge, I got a glimpse of some vessels, which set my heart in motion at the idea that I was approaching the sea. Several sailors, dressed much as myself, were passing through the streets, and I thought they more than once looked suspiciously after me; but it might be only imagination. I had been flattering myself, as I walked thither, that I should be enabled to procure something to eat in the neighbourhood; but I soon discovered that the best thing I could do was to get through the town as quickly as possible. Had I had the least idea the place had been so large and populous, I should by no means have ventured into it at that early hour. By the light of the lamps I saw several soldiers, and began to be very seriously alarmed at finding myself near them. My instructions for passing through the streets were, however, so very accurately laid down, that in a little time I found myself clear of immediate danger, on an excellent road, and in the direction I was ordered to take. My fear, nevertheless, still continued; and as soon as I had passed the toll-gate, which is placed at the extremity of the town, I ran on for some miles, till, what with fatigue, and what with hunger, I was obliged to slacken my pace, being unable to proceed much further. I had now again, after passing several large villages, arrived at another bank, similar to the one I had travelled on from Peterborough, and bounded, as that was, on my right by a navigable river or canal, and on my left by fens and level country.

It might be, I suppose, about nine or ten o'clock when I came to a small house, seemingly built on the acclivity of the bank on my left hand, so that the road was close to, and almost touched the chamber windows. It was the last house in the village, and stood at some distance from any other; but I did not so much admire it for its curious construction, as from its being a shop where candles, bread, and cheese, and other useful articles were kept for sale—chiefly, I believe, for the watermen who frequented the place. A light was in the shop, and I stood for some minutes looking in at the window, and at the, to me, tempting things spread upon the counter, and in devising some plan to appropriate a part of them to my own use; for I would most willingly at that moment have given a louis-d'or for a loaf of bread. Whilst I was deliberating with myself how to act, a waterman, as I judged from his dress, passed by me in at the door, and throwing himself on a chair, made a sign to the person within, by drawing his hand across his face and chin, as if he wanted shaving. He never spoke a word; but the shopkeeper appeared perfectly to understand his meaning, and placing a cloth, which was none of the cleanest, over the fellow's shoulders, made preparations for performing that very necessary operation. By this I understood that the shopkeeper was a barber also; and as I had a very suspicious beard myself, which I was particularly anxious to be rid of, I viewed all their actions with great interest. This tonsor was a little, thin, spare bodkin of a man—I think I see him now standing before me—about seventy years of age, with a most antique cast of countenance, and a face, when taken in profile, exactly like a half-moon, his nose and chin forming the horns. There could not possibly be a finer specimen of the taciturnity of the English nation than in the scene before me, exemplified as it was both in the operator and him operated upon. As to the former, he took no more notice of the automaton whom he was shaving than if he had been scraping a marble block; and for the latter, he was as immovable as the marble block under the chisel of the statuary, and with much about the same degree of feeling. I kept my eyes upon them both, with the hope of profiting by what I saw, and carefully noted that, after being shaved, the man threw two copper coins upon the counter. He then walked to the window, took down a loaf of bread and two or three red herrings, then drawing a mark with his fingers across a piece of cheese, it was cut off, and weighed out to him. For these he threw down a silver coin, a half-crown, receiving some small change in return; and, tying up his purchase in an old handkerchief, departed in the same silent surly mood he entered. I thought I could never have a better opportunity; for I certainly was more than a match for the shopkeeper, should he give any alarm; and I determined also to make good use of my heels if necessary. Summoning, therefore, all my resolution to my aid, I marched boldly into the shop, threw myself into the same chair, and made the same signs as my predecessor had done; and, as I anticipated, the same silent scene followed exactly. The same cloth was put round my neck, I was lathered the same, and shaved the same, and the same sum of two copper coins was thrown by me upon the counter. I now began to feel very courageous, and went up to the window to lay in a stock of provisions, which I intended should last me the whole of my journey. Bread alone would not now serve me, and I looked about for a few minutes to see what I should take—spreading, however, some silver ostentatiously before me, that the good man might not be alarmed. At the same time I found out that my friend was not dumb, which I had seriously begun to suspect; for, on my taking down some different articles from a shelf, he did speak, or rather made an attempt to speak. What he said, I know not; but on my continuing whistling, which I had been doing for some time—and which I did not from any want of respect to the old gentleman, but truly because I was unable to give him an answer—he withdrew his eyes from my face, and very resignedly turned back to the counter, holding the loaf I had reached down to him with both hands across his chest. Well, imagine my ecstasy on leaving the shop, which I did completely unsuspected, with two loaves of beautiful white bread, some excellent cheese, and three or four herrings—for in this last I had the same taste as the waterman; and, to crown all, some tobacco and a pipe. I do not exactly recollect what I paid, but I had some change out of two half-crowns, which I threw down. No mother ever hugged her first-born to her bosom with more exquisite delight than I did the handkerchief which held all these good things. I kept eating as I walked; but that was no farther than to the first shelter I could find, which was, as usual, a barn or stable, where I made amends for my long fasting in a supper in which nearly one whole loaf, two of my herrings, and a proportionate quantity of cheese entirely disappeared.

It was Saturday night when I thus provided myself, and I determined to stop where I had been so fortunate the whole of the next day, Sunday, and rest my legs. The building in which I was being, however, as I thought, too near the bank, after I had eaten my supper I sought out another lodging, in a hovel which stood a little distance off, more in the fields, and which, having neither hay nor straw, nor anything else of the kind liable to occasion interruption, appeared admirably adapted for the purpose—it being about a quarter of a mile from the bank or road, and a mile at least from any house. Here, then, I removed with all my stores, and scraping together what little straw and rushes I could find, made myself a couch or bed. But I had another luxury yet to enjoy in my pipe and tobacco, the means of lighting which I was furnished with in a small pocket tinder-box, which I had concealed about my person for more important purposes, and which I have already mentioned. My sleep this night was indeed invigorating and refreshing, and I awoke the next morning a completely new man, with the additional happy prospect of a good breakfast before me. The day was remarkably fine for the season, and the bells from the different churches, some of which I could hear a most astonishing distance, were quite in unison with my feelings. It might be called the first fine day of spring, as the sun had really much warmth, and the birds, such as the pewit or lapwing, and others of the same kind, were dashing in playful evolutions about me. I took more notice of these things, perhaps, from being so long deprived of the enjoyment of them; but, though trivial in themselves, they diffused a kindly feeling through my whole frame, and cheered my spirits wonderfully. Nor could I help contrasting my present situation with that of the preceding Sunday, when, at the same hour, I was breathing the tainted and noxious atmosphere of an over-peopled prison-house; and now inhaling the pure and animating breezes of a fine spring morning in the fields. A man must be confined as many months as I was, in the space of only a few square yards, to enjoy in an adequate degree the happiness

I felt. I had no one to interrupt me, for the population of this part of the country appeared very contracted; and I do not think, notwithstanding I kept a good look-out, that I saw during the whole of the day more than two or three persons, and these appeared a different race of beings to those I had before met with. The villages, too, were at a great distance from each other, with a farm-house now and then to be seen peering out amongst rushes and willow-trees: as to other trees, I do not recollect seeing any. In short, it appeared, on the whole, a wild and desolate district, more like an American morass than what I had supposed any part of England to be; and this district, I have reason to believe, extends for many miles each way into the interior of the kingdom. I am sure I could see for thirty miles around me. But to my story. I took the opportunity, during the day, of washing a pair of stockings, which I hung in the sun to dry, and of cleaning myself, and making myself comfortable; indeed, having a clean-shaved face, clean shirt, shoes, and stockings, and brushing myself up a little, which every Frenchman knows how to do, I by no means looked the suspicious character I otherwise should have done; and this was now particularly to be attended to as I drew near the end of my journey. My map pointed out two routes to the coast, after arriving at Downham, a town which was situated at the end of the bank on which I was travelling—one by way of Lynn, which was represented as a considerable seaport town, which was by all means to be avoided, if possible; and the other more in the interior of the country, through some smaller towns, Swaffham and Fakenham. Of course I selected the latter—with what success, the reader will learn.

Having passed the day with much comfort and satisfaction, I resumed my journey about nine o'clock, and, without any interruption worth mentioning, arrived at Downham about midnight. The weather turned out bad at this time, and it began to rain as I got to the bridge. I nevertheless continued on through the town, although so dark that I was obliged to grope my way, taking the different windings as correctly as I could remember from my map; which instructed me, on getting through the place, to turn to my left, and afterwards to my right, and then to take the first road, and continue straight on. All this I did, as I presumed, very exactly, and prosecuted my journey with great spirit; and was rewarded for it, on the day breaking, by finding myself within a little distance of what appeared to me a fortified town. In short, I had taken the wrong turn of the road at Downham, and had got to the very place I was particularly cautioned to avoid—Lynn in Norfolk.

From the success I had hitherto met with—although, it must be owned, checkered with trifling disappointments—I had become over-confident; and so far from feeling this wandering from my direct road of any consequence, I rather rejoiced at it, and foolishly resolved to endeavour to get a passage to Holland at this place, without going any farther. Perhaps I was encouraged in this resolution by the sight of the harbour and shipping, now gilded by the rays of the morning sun, and the knowledge that it was the port we were brought prisoners to on our first arrival in England; nay, the very smell of the pitch and tar, which was wafted to me by the wind, contributed, I think, not a little to confirm me in my purpose. Leaving the direct road I was on, after crossing several fields, I took up my abode for the day—for I still had sense enough not to think of doing anything till night—in a haystack which stood on a bank about a mile from the place.

I passed the time rather impatiently till the hour of action arrived. The plan I proposed to myself was, the first night merely to go and reconnoitre the place, and see what prospect of success was afforded. I therefore kept close till midnight, at which time, or a little before, I arrived at the gates, which presented no obstacle whatever, no sentinel or guard of any description being at that post; indeed, I believe, from their appearance, the gates were never shut. The inhabitants were all wrapt in sleep, in the most perfect security; and this was the more extraordinary, as it by no means seemed difficult for a single privateer to have sailed up the harbour and burned not only the shipping, but the town itself, for I could see nothing to prevent it. I walked from one end of the place to the other several times, and, with the exception of a few old watchmen, who cried the hour, saw only one soldier, who stood sentinel at a hotel in the square or market-place, and who, I supposed, was merely the guard on duty at headquarters, as is usual in other towns; and this, too, was during the most sanguinary period of the war. There was indeed a platform or fort at the entrance of the harbour, but it could have offered no effectual resistance. I was encouraged by this show of apparent negligence, and, keeping as near as I could to the seaward part, I found myself, after several windings and turnings, at the northern extremity of the town. Here the fishing-smacks and boats were collected together, many of them aground, in a sort of creek running up between the houses. No one was stirring, and the fishermen were undoubtedly as fast asleep in the low and miserable hovels (I cannot call them dwellings) which bounded one side of the creek, as were their more fortunate fellow-townsmen in the nobler mansions I had passed in the streets. I could, with the greatest ease, have cut a vessel out; but the risk was too great. I was no sailor, nor had I compass, sails, or oars; the river, too, cut a very different appearance to what it did at high water, being full of sands and shoals; so I very wisely gave up the idea.

Nothing particular occurred during the following day. I ate but sparingly; and my stock of provisions being now reduced to a compass not requiring the aid of a handkerchief, I thought it best to divide it into portions adapted to the size of my pockets. I had enough to last me, on a moderate allowance, for two or three days;

and if I did not succeed in my attempt to get away from where I was, it was sufficient to carry me to my original destination—I mean to that part of the coast pointed out to me on the map, and from which route I ought never to have deviated.

I did not wait so long this night as the preceding one, but got into the town about ten o'clock, many of the shops being still open. What infatuation led me on I know not, but I wandered to the quay adjoining the square, in the centre of the town, though several people were walking about, and seated myself on a bench affixed to a building overlooking the harbour. By degrees the people dropped away, and left me to myself. I had not, however, enjoyed my own reflections many minutes in solitude, when six or seven men in sailors' dresses, with large sticks in their hands, headed by an officer in naval uniform and sword, passed close by me. They looked very earnestly in my face, and went on. The next minute they returned; and one of them, tapping me on the shoulder, said something, of which I could make out no more but that I must follow them; for I understood a little English, though I could not speak it. My heart sank within me at the sound of their voices. I knew all was over, and that I was inevitably lost. Seeing me hesitate to accompany them, one of the most ruffianly looking of the set seized me by the collar of my jacket to pull me along, which so irritated me, that, regardless of consequences and the disparity between us, I struck right and left with a stout stick I had in my hand, and sent two of them on their knees; at the same time receiving a blow myself on my hand, which twirled my stick into the air, and another on my head, which felled me to the ground. Seeing, therefore, resistance of no avail, I sullenly submitted to my fate, and suffered myself to be raised on my feet, the whole party abusing me all the way we went.

Whether these men were police-officers, appointed for the apprehension of runaway prisoners of war, as I suspected, or whatever other description of guards they might be, they were the most brutal set of fellows I ever met with—the officer who commanded being little better than his men. All the time this scene passed I never opened my lips, which seemed to enrage the officer much, as he several times, on not receiving any answer from me, flourished his cutlass over my head, as if he would cut me down. However, I will do him the credit to say that he never struck me with it. After we had passed through two or three streets, we came to a small inn, when the officer said something to one of the men, who beckoned me to follow him into the house, which I very quietly did, whilst the officer and the other men set off in another direction. I was rather surprised at being taken to a decent inn instead of a jail; but I thought that part of the tragedy was yet to come. As far as I could judge from the manner and behaviour of the fellow who was with me, he took my silence for a fit of the sullens, as he several times addressed me with the words: 'Cheer up, my lad! Cheer up, my hearty!'

words I had often heard aboard ship, and which I knew the meaning of. I also very well understood I was his prisoner; and, seeing no alternative, I sat myself down, though in a very melancholy mood, by the fire, in a little room he took me into, he seating himself on the opposite side.

My companion, after several ineffectual efforts to draw me into conversation, at last gave up the attempt, and left me to my own thoughts, at the same time ordering some grog and a pipe to comfort himself with. Occasionally he would deign me a sour look, and now and then, eyeing me at the same time very contemptuously from head to foot, would mutter something between his teeth, of which I could make out nothing.

My reflections, as may be supposed, were not of the most consoling kind. I every minute expected to be led in chains to some dungeon, preparatory to my final removal and return to my old prison; and I started at every sound, imagining I heard the guards coming to convey me away. I leant my elbow on the table, and rested my cheek on my hand, absorbed in the most bitter recollections. My head ached dreadfully from the blow I had received, and I felt my heart, as it were, almost bursting with vexation and disappointment. After being so near the accomplishment of my wishes, to be thus in a moment again doomed to imprisonment and sorrow, and perhaps punishment, almost drove me mad.

The room in which we were had no other furniture but the two chairs on which we were seated, and a large oak table, with leaves reaching to the ground. In observing this I also saw that the window—which was a sashed one, and which opened into the street—was not fastened. The idea of escape had never left me, and I thought, could I but get to that window, something might be attempted. My heart sprang to my lips at the bare suggestion, and hope, when I imagined it most distant, suddenly reappeared. I watched my companion for some time after this, with the expectation of his going to sleep; but he knew his duty too well for that; when a loud noise and quarrelling in an adjoining room gave me the opportunity I wished. There appeared to be a violent scuffle going on; and my guard, after being repeatedly called upon by name, looking round to see that all was safe, and saying something to me, snatched up his stick and rushed out of the door, taking care, however, to shut it after him. Now was the time to venture, or never. I flew to the window, and threw up the sash, which offered no impediment, and was just on the point of getting out, when I heard him returning. It was of no use attempting any farther, and I immediately, and with a heavy heart, drew back; but, fearful of the first vent of his anger, before he entered, and unperceived by him, I crept under the table, the large leaves of which concealed me from his view. He shut the door after him, and looked round for me; when, finding the window open, and I nowhere to be seen, he jumped out of the window, and set off in the imaginary pursuit of me. I could scarcely credit this wonderful instance of good fortune in my behalf, and hastening from my hiding-place to the window, kept my eyes on him till I saw him turn the corner of the street, when I leaped out also, running with all my speed in a contrary direction. I had continued thus for some time through several streets, without in the least knowing where I was going, but with the hope of somehow or other finding my way to the gates of the town, and once more taking refuge in the haystack which I had so unfortunately left, when, turning the corner of a lane, I of a sudden, and most unexpectedly, came in sight of my guards again, all of whom were together. They at once discovered me, and, inflamed with rage and revenge, immediately gave chase. I must inevitably have been retaken, for I could have run but little farther, if, providentially for me, I had not observed, as I was running along, the door of a small house standing a little open. Unperceived by any one, I entered the house, and safely closed the door, holding, with breathless suspense, the latch in my hand. In a few minutes I heard my pursuers passing in full cry after me, clattering and shouting most terrifically. It was the last time I either saw or heard them; and happily it proved for me that it was the last time; for I verily believe, had I then been taken, it would have broken my heart: as it was, I sank exhausted upon my knees, almost fainting with agitation and terror.

An aged female, of most prepossessing appearance, with a cat in her lap, was sitting at work by the fire when I entered. At first she seemed rather frightened at my intrusion, and had her hand on the wire of a bell which communicated with the adjoining house to give the alarm; but the next moment, from my action and manner, she appeared in part to comprehend my situation, particularly when she heard my pursuers after me; for she held up her forefinger in the attitude of listening, and said very softly: 'Hush—hush!' two or three times. After waiting thus a little while, till she was convinced they were gone by, she came closer to me, and looked in my face. I was pale as death, and so spent with running that I could scarcely draw my breath. She spoke to me in the most soothing accents of kindness and compassion, and made signs for me to rise and take a chair, for I was still on my knees. The voice of compassion, let it be spoken in what language it will, is intelligible to all men and to all nations. I comprehended her accordingly, and looked thanks, for I could not speak them. However, she made amends for my want of tongue by running on with great volubility, doubling her little withered fists in the direction my pursuers had taken, as if she spoke of them, as she doubtless did, and repeating the word 'press-gang' several times with great emphasis and anger. As she seemed waiting to hear me speak, and not knowing what else to say, I faintly answered: 'Pressgang, madame; pressgang!' as well as I could, without in the least understanding what it meant. But this was quite enough for the old lady, who continued venting her anger against them for some minutes longer. It appeared afterwards that my kind protector took me for a sailor, who had escaped from a set of men denominated a 'pressgang,' who are employed by the British government to procure seamen for their navy, in which service many cruel and oppressive measures are resorted to.

I was, as I have said, quite exhausted with the variety of sufferings I had undergone for the last few hours. The benevolent woman on whose protection I had been so unaccountably thrown soon saw this, and poured me out a glass of brandy; but ere I could receive it from her hand, a film came over my eyes, the room appeared to swim round me, and I thought myself dying. I had only time to take off my cap and point to my wounded head, which she had not before perceived, when I fainted away. I know not how long I remained in this state, but when I came to myself, my head was reclining on a pillow placed by her on the table for me, and she was bathing the contusion in the tenderest manner with some sweet-scented embrocation. Seeing me revive, she gave me the brandy, which I had scarcely strength to hold to my lips, so much was I reduced by pain and fatigue; but after I had swallowed it, I felt immediately relieved, and heaving a deep sigh, lifted up my head. She appeared greatly rejoiced at my recovery, which was, however, very transient and fleeting; for, unable to hold myself up, my head sank again upon the pillow, when, as considerate as she was good, she made signs for me to keep my head down and hold my tongue. I found no difficulty in complying with this, and in a few minutes was fast asleep upon the table.

I never awoke till next morning, when for some minutes my head was so confused, I neither knew where I was nor what had happened; but my recollection soon returned, and with it came a train of hopes and fears. Although much revived, I was still in great pain from the blow on my head, and otherwise feverish and unwell. My guardian angel, as I must always call the excellent creature who thus sheltered and nursed me, was at my side as soon as she saw that I was awake. She had sat up all night to watch me, and the Bible, which she had been reading to beguile the time, was still lying on the table. She did not appear by any means fatigued, but busied herself in getting breakfast ready, for it was past eight o'clock; and in a few minutes more placed before me a basin of excellent tea, and some bread and butter. At these repeated instances of kindness and benevolence from a stranger, and at such a time, I could no longer restrain myself, but burst into a passionate flood of tears, which seemed to have a sympathetic effect upon the good woman's heart, for she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron several times. I now found it to be both proper and prudent to say something, as she seemed surprised at my continued silence, which she expressed by several intelligent signs; and as I felt myself too ill to continue my journey, it was necessary for me to endeavour to raise an interest in her feelings, that she might not withdraw her protection from me. I therefore, after many struggles between hope and apprehension, summoned up resolution to throw myself entirely upon her compassion; and I had no reason to repent my determination. In the best English I was master of, I told her I was 'un foreigner, un stranger. Ah, madame, good madame,' I said with tears in my eyes, 'a-ve pitie on me!' At the first word I spoke, she discovered I was not an Englishman, but took me to be a foreign sailor from one of the vessels in the harbour, who, she supposed, from what had happened on the preceding night, had escaped from a 'pressgang,' as I have already mentioned. She had seen much and heard a great deal of the cruelty of these men; and that it was which made her so inveterate against them, and prompted her so readily to conceal me. But when I told her that I was 'un pauvre Frenchman—un prisonnier François,' she started, and her countenance fell; but it was but for a moment, the natural benevolence of her disposition getting the better of that national antipathy which even existed in this good woman's breast. I took my dictionary from my pocket, and with its aid, and partly by signs, soon made her comprehend my situation and hopes. I also emptied my money on the table, and made signs for her to take it; and, throwing myself on my knees, concluded by begging her not to betray me. The worthy creature caught my meaning much more readily than I could have expected, and at the same time, weeping as she spoke, made me understand that she had a grandson, an only child left of many, now a prisoner of war in France; she likewise told me, with great emotion, that she would not betray me. 'God forbid that I should!' she said; and added, that if I got away safe, all the return she asked was, that I would assist the escape of her grandson, who, the last time she had heard from him, was at Verdun. As to my money, she insisted upon my taking it back again, and would by no means receive it.

An intercourse being now established between us, I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my breast; and as there was some danger to be apprehended to my kind hostess should it be known that she had assisted in the escape of a French prisoner, I was removed into a little back parlour, which opened into a small garden or yard about twelve feet square, surrounded by high walls, and where none could oversee me. For the time I was concealed there, I was nursed with the same care and attention that a mother would pay to an only son. My health and strength returned but slowly, the blow on my head having deranged my whole system, and it was some days before I could call myself completely restored; but she managed everything with so much discretion, that none, not even her nearest neighbours, had any suspicion of her having an inmate. I always kept the door of the room locked, and could often hear her talking with her acquaintance, whom she made a rule of getting rid of as soon as possible. It would have amused any one to have witnessed our conversation of an evening. After she had made the doors and windows of the house fast for the night, which she generally did about six o'clock, she would come and sit with me, bringing her work, and make the tea and toast—which, I perfectly agree with the English people, is certainly a most refreshing meal, or *comfortable*, as they call it. If she said anything which I did not understand, I would write it down, and translate it, word for word; and the same by what I said to her; and it is surprising with what readiness we comprehended each other's meaning. Often have the tears run down the good creature's eyes as I told her of my sufferings in the prison; and as often would she rejoice with me in the anticipation of my once more seeing my parents.

My kind hostess—whose name, for prudential reasons, I shall omit—was, as she told me, in her seventieth year. She was the widow of a captain or master of one of the vessels which sailed from Lynn, I think she said in the Baltic trade. Her husband had been dead some years; and she told me, with some pride, that he had left her a comfortable competency, the fruits of his industry and economy, to maintain her in her old age. All her children and grandchildren, she said, were dead but one, who, as I have before mentioned, was a prisoner in France; having been captured in a voyage to St Petersburg in a ship in which he was mate, and from whom she had received no account for upwards of two years, which afflicted the old lady grievously. I promised her, should I succeed in reaching France, I would use all the interest of my family, which I assured her was not small, in effecting his exchange; and if I did not succeed in that, I would make him as comfortable as money could make him. We also talked, as you may suppose, of my future proceedings; and as a first step towards their successful termination, she provided me with a complete dress of coloured clothes which had belonged to her deceased son; and also with two fine linen shirts—my own being checked cotton, such as seamen wear—and a hat, and stockings, and other useful articles; nor would she receive any payment whatever for them, but bade me place them to the account of 'her dear grandson, and do the same for him.' The next morning, according to her wish, having discarded my old clothes, I put on my new ones, which fitted me exceedingly well; and I felt the change, as it were, through my whole frame. I appeared to myself at once, and most unexpectedly, restored to that station in life to which I had been so long a stranger, and to which I at one time thought I should never return. I had also the satisfaction of knowing that I might now pass from one end of the kingdom to the other without being suspected or interrupted—no small comfort to a man in my situation. My kind hostess, at first seeing me in my new dress, was visibly affected; the remembrance of her son rose in her bosom, and she sank on a chair overwhelmed with her feelings. After a few minutes given to silent sorrow, in which I felt for her as if she had been my own mother, she wiped away her tears, and taking my hand very affectionately, prayed God 'to restore me to my family again, and not leave my parents childless.' I recollect her words well; for the tone and manner in which they were delivered made an impression upon me I shall never forget.

Being now perfectly recovered, and well aware of the inconvenience I must be putting my inestimable friend to, I prepared for my departure. I had been her guest a week; and having told her my determination to start next morning, once more requested her to allow me at least to repay her the expenses she had been put to on my account. But I could by no means prevail upon her to take a single farthing; her constant reply to everything I advanced upon that subject was 'to give it to her grandson one way or other.' All I could induce her to accept was a ring of little value, but esteemed by me as given me by my mother, and having my name, age, and place of birth engraven on it. I had concealed it about my person on being first captured by the English vessel, and had worn it round my neck by a ribbon ever since. I thought I could not do better than to present it to this, as I called her, my second mother; and she received it with great pleasure, and promised always to wear it in remembrance of me. This, with four small Spanish coins as counters for whist, which I had seen her admire, was all I could get her to accept.

The next morning, after partaking of a good breakfast, about eight o'clock I rose to depart; when, with tears in her eyes, which she in vain attempted to conceal, she gave me a letter for her grandson, enclosing a bill of exchange. I endeavoured to smile, and told her 'I trusted we should yet meet again in happier circumstances, her grandson with us.' But she shook her head, and said: 'No, no; not in this world; never, never!' I then took her hand, and kissed it with great devotion several times, and thanked her repeatedly for the kind protection she had afforded me. But the good creature had not yet done. She brought me some provisions of bread and meat, neatly done up, to put in my pocket, with a small bottle of brandy; and once more bidding me not forget 'her poor boy,' we parted—and for ever!

The very mention, even after a lapse of so many years, of all this kindness and unexampled liberality, brings tears of grateful recollection to my eyes; and think not, reader (and I may as well mention it here), that her goodness was forgotten by me. Immediately on the restoration of peace, I commissioned a friend to go to England to seek out this excellent woman, bearing letters from my mother and myself, saying all that grateful hearts could say; and offering her, if she chose to accept it, an asylum with us in France for life;

or should she, as was more natural, prefer staying in her native country, we remitted the necessary funds for securing to her the payment of an annuity of £50. We also sent several presents, such as we thought might be acceptable to her. But alas! to our unspeakable sorrow, on our correspondent's arrival at Lynn, he found she had been dead some years—an event, I have no doubt, hastened by the melancholy end of her grandson; of whom I was obliged to write her the distressing account—which I did immediately after I had ascertained the fact—that he had been wounded in an attempt, with many others, to escape, and that he had died of his wounds.

I had been fully instructed by my kind hostess how to get out of the town, and the route I was afterwards to take. It being market-day, the streets were full of people, whom I passed with much apparent unconcern; and it gave me great confidence to see myself so unnoticed, as it more fully convinced me of my personal security. Having walked across the great square or market-place, beset with numbers of busy faces, I discovered I had come a little out of my way, but it was of no consequence; and in a few more turns I found myself in the street I had been directed to, leading to the eastern entrance of the town. In a few minutes more I was clear of the place, and on an excellent road in the direct line to the coast. Everything conspired to make this part of my journey pleasant. The day was very fine, the sun shining bright, and the birds whistling around me in all directions; nor was it the least pleasing part of my reflections that I was travelling by day instead of night; in short, I was in great spirits, which, though they had been for the moment damped by the parting with my kind old friend, revived at the scene around me, and the animating thought of my approaching deliverance, to which every step I took drew me nearer.

I passed through the pleasant village of Gaywood, and continued my course at a gentle pace—for I had no occasion for haste—for three or four miles farther, where, on the top of a high hill, I seated myself on a milestone, and, turning my head back, took a final farewell of the town of Lynn, which I had so many reasons to remember, and where I had met with such a wonderful variety of adventures.

But it is not my intention to relate every little incident of the remainder of my journey, which passed without any material interruption. I arrived at the neat market-town of Fakenham about six o'clock in the evening. I had walked leisurely along, occasionally stopping and refreshing myself, or I might have got there much sooner. Having found out a retired spot, about a mile beyond the place, I took up my abode for the night in a stable, and endeavoured to make myself as comfortable as I could—not forgetting, as may be supposed, my provisions and brandy bottle. The next morning at sunrise, or a little after, I started on my last day's journey; for I had now, as my map informed me, only twenty-five miles farther to go, and in the track originally pointed out for me. My intention was to get to the part of the coast I was bound to before dark, and to regulate my proceedings afterwards as might seem most advisable. A thousand fears now began to haunt me, that something or other might interfere and blast all my hopes at the very moment of their completion. Sometimes I thought the man I was directed to might betray me, or refuse to assist me—or he might be dead, or out of the way; in the last instance (and which, indeed, was very probable to be the case), I had nothing left to guide me but my own discretion. These, with many other reflections of a like nature, threw a damp upon my thoughts, which I could not at first shake off; but as the day advanced, I felt a renewed confidence in my own powers, strengthened not a little by the good-luck which had hitherto befriended me, and which I trusted would not forsake me; and I continued my journey in tolerable spirits accordingly.

Without meeting any circumstance worth relating, after travelling for some hours over long and dreary sandy heaths, apparently barren and worthless, but abounding in game and rabbits, and occasionally pursuing my way through a finely cultivated country, interspersed with some handsome seats of the nobility and gentry, I came at noon, though not without some little difficulty in finding my way, to Langham, a well-built, interesting village, the houses of which, from the neatness, not to say elegance, of their structure, and conveniences of their farm-yards and offices, gave a very flattering picture of the condition of English farmers as contrasted with those of other nations. Here it was, in passing through the place, I again, and unexpectedly, came in sight of the German Ocean, a few miles below me. It burst upon my view at once, and so suddenly as almost to overpower my feelings. Several fine ships, with their topsails set, were in the offing; and the fishing-smacks and other vessels were tacking about in various directions. I stood for some minutes contemplating this sublime scene, marking the billows as they rolled along, curling with foam, and, as it were, chasing each other to the shore; and listening to the hollow and lengthened roar of the waves breaking over a bar forming the entrance of a harbour about two or three miles distant. I was always fond of the sea, and my emotions now were undoubtedly heightened by a perfect recollection of the coast—the same we passed in our voyage as prisoners to Lynn.

Being arrived within a few miles of my destination, my hopes and fears again returned. I continued my journey slowly and thoughtfully, revolving in my mind everything I was directed to do and say. I had a pass-word for the person I was to commit myself to, with a full description of his house, and indeed of every particular likely to be of service. I was also assured I might confide in him with safety; nevertheless it was with a beating heart that I once more arrived in view of the ocean, which, from the direction the road took, I had for a few miles lost sight of. I was on the brow of a high cliff, which towered over a few fishermen's cottages on the beach; amongst which, but standing more by itself, at the entrance of a small creek, to which a boat was moored, stood the ultimate object of my hopes at present—namely, the house I was to go to. I knew it immediately, from the description I had of it, and could not be mistaken; but how to arrive at it was a subject of some deliberation; for I could see no road, and nothing but a sea-mew or gull could get to it by the cliffs.

I continued, therefore, my walk for nearly half a mile, keeping close to the edge of the cliffs, and had begun to despair of finding a way, when, on a sudden, to my left appeared a small opening, as if part of the cliff had fallen in, carrying with it an immense body of earth and sand, in gradual slope till it reached the beach; and such, indeed, there is no doubt had been the original formation of the road, which I now began to descend, and which I immediately saw was the one I wanted. The road, if such it could be called, was not more than five feet wide, of a fine white sand, in which I sank over the ankles every step I took. In some parts it was extremely steep and dangerous, and the high banks on each side being shadowed with stunted bramble and alder bushes, mingled with furze and ling, which almost met over my head, gave a sombre appearance to the whole, heightened as it was by the dusk of evening—congenial, perhaps, to the feelings of a Salvator Rosa, but certainly not to mine. After proceeding about half-way down—for the road, from its windings, must have been a quarter of a mile at least—I began to perceive signs of approaching habitations. The sand on each side was scooped into little caverns, and betrayed where children had been at play; and a half-starved ass, which I had some difficulty in making get out of my way, was picking a scanty meal from the short grass which here and there peeped out from the sides of the bank. I remember all these little occurrences well, and they helped to connect in my memory others of more importance. From a small projecting eminence at a turn of the road, I discovered immediately below me the place I was looking for. It was merely a collection of a few scattered houses, or rather huts, to the number of five or six, inhabited by fishermen, and partly built at the foot of the cliffs, a little above high-water mark. At a small distance from these houses, more to the right, stood the one I was in search of. It was situated on the edge of a creek, about four yards from the cliff, which here was quite perpendicular, and between which and the house was a vacant space where the road passed. A shrimp-net was hung on posts before the door, and a coble was moored within a few yards of it, as I had observed on first approaching the cliff. This struck me as a fortunate circumstance, and led me to hope the owner was at home. The house, though of much the same size as the others, had a cleaner and better appearance, and was evidently occupied by a different sort of inhabitant. This also was, I thought, another circumstance in my favour; and I waited very patiently, concealed behind a projecting part of the cliff, till dark. I had as yet been seen by no one; nor, indeed, as far as I could judge, was I likely to be disturbed, for all seemed still and quiet. I kept my eyes fixed upon the window of the house, from which I was not far distant, till I saw a candle lighted and the shutter closed; and it being now quite dark, with a palpitating heart and high expectations, but allayed, as may be supposed, by corresponding fears, I approached the door. The well-remembered sign of three oyster-shells over the window assured me I was correct as to the house; and a mark over the door, of which I had been particularly cautioned to take heed, told me the master was at home. Indeed, had not this mark appeared, I was to have turned away, and waited for a more propitious opportunity. Encouraged by all these signs in my favour, I lifted the latch, and, as I was instructed, stepped boldly in, and closed the door after me. A man in sailor's dress, with a hair cap on his head, and huge boots turned over his knees, was sitting at a small round table smoking his pipe, with a can of grog before him. A woman, apparently superannuated by age and infirmity, was spinning flax with a spindle by the fire; and close by her, on a stool, half-asleep, sat an arch-looking boy, about twelve years of age, also in a sailor's jacket and trousers and cap. I threw a hasty glance over them all, and, fixing my eyes on the man, was convinced all was right as to him; for he had a scar, as I had been previously informed, reaching from right to left, deeply imprinted on his forehead; and he also wore a silver ring on his thumb, through some superstitious notion prevalent among seafaring people. As to the other inmates, I was not quite so certain. On my entrance, he eyed me very suspiciously from head to foot. I approached the table, and holding up two fingers of my left hand over my head, made a sign, clearly seen and understood by him to whom it was addressed, though unperceived by his companions. He immediately gave me the countersign, and said: 'All's right.' I replied boldly in words I had been taught, and which I had conned over so often as to have completely by rote. He understood me perfectly well, and told me in French, which he spoke very fluently, to sit down and make myself easy. He then went to the door and window, which he bolted with strong bars of iron. 'There now,' says he; 'we are safe from all disturbance; yet it's as well to be secure. Cant that into your hold,' continued he, pouring me out a glass of excellent hollands as he spoke, 'whilst I get something for the bread-room.—Ah,' added he, with a knowing wink, as I took his advice, and drank off the very acceptable gift, 'it's genuine, I warrant it.' He then placed on the table some beef and bread and other eatables, and seating himself by me, filled a fresh pipe, and bade me tell him all about it. I told him, in as few words as I could, the heads of my story, and that I would reward him with any sum to furnish me with the means, as I was well aware he had done for others, of escaping to Holland. He heard me very patiently to the end—during which time I think he smoked half-a-dozen pipes of tobacco, and drank as many glasses of grog—never speaking or interrupting me the whole time; but evinced the interest he took in my tale by sending forth from his mouth a denser column of smoke, according as the various incidents excited his feelings. After I had concluded, he shook me heartily by the hand, and told me again all was right. He would do what he could; but that we must act with caution, as 'hawks were abroad.'

My host, whom I shall call Jack, a name he was usually designated by among his comrades, was about forty-five years of age; and, notwithstanding the scar across his forehead—which, by-the-bye, he told me he had received from one of my own countrymen—might be called a fine-looking fellow. His complexion was deeply embrowned by the service he had seen, and the winds and weathers he had encountered, as he had been, he said, a sailor from the time he was no higher than a marline-spike. I need not say he was a smuggler; but he carried on the 'free trade,' as he called it, in a manner peculiar to himself, and never ran a cargo within a certain distance of his home. He was, he informed me, the sole agent of a house in Holland, connected with certain people in England, who placed implicit trust in him. While telling me this, he was tossing off glasses of grog one after another. The dose was repeated so often that I began to find it was high time to go to rest. With some demur, on account of my refusing to take 'just another drop,' Jack shewed me to my apartment—a curious concealed place, which had defied discovery on divers occasions. Pointing out a strong iron bar, he directed me how to place it across the door, and which, for my further security, he told me not to open without a password. At the same time he shewed me a small and almost imperceptible hole in the wall, by which I could reconnoitre every comer. Next morning he was with me betimes, and we entered into conversation about our future proceedings. He bade me remain in my room all day, and not shew myself at the window, which faced the ocean, lest I should be seen from the beach; and to be sure to close the shutter as soon as evening fell, so that no light might be seen from without. At night, if I wished it, I might join them below, but I was not by any means to go out of the house. He assured me that these precautions were all necessary, both for his and my own security. The old woman, he said, was always on the watch to give notice of the least alarm; and that, under the appearance of being half-crazed and superannuated, she concealed the greatest cunning and vigour of mind. At the same time he shewed me another small aperture, through which I could see whatever passed in the room below. 'For the last assurance of your safety,' said he, 'see this;' and, as he spoke, he discovered to me a recess in the wall, so artfully contrived as to elude the closest inspection. 'If need be,' continued he, 'conceal yourself there. One of your generals knows its dimensions well, for he was in it when every house in the hamlet was filled with red-coats in search of him. They were within two inches of him,' added he, laughing heartily as he spoke, 'and the old woman held the candle; but they might as well have been on the top of Cromer light-house.' He then left me. I remained in my hiding-place several days. Notwithstanding every attention was paid to my wants, and even wishes, by the whole household, my time passed very heavily. I had no books, nor anything to divert my thoughts by day, and I would sit for hours contemplating that ocean on which all my hopes were now centered. At night, indeed, I generally joined the party below, or my friend would come and spend it with me. During these times he would amuse me by relating several tales of daring hardihood and of extraordinary escapes in which he had been a party; and of the incredible subtlety and invention with which he and his companions had circumvented the officers of the English customs. These last stories he always told with great glee, as if the very remembrance of them diverted him.

At length the period of departure arrived. It was about twelve o'clock on a fine starlight night that, looking out of my window previously to undressing and going to bed, I saw a boat approaching the shore. I knew it in a moment to be the coble usually moored at the creek. Two men and a boy were in it. The boy, whose face was towards me, was steering, and I immediately knew him, notwithstanding the distance, to be my host's son. They approached with great precaution and silence, and I scarcely breathed with hope and expectation; but in a few minutes all was lulled into certainty by the appearance of Jack himself, who, without allowing me time to speak a word, which I much wished, to the old woman, hurried me to the boat, and jumping in after me, pulled away with all his strength, seconded by the other man, as if life depended on it. In about two hours or more we arrived on board a small sloop, which had lain-to for us; and the skipper, a Dutchman, who spoke good French, received me with much civility, bidding me, however, be quick. Jack accompanied me into the cabin, and in a few words—for no time was to be lost—acquainted me the vessel was one in which he was concerned, and had run a valuable cargo not far off; that the skipper readily consented to receive me on board, and had watched a favourable moment—communicated by signals from the shore—to run in and take me off. The master of the vessel having several times called to us to make haste, I satisfied the faithful fellow for his services to the utmost of his wishes, to which I added a guinea for the old woman, and another for his son; and going upon deck, shook him heartily by the hand, and bade him farewell—he and his boy waving their caps several times to me as they pulled away to the shore. We immediately put the vessel about; and having the advantage of a favourable breeze, we soon lost sight of the cliffs and coast of Norfolk—the last object in England which struck my sight being the fluttering and revolving blaze of Cromer light-house; and this, too, having faded in the distance, I retired to the cabin, where the skipper was sitting with his mate over a good and capacious can of grog, of which they invited me to partake. At their request I related the heads of my escape, and they flattered me with the hopes of soon being at home. Notwithstanding the perilous voyage of a smuggling cutter, we met with nothing worth narrating, except being several times chased by English vessels, and having once narrowly escaped running aground by keeping too close in-shore, to avoid the smaller cruisers of the enemy. On the evening of the second day we arrived in safety in the *Texel*, when I paid my friend the skipper ten louis-d'ors for my passage, and gave five more to be divided amongst the crew.

Little more now remains for me to say. Immediately on landing, I wrote home the news of my escape; and the next morning started for Paris, where I was detained a day by the commands of the Minister of the Marine, to whom I rendered all the information in my power; and without losing another moment, took my place in the diligence for Marseille, where I arrived in safety, and the next minute was in the embraces of my dear and beloved parents.*

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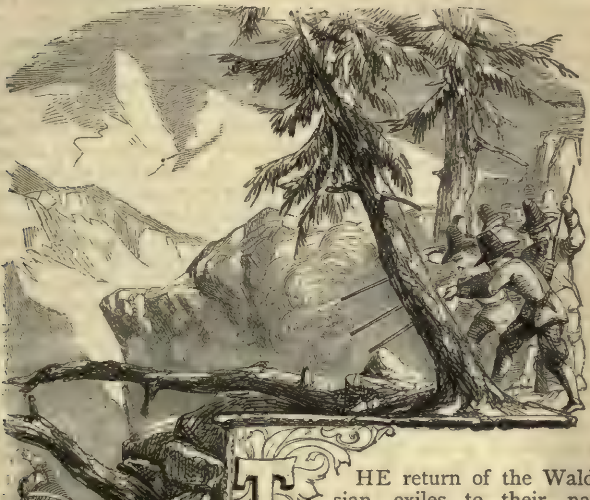
* The above narrative, which is a translation from the French, appeared a number of years ago, and has been obligingly placed at our disposal by the proprietor. We believe we are warranted in saying that it is in every particular true.

HENRY ARNAUD AND THE WALDENSES.



THE return of the Waldensian exiles to their native valleys, to which they fought their way under the guidance of their pastor and general, Henry Arnaud, in 1689, is one of the most remarkable and romantic events in modern history. It will be found fully to deserve the few pages here devoted to an account of it; but before beginning with the actual incidents of their fighting-journey, which were minutely recorded day by day, it may be as well to give a sketch of the circumstances which opened this curious chapter in the romance of history. The Waldenses or Vaudois are a Christian community, whose doctrines and forms of worship are, now at least, similar to those of the Reformed churches. Much has been said about the origin of the sect. Their own historians assert that the community has remained from apostolic times independent of the Church of Rome, and boast that they can shew a regular apostolic succession of bishops from the earliest period of Christianity till that of the Reformation. This statement has been very generally admitted by uncritical writers; but in the light of recent investigations, it would seem to be no longer tenable. Dieckhoff (*Die Waldenser im Mittelalter*, Gött. 1851) and Herzog (*Die romanischen Waldenser*, Halle, 1853) have submitted the early history of the Waldenses to a critical examination; and the result to which they have come, after an examination of the manuscript records, is, that the Waldenses had not the early origin claimed for them, and were not Protestant before the Reformation; although they entertained some opinions which, so far, were in anticipation of those held by the Reformers. They are also of the opinion that the Waldenses do not take their name from *val*, *vallis*, a valley, as has been assumed, but from Peter Waldo of Lyon, a merchant of the twelfth century, who was less the founder of a sect than the representative and leader of a wide-spread struggle against the corruptions of the clergy. The church would have tolerated Peter Waldo, as it had tolerated St Francis of Assisi, the founder of the Franciscans, and perhaps have allowed him to form a new order, had he not trenched upon ground dangerous to the hierarchy. But he had the four gospels translated, and maintained that laymen had a right to read them to the people. He exposed in this way the prevalent ignorance and immorality of the clergy, and brought down their wrath upon himself. His opinions were condemned by a general council in 1179, and he retired to the valleys of the Cottian Alps. A long series of persecutions followed, but Waldo's followers could not be forced to abandon their opinions. They continued to be known as the *Leonisti*, from the place of their origin—the Poor People of Lyon, from their voluntary penury—*Sabotati*, from the wooden shoes they wore—and *Humilitati*, on account of their humility. It was natural that a body cruelly persecuted should stand aloof from the church, and even offer armed resistance; yet we have no evidence of the manner in which the Waldenses first became a separate community. They are now shewn to have been identical with the followers of Waldo, but they must not be confounded with the Albigenses, who were persecuted at the same period. The protest of the Waldenses against the Church of Rome only related to practical questions, that of the Albigenses related to matters of doctrine.

The Waldenses at first seem to have spread in the upper valleys of Dauphiné and Piedmont, to which Waldo retired. They were subjected to persecutions in 1332, 1400, and 1478, and driven into many parts of Europe, where their industry and integrity were universally remarked. So widely had the sect been scattered, that it was said a traveller from Antwerp to Rome could sleep every night at the house of one of the brethren. In Bohemia many of them had settled, and they, without forsaking their own community, joined the Hussites, Taborites, and Bohemian Brethren—a connection which led to a change in the principles of the Waldenses. They adopted the doctrines of the Reformers, and this led to more serious persecutions than any they had previously undergone. Francis I. of France, in possession of Piedmont in 1541, ordered them to be extirpated. They were massacred at various places in Dauphiné and in the valleys they still occupy, more especially at Merindol and Cabrière. Several persons who refused to abandon their faith were burned alive, yet the sect continued to exist. In 1560, the Duke of Savoy, who had recovered possession of Piedmont, urged by Pope Paul IV., forbade the Waldenses to exercise their faith, under the penalty of being sent to the galleys for life. The Waldenses sent him a petition and apology for their creed, which appeared to him so plausible, that he suggested that a conference should take place between the Waldensian and Romanist divines. He was, of course, told that the proposition was monstrous, and was bullied by the pope and the courts of Spain and France so effectually, that he despatched 7000 men into the valleys, who were joined by two French regiments. The Waldenses offered a gallant resistance, but were overwhelmed by superior force. Many prisoners were burned alive, and women and children were ruthlessly slaughtered. The duke was disgusted with these atrocities, and although denounced as no better than a heretic at Rome, granted the Waldenses an amnesty on condition that their service should only be performed at certain places in the valleys of Lucerna and San Martino. The Waldenses in the other districts, and especially the marquisate of Saluzzo, were then persecuted by the Jesuits. Charles I. of England sent two embassies to the Duke of Savoy to intercede in their behalf, but without avail. Victor Amadeus I., not long after, ordered the Waldenses of Saluzzo, under penalty of confiscation of property and death, to become Catholics; and the edict was so rigorously carried out that, in a few years, none of the sect remained in the district. Charles Emmanuel II., in 1655, directed a fresh persecution against the Waldenses. Some time before, the people of Lucerna, inflamed, it is said, by the discourses of Jean Leger, a popular preacher, set fire to a convent of Capuchins, and committed other excesses. An inquiry was made, and it was found that the Waldenses had purchased property and built churches and schools in districts where no concessions had been granted them. They were ordered within twenty days to sell their property, or profess Catholicism. They resisted under leaders named Jayer and Janavel, but they could not oppose the forces sent against them. No quarter was shewn to women and children, and atrocities were committed—more especially by the French and Irish mercenaries in the service of the duke—which, recorded by Jean Leger, were heard of with indignation in all Protestant countries. Subscriptions were made in England for those who had survived the massacre. The Swiss cantons and the states of Holland sent envoys to the duke. Cromwell addressed Latin letters to him, written by Milton, and also sent Sir Samuel Morland, who collected numerous manuscripts connected with the history of the Waldenses, and brought them to England with him. A convention was concluded, by which the Waldenses were allowed again to exercise their worship.

After the powerful intervention of Oliver Cromwell on the behalf of the Waldenses, seconded by the good wishes of other European potentates, they appeared to be entering upon a career of peace and independence. This lasted for some years: but in 1685 they were, with too much justice, alarmed when Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had been passed for the toleration of the French Protestants. The many fugitives who on that occasion were dispersed throughout Europe, carried the melancholy news of the growing despotism of the great French monarch. It soon became clear that he would exert his power against a small body like the Waldenses, who assailed his pride by giving sympathy and protection to his fugitive subjects so close to his own dominions. Many threatening hints were made to the Duke of Savoy on the subject. He was told that he must either compel his subjects to conform to the Church of Rome, or drive them out of their valleys. At last he was informed, that if he would not set himself heartily to this task, the king of France would do it himself with 14,000 men, and would then consider the territory a conquest, and take possession of it.

Urged by this threat, which imported no less than a partition of his territory, the duke gave the Waldenses the alternative of submitting, or being driven forth by an armed force. This was not, however, destined to be easily accomplished. The men of the valleys gave an uncompromising refusal to the proposal, and prepared for resistance. In their many series of persecutions, they had acquired a capacity for warfare, which descended from generation to generation; and their swords were the terror of the enemy wherever they appeared. They set at effectual defiance the feeble efforts of the ducal monarch of Savoy; and he required to call in the assistance of the French troops. At that period, owing to the stiff and uniform system of campaigning which had been adopted, regular troops never met the warlike mountaineers, especially on their own rough and dangerous ground, without suffering severely. The Waldenses, acting on the defensive, beat off their foes on both sides—the French on the one, and their Savoyard neighbours on the other: their successes were remarkable; and, carried away by the preternatural fervour which seems ever to have possessed them, they followed up their victories with ruthless determination, instead of seeking, by moderation, to secure for themselves terms of accommodation.

A very strange and unaccountable result, however, followed these victories, and the use so made of them. All at once, as if driven by some fatality, the Waldenses, in the moment of victory, and when they had by no means shewn themselves to be clement conquerors, threw down their arms, and made an entire submission. To account for this singular incident, it has been said that they acted under a secret promise of pardon and protection, which was basely broken; and the solution seems to be a probable one, although it is proper to say that no sufficient evidence of the fact has been adduced. They were committed to prison in great multitudes; but it is impossible to believe what their own authorities relate, that more than two-thirds of their grown men perished in dungeons. Many certainly did so; and the number of the captives was much thinned ere a resolution was taken to release them and send them out of the country.

This resolution was adopted in consequence of the remonstrances of the Protestant cantons, and their offer to provide for the unfortunate Waldenses. In 1687, these set out to join their kind neighbours, to the number, it is said, of 3000. To reach their destination, it was necessary to cross the great chain of the Alps, where a few passes only, and these proverbially formidable, occur at distances of many miles. The fugitives, unacquainted with the route, should have had guides and a plentiful supply of provisions—but they had neither; and the hardships they suffered would have exterminated them, if they had not possessed mountain constitutions. Leaving behind them the great mass of glaciers and precipices over which Mont Blanc reigns supreme, they descended along the lovely valleys, reminding them of their homes, which slope towards the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva. Here, exhausted, attenuated, and ragged—like spectres rather than living beings—they met a warm reception from their sympathising friends. They were now dispersed chiefly among the towns and villages of the canton of Bern, and were gradually introduced to the means of gaining a livelihood.

But mountaineers seem to have ever a strong yearning after their native valleys, which, in peculiar circumstances, becomes an ungovernable passion. The continued sight of the snowy mountains, beyond which lay their own green pastures, seems to have excited them beyond endurance, and they resolved at all hazards to return. Their first attempt was discovered and defeated. Their second was not more successful as to immediate results, but the preparations made for it were of service afterwards. Three of their number had been sent to examine the passes among the mountains, to ascertain which could be crossed with least risk of detection, and to lay down a plan of operations for the whole body. At that time, there was much less habitual wandering from place to place, in any class of the community, than at present. Gentlemen did not make tours of pleasure, and common people did not go about seeking work. In fact, the latter class were in general slaves, who dared not leave the fields to which they were attached or restricted. Besides the liability of being questioned and examined at every city gate, the bridges had each a warden living in a tower, whose duty it was to look after all suspicious wanderers. Commerce was the only legitimate excuse for travelling; and those who could not prove that they were merchants, were generally presumed, when found away from their places of residence, to be robbers or political spies. The three messengers or spies of the Waldenses had thus to proceed with extreme caution. They succeeded in reaching the valleys, and acquiring a knowledge of the safest routes through which an expedition might penetrate secretly towards them. In their return they were arrested and imprisoned for a time; but they were ultimately released, and went to their brethren with the information they had collected. The body at large resolved to make the venture, and managed secretly to collect hard-baked bread for their subsistence, and make other arrangements.

The route they proposed to take was a very formidable one. They were to creep by night-journeys from their several places of abode, dispersed among different cantons, to Bex, as a general place of rendezvous; and thence passing the Rhône at the neighbouring bridge of St Maurice, they were to cross the Great St Bernard—a perilous route, even to those who have every appliance of the traveller, and are not afraid of pursuit. The plan, however, was nipped in the bud. Some of the Waldenses who had taken service in the garrison of Geneva deserting to take part in the adventure, created suspicion, and their motions were watched. A powerful guard was placed at the bridge of St Maurice, to dispute their passage. In fact, their friends of the Protestant cantons, although readily affording them a hospitable retreat, were extremely anxious not to be committed by any line of conduct they might pursue calculated to offend the neighbouring states. They would rather be at the expense of supporting the exiles among themselves, than be suspected of encouraging them in an aggressive movement. Hence, they not only let it be known to the Piedmontese government that there were suspicious movements among the Waldenses, but traced their proceedings, and persuaded them to abandon their project. About 700 of them found themselves on the way to the bridge, with the unpleasant certainty that it could not be crossed. Being near the town of Aigle, the bailiff, or chief-magistrate, assembled them in the church, and preached to them an exhortation to patience. He chose the text, 'Fear not, little flock;' and told them that they had but to be patient, and abide the right time, for they were predestined to return to their beloved valleys. This kind magistrate gave them 200 crowns, to enable them to return to the places they had left. In their own account of the affair afterwards, they contrasted his conduct with that of the town of Vevay, which not only refused to admit them within its walls, but to allow them to purchase provisions. A courageous and zealous widow of that town, however, at much risk, went forth to them, and gave them comfort and aid. They tell us, that afterwards, when the rest of Vevay was burned down, this widow's house was spared in the general conflagration ; and of course, after the fashion of those times, it was impossible to avoid connecting the one circumstance with the other.

The failure of this attempt brought additional gloom over the prospects of the wanderers. The very success with which they had conducted it so far, in making their arrangements, and in marching silently to a common centre, shewed how formidable they could make themselves. The Duke of Savoy greatly increased the frontier forces, to intercept them in any future adventure. But what promised to be more calamitous, their friends of the Protestant cantons were strongly urged to abandon their cause, and were even told, that unless they did so, they must stand under an accusation of having connived at their late attempt. The authorities of the cantons felt that, in the conduct of the Waldenses, they had a sufficiently good excuse for compliance with these demands. They assumed the tone of persons who had been injured by the reckless conduct of the refugees whom they had hospitably received ; and orders were issued that they should no longer have a shelter so near their native mountains. The Waldenses marched in a body through the town of Bern ; and the interesting spectacle of so many exiles again wandering in search of a home, drew tears from the spectators, and gave them at least the consolation of knowing that they did not depart without the sympathy of the people who were obliged to cast them forth. They went first to the cantons of Zürich and Schaffhausen—the parts of Switzerland most distant from Savoy. When there, however, it was intimated to them, that they were only to have a temporary asylum, and must seek a permanent resting-place elsewhere. They looked to the neighbouring dukedom of Würtemberg, where the soil and method of cultivation in some measure resembled those of their own valleys : but though the duke treated them with consideration, he was afraid to make arrangements for the settlement of so large a body. Meanwhile, their Swiss neighbours, from hints and intimations, proceeded to specific measures for getting rid of them. An arrangement was made for their reception as permanent settlers in the distant state of Brandenburg, where they would be too far from their native valleys to be troublesome. Some of their number went as a deputation to inspect the country, but brought back an unfavourable account of it. While it contained no lofty mountains like those among which they had been reared, there was the more substantial disadvantage, that the soil was uniformly of a sterile character, and contained none of the rich patches of alluvium which they were accustomed to cultivate. The habits of the people, the method of agriculture, and many other characteristics of the country, were so displeasing to them, that they sternly refused the overture. It cannot be surprising that this fastidiousness laid them open to a charge of caprice. The exile who seeks a resting-place to be provided by the charity of his neighbour should be content with the fate he finds awarded to others of his species. The Waldenses, however, were not philosophers, nor did they know the world : they were full of prejudices and predilections, with which it was in vain to argue. The Swiss clergy preached against their unreasonableness from the pulpits ; and all classes, partly by persuasion, and partly by threats and churlishness, tried to make them adopt the plan arranged for their settlement, but for a long time in vain. At length, a colony of 800 agreed to depart for Brandenburg, and were thus separated from their brethren.

Those who remained were for the most part received into the Palatinate and Würtemberg, where they obtained privileges and grants of land. In fact, in these territories, lately desolated by war, their industrious moral habits, and their knowledge of agriculture, made them valuable citizens. It now seemed as if their troubles were at an end. One detachment was settled in distant Brandenburg—the others, though nearer their old homes, were too far dispersed to join in any common movement. Again, however, the calamities of war drove them forth. The progress of the French arms threatened an immediate sweep of the Palatinate and its neighbourhood by the insatiable enemies of the Waldenses. They were obliged to leave the grain they had sown to be reaped by other sickles, take what they could carry on their backs, and again seek an asylum wherever they might find a friendly door opened to them. They could find none but among the Swiss, with whom they had in a manner quarrelled. It was not caprice, however, but dire necessity which now actuated them ; and the generous Swiss forgot their cause of complaint, and received the friendless wanderers open-armed as before. The Waldenses afterwards said that the approach of the French was providential, as it drove them to have recourse to the step in which they were so signally successful.

It must be mentioned that, in the meantime, their movements attracted the attention of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. It was the great policy of that monarch to use every practicable means for checking the aggrandisement of France; and throughout the whole of his busy life, he never omitted any opportunity, great or small, which held out a hope of contributing to this end. He liked the firmness of the Waldenses, and thought it would be useful to the cause he had at heart, if their separate existence could be preserved as near as might be to their native place, which lay in that south-eastern direction in which French aggrandisement was pressing. He sent them a considerable sum of money ; and it was probably through his influence that they obtained similar pecuniary aid from England. They sent deputies to the prince, who recommended them to keep in a compact body. They had been for a short time settled as a component part of the Swiss population, when the news of the British Revolution of 1688, which had elevated their friend to the throne of a great empire, rung joyfully in their ears. They ascertained also that the Duke of Savoy had removed the frontier army, established to prevent their return, if they should attempt it. New explorers, too, sent to repeat the former inquiries, brought them more distinct information about the passes. It was then they said one to another: 'Let us return to our valleys;' and a simultaneous feeling seemed to possess them that there only were they to find rest for the sole of their foot.

It is now time, however, to give some account of the remarkable leader under whose guidance the scattered Waldenses were concentrated and organised, and who conducted them through the adventurous campaign to be presently described. This leader was Henry Arnaud, one of their clergymen. It would not be easy to decide at the present day how far he was a skilful and faithful pastor, or to discover the extent of his learning as a divine. Of one thing, however, he has left us unquestionable evidence, and that is, of his skill and daring as a military leader. The most trustworthy authorities say that he was born at La Tour, in Savoy, in the year 1641. If so, he must have been in his forty-ninth year when he commanded the expedition. Inquiries have naturally been made as to the early history of so remarkable a man, but without success. It is not known at what time he became one of the pastors of the Waldenses. It is believed, and indeed seems almost certain, that he had some military training before he undertook his expedition; and it has been said that he was a soldier under William III. while he was Prince of Orange—a circumstance probable, but not authenticated. The history we have now to tell of the return of the wanderers is, in a manner, from Arnaud's own lips. The curious old French work known to book-collectors as the *Glorieuse Rentrée*—the Glorious Return of the Waldenses to their Valleys—is generally attributed to him. The title-page, indeed, bears his name, apparently as author; but it is said by some critics that this is an erroneous interpretation, and that it is merely meant to intimate that the return or march of which the book gives an account was conducted by Arnaud. We need not take any part in this inquiry. It may be sufficient to state that we believe Arnaud wrote the substance of the book, while it seems likely that it was touched and edited by some other person. It is thus, somewhat after the example of Cæsar's *Commentaries*, a history of its author's own exploits: and it has all the truthfulness of its prototype, and more. In fact, Arnaud's heroic merits are not told by himself—they are only to be inferred. His *Glorieuse Rentrée* is faithfully devoted to a history of the endurance and heroism of the ordinary followers, whether we call them army or congregation; and it is only from the compact order in which they proceeded, their constant state of preparation for the strange difficulties of the route, and the skill with which they fought their enemies, that we become aware of the great capacity of their commander—a capacity which was afterwards discovered by the discernment of Marlborough, and became serviceable in the most memorable of his battles.

The first object to be accomplished was the general assemblage of those who were to participate in the expedition at some place well suited for making a sudden movement. There were several conditions necessary for such a spot. It must be on the way to Savoy—it must be a place where they could be easily concealed—and yet it must be in the midst of population, that they might obtain provisions without becoming too conspicuous. The selected spot was near the town of Nyon, on the north bank of the Lake of Geneva, and about twenty miles south-west of Lausanne. There, at the period of the Revolution of 1688, a dense forest existed, in which above 1000 people could conceal themselves, gathering their supplies from the fruitful country around, without exciting a degree of attention which, by arousing the suspicion of the representatives of the despotic powers, might be fatal to their project. Of course, it was quite well known to the neighbours in the canton of Vaud that the Waldenses, whose history was so strange and romantic, were lurking in the wood of Nyon. The news spread, indeed, so far among the Swiss, that many of them sailed across the Lake of Geneva to see the adventurers—a circumstance which, as we shall presently see, was of great importance. But their proceedings were not watched solely by friends. A young gentleman named Prangin, who had but lately acquired an estate in the canton, heard of the strange gathering of men in the forest, and anxious to gratify his curiosity, he penetrated its recesses till he saw them engaged in their devotions, with Arnaud officiating as their clergyman. The young man posted to Geneva, to inform the French resident there of what he had seen; and the resident, who apparently knew much better how to account for the gathering and their forest devotions than his inexperienced informant, sent a dispatch to Lyon for troops. The Waldenses, who were under skilful guidance, and had excellent information, heard of this step of the French resident, and knew that it would have formidable consequences. In their wrath, they compared the young gentleman to Judas, though, as he was no follower of theirs, the reproach was inapplicable. But they wisely considered that they had more serious business before them than calling names, and they resolved immediately to commence the enterprise for which they were assembled.

They embarked on the night of Friday the 16th of August 1689, on the Lake of Geneva. In doing so they were as fortunate as they were audacious. Some boats they had hired or impressed, but these were not nearly sufficient for their purpose. The vessels, however, of the people who, led by curiosity from the other side of the lake, had come to inquire about the mysterious strangers in the forest of

Nyon, were at hand, and were seized for the purpose of the expedition. They considered this success, as well as many other wonderful circumstances in their career, to be proofs of a special Providence working in their favour. The marvellous successes they afterwards achieved seem, indeed, to have been in some measure the result of such belief; but their assemblage in the wood of Nyon, with the other skilful arrangements for their embarkation, may be safely attributed to the military sagacity of Arnaud, aided by the funds placed at his disposal by King William. In fact, the assemblage was not a complete one; for about 150 of the exiles, who were upon their march from some of the more distant spots occupied by the refugees, were seized, at the instance of the representative of Spain or of France, and marched as prisoners to Turin. Nor was the movement of the little fleet of boats across the lake quite complete; some boatmen who were hired or impressed, escaped, and prevented a part of the body from joining their comrades. The whole number who landed were thus considerably short of a thousand.

On his arrival at the other side of the lake, Arnaud converted himself at once from the pastor into the general. To complete the change, he took the feudal-sounding name of Latour, from the place of his birth. He placed sentinels or detachments at the spots near the landing-places from which any dangerous surprise might seem probable. He then proceeded to arrange and officer his little army according to the military rules of the day. It consisted of three main bodies—vanguard, centre, and rearguard—and was formed into nineteen companies, provided with separate captains. The object now to be accomplished was to march onwards through routes so unfrequented that the army might be liable to meet no greater force than it could with prudence encounter. On the main routes there were great fortifications and abundant troops. A compromise had thus to be made between the natural difficulties of the route and the dangers from the enemy. Had they been peaceful travellers, they would have proceeded up the valley of the Rhône, and crossed by the St Bernard; thus accomplishing the journey through a single great pass. They found it necessary, however, to take the less frequented route by the banks of the Arve towards Sallanches. It is now well known as the approach to Chamouni. But neither were the picturesque glories of this valley then known to the world, nor had it been discovered that the vast mountain-range which overshadows it is crowned by the loftiest summit in Europe. The scanty inhabitants of the remote valley of Chamouni of course knew the vastness and the dangerous character of the mountains around them; but so far as the rest of the world was concerned, they were no better known than the recesses of the Rocky Mountains in America. Thus the districts now swarming with tourists would be solitary enough at the time of Arnaud's march. In passing, however, through the lower country that leads to the mountains, the little army had to cross much rich and fruitful soil, with here and there feudal castles and fortified towns. The country, in all probability, except that it is now more crowded with travellers, has undergone little change since that day. It contained, perhaps, the same luxurious gardens, full of apple and plum trees and spreading vines; altogether, the small towns of to-day, still surrounded by their primitive fortifications, have a hoary appearance, which carries their date much further back than even the days of Arnaud. The scenery is beautiful; the rich garden-fields sometimes leading to the base of huge perpendicular limestone cliffs, from which waterfalls of great height, but of small bulk, leap into the air, and reach the ground in scattered showers, dispersing clouds of dew, tinted with ever-varying rainbows. But although they passed in the middle of August, when the tourist finds these beauties all in their highest perfection, it may be easily believed that the little band had too many important matters in view to devote their thoughts to the scenery.

In the first day's march, they reached the bridge of Marigni. The feudal gentry and the peasantry, as they passed, looked at them with astonishment. One of the former, seeing that they were peasants, and not under any feudal banner, rode up to the head of the column, and haughtily told them to throw down their arms. They laughed at him, and seized him as a hostage. As they proceeded a little further on, they were met by some gentlemen at the head of a band of armed peasants. Seeing only the vanguard of the Waldenses, they thought themselves a sufficient force to offer resistance; but when the centre came up, they discovered their mistake, and desired to retreat. The peasants were permitted to do so, but their leaders were seized as hostages, and compelled to march in front of the army. They thus, from the first, adopted the singular and bold policy which afterwards guided their movements—that of keeping always within their power several hostages of importance, whose safety would be compromised by any attempt to interrupt them. With calculating forethought, they used the power thus obtained to facilitate their progress. They told these hostages facetiously, that they were only required to accompany the army to testify to its orderly conduct and its honesty in paying for everything taken. They did not leave this, however, to be attested afterwards, but made their hostages assist at the moment in spreading the desired impression. Thus, having caught one man, as we have seen, of great local importance on their first day's march, they made him write a letter, exaggerating their numbers, and testifying to their moderation. This was sent on in advance, and contained the following passage:

'These people have arrived here, amounting to 2000. They have requested us to go along with them, that we may certify our opinion of their conduct, which, we are able to assure you, is perfectly reasonable. They give compensation for everything they take, and desire only to have a free passage. We therefore entreat you not to sound the tocsins or beat the drums; and to dismiss any men who may be under arms.'

Next morning, which was Sunday, they reached, about ten o'clock, the ancient town of Cluses, the capital of Faucigny, just then beginning to acquire its reputation for making the works of watches. The inhabitants were warlike, and, by the grant of ancient privileges, were feudally attached to the House of Savoy. They manned their walls, and shewed themselves resolved to defend their town and dispute the passage. Situated as it is in the narrow gorge of the Arve, where the spurs of the Alps shoot out, it was impossible to pass through the valley without traversing the town. Not being possessed of cannon, it was impossible that the expedition should take the well-fortified place by assault. But here the influence of their system of hostages was brought to bear. It was given out, that if a peaceful passage through the town were denied, these hostages would be put to death; and men under the powerful impulses which influenced these Waldenses would, beyond a doubt, have been as good as their word. One of the hostages, named De Fova, sent a message, begging that the town would comply with the demand, pathetically representing their own danger, and testifying to the peaceful and moderate conduct of the Waldenses when not meddled with. Three gentlemen came out to treat with the army, which, according to its usual practice, took possession of two of them as desirable hostages, and allowed the third to return to the town, accompanied by one of its own officers. This officer was asked to shew the order of march for the corps, according to the practice in regular armies; but he haughtily answered, that the Waldenses carried it on the points of their swords. The permission to pass through the town was now granted. Arnaud posted his own sentinels at the gate of exit, to prevent treachery, and while the people lined the main street on either side, the little army defiled through. When they came out at the further extremity, a young gentleman of the district, called La Rochette, courteously asked the officers to dine with him. They were not dining-men, but they contrived to extract hospitality from him on a more extended scale. Keeping him in conversation till they had advanced some distance beyond the town, they took him into custody, and told him he could only obtain his freedom on condition of a cask of wine and five hundredweight of bread being sent to the army within half an hour. Young La Rochette wrote to his father, and the demand was immediately complied with. Arnaud says he gave ample compensation for what he thus obtained, but of course the amount would be of his own fixing.

The position of the little troop was now extremely critical. Though still among the inhabited districts, through which there was every risk that information of their expedition would be carried onwards, they were now entering narrow defiles where a petty force well arranged could annihilate them. Through the bottom of the valley rushes the deep unfordable Arve, that glacier torrent which issues full-born from the very bosom of Mont Blanc. Swollen with recent rain, it sometimes overflowed the narrow road, which ran at the foot of lofty precipices, sometimes overhanging it. The great anxiety of the leader at this juncture was to intercept any possible warning to the next town, Sallanches, which might have the effect of drawing out an intercepting party. They saw some children running in the direction of Sallanches, and, fearing that the errand might be to give information, they turned the urchins back. They discovered that a servant in the employment of one of their hostages had insinuated himself among their ranks; and having searched him, they found letters addressed to the chief persons of Sallanches, desiring them to attack the expedition in front, while the citizens of Cluses fell upon it in the rear.

Having taken possession of one or two more hostages, they came to a critical part of the march—the approach to Sallanches. Here they must cross a fortified bridge, with or without permission. Their hostages had now reached the considerable number of twenty, all men of importance in the district. The army was divided into platoons, to force the bridge, and in the centre of one of them, kept in reserve, stood the hostages. Six of the principal persons of the place approached to parley, and, according to the established practice, were seized. Two of them, however, were sent back, to offer the citizens half an hour to make up their minds. It was again intimated that the hostages would be put to death, and they were prompted to urge strongly their desperate condition, by the appearance of six hundred men turning out to guard the bridge. Matters now grew serious. If an actual conflict occurred, the hostages would be slain beyond a doubt. Arnaud and his men were beginning to have a confidence in their predestined success, and treated all opposition with scorn. An incident in which the chief shewed, by his own account, somewhat questionable morality, now occurred. Two friars came to say, that if the hostages already in custody were given up, two eminent men of the city would be given in their stead. Arnaud avows that he encouraged the proposition, not with the least intention of giving up their valuable body of hostages, but that he might seduce the two eminent men of the city into his ranks, and take possession of them. When they made their appearance, they were at once detected, by the quick-sighted Arnaud, not to be by any means men of condition, but very humble citizens, one of them not having succeeded in concealing the indications of his occupation as a miller. Arnaud, while glorying in the cleverness of the much deeper trick which he himself designed to play, expressed himself in terms of the highest indignation at the treachery and dishonesty of this act. In his wrath, he resolved to seize the friars, to make the hostages up to the expected value. These brothers becoming alarmed at the state of affairs, took to their heels, and an amusing scene was afforded by their pursuit and capture. These were the most valuable hostages they had yet caught; for when any of the Savoyard peasantry offered resistance, the friars, threatened with instant death if any violence were committed, prayed most lustily that the expedition might be allowed to proceed in safety. The troops now marched forward. No attempt was made to hold the bridge, but the armed citizens of Sallanches being drawn up on either side of the road, the Waldenses marched between them. They proceeded onwards to a village called Cablan, where they slept, after a fatiguing day's march.

They had now passed the open and more populous country, and had to encounter the new dangers of the passes of the Alps; dangers such as modern travellers can only faintly conceive, by supposing themselves under the necessity of climbing the precipices, instead of following the paths cut through them. On the lower slopes of these mountains, the traveller at this day passes in clusters the *châlets*, or cottages, of those who keep cows and goats. Their strange blackness makes them look like so many hearses, or like the pictures one sees of a South Sea *maori*. The roofs stretch over the walls, like great black bonnets, and huge stones are fastened on them, to prevent them from being carried off by the mountain tempests. Some of the beams of these buildings bear old quaint inscriptions, and they have in general so antique an air, that one might imagine them to be the same that witnessed the passage of Arnaud and his band. Coming to some of these châlets, the fatigued adventurers refreshed themselves with milk and cheese, for which, their historian vouches, they would have paid, had they found any one authorised to receive the money. The first very high ground they had to pass was the Haute-Luce; and this being covered with mist at the time, they maintained that it was so for the purpose of concealing their route from their enemies, and they bore the cold and the danger to which it exposed them with heroism. The pass was at that time without any track, and could only be threaded by the aid of an experienced guide. The guide they first obtained blundered, wandered in the mist; and they then sent a detachment to bring up some peasants to act in that capacity. They, too, adopted circuitous paths, and their good faith seemed questionable. Arnaud, however, who never hesitated at a strong measure, assured them that if they did not act fairly, he would at once hang them. After having, with great fatigue and risk, passed the ridge of the hill, they came to a narrow upland valley, where, darkness descending, they had to pass the night in the cold and rain. There stood in the valley a few shepherds' huts, and, having only the choice of seeking their scanty shelter, or pulling them down for firewood, and sleeping in the open air, they chose the latter.* The valleys here are extremely narrow; and they thus look so deep, that it might be thought it were scarcely possible for the sun to reach them. One pities the scanty population whose lot is cast in such a place. The tourists who penetrate thither are the young, strong, and adventurous; for it generally demands a considerable amount of exertion to get at them. But the adventure is extremely interesting, since it brings one in a few hours to the two extremes, as it were, of human existence—warmth, verdure, plum-trees loaded with fruit, vines, and handsome comfortable inns are left behind; and in a few hours the adventurer is among stones and ice, a cold, misty, stormy sky, and a people little further advanced in civilisation and enjoyment than the inhabitants of Kamtchatka. The people of the valleys have improved with the general civilisation of Europe; those of the upper glens or alps are probably, unless where the district is much frequented by tourists, little different from what they were in the days of Arnaud.

The journey of the adventurers on the fourth day lay over another difficult pass, which has received the name of the Col du Bon Homme, or Pass of the Good Man, from a benevolent person who built a refuge there for belated travellers. This pass is well known to tourists of the present day. As it has always been somewhat conspicuous as one of the secondary passages through the Alps, the Waldenses expected to be attacked before they left it. In fact, they saw a line of rude mountain-forts, which had been built for the very purpose of opposing their return; but the government ceasing to expect such an attempt, had some time previously withdrawn the troops. The Waldenses, however, trusting to their destiny, advanced to storm them; and they seem, indeed, to have been rather disappointed at finding only empty walls. As they descended towards the valleys, lying between two severed chains of the Alps, they saw a band of armed peasants prepared to resist them. The place had several small villages; and as their approach was rumoured, every steeple sent forth an alarm-peal. They found a bridge over the Isère barricaded with trees and beams, and preparations made for resistance. The resolute aspect of the little army, however, intimidated the people, and they removed the obstruction with all haste. Here the expedition made an addition to their stock of hostages, in the persons of two priests. The seignior of the valley of Isère, knowing their desire to get possession of people of his class, put spurs to his horse, and narrowly escaped. This practice of seizing hostages had indeed become a subject of jocularity with those who suffered from it. The hostages used to say to Arnaud, when they saw a person of apparent consequence: 'There, now, is a fine bird for your cage.' On their fifth day, the army performed a feat in the kidnapping department which looks somewhat harsh. In the little town of St Foy they received a warm and hospitable reception, the people expressing admiration of their courage and perseverance. Some of the neighbouring gentry asked the wanderers to sojourn for a while among them, to recruit their strength. Many of the soldiers were desirous of yielding to this tempting offer; but Arnaud, so far from permitting a halt, seized the hospitable individuals as hostages, saying, he had no doubt their proffered kindness covered some wicked plot. Arriving on the sixth day at the little town of Tignes, they remembered that here their spies had suffered the detention and annoyance already mentioned. They named a certain sum of money, which they said had been taken from the spies, demanding repayment; and it was not for the inhabitants to deny the accuracy of the charge. On receiving the sum, the invaders made a selection from the principal citizens, and conferred on two priests and an advocate the distinction of being transferred to their cage. They next proceeded to Bessans, where they describe the conduct of the inhabitants as so insulting, that they were absolutely forced, for the vindication of their honour, to carry off some mules, the curé, the chamberlain, and six other persons. On the seventh day, they ascended the well-known pass of Mont Cenis, now traversed by one of Napoleon's magnificent roads, as well as by a novel kind of railway, but then only boasting a mule-track, if it could be said to have a path at all. Before ascending the mountain, the Waldenses took much credit for dismissing one of their clerical hostages, who was so old and fat that it would have been extremely difficult to drag him up the ascent. The traveller of the present day associates Mont Cenis with some great fortifications, an easy ascent, grand views, and a capital inn. 'The lake,' says Mr Brockedon, in his *Passes of the Alps*, 'is celebrated for the delicious trout which it yields; and not only with these are the travellers on the Cenis abundantly provided, but with excellent wines, bread, and meat; and the intercourse with the plains of Piedmont is so constant, that fruits, fresh and delicious, are found at the inn. Game, too, in season is rarely wanting at the traveller's repast on the Cenis, particularly in August, when great quantities of grouse are taken on the surrounding mountains.'

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* The hamlet is called, in the *Rentrée*, St Nicholas de Verose; but Mr Brockedon, the author of the *Passes of the Alps*, who traced the journey of the Waldenses post by post, says there is precisely such a desolate valley near the pass, but that St Nicholas de Verose is a pleasantly situated town further down the valley.

Even at that time, however, being a frontier pass between Savoy on the one hand, and France and Switzerland on the other, there was a post or guard-house at Mont Cenis; and the expedition therefore might expect to be attacked, or, at all events, to have news of their march sent onwards through the country. To prevent the latter misfortune, they sent forward a detachment, who seized all the horses at the post. Returning, they met a train of mules carrying baggage, of which the party took possession. This was found to be the baggage of Cardinal Angelo Ranuzzi, papal legate to France, who was on his return to Rome. Arnaud boasted that he compelled the party to restore the seizure—all but a watch of curious construction, which was somehow lost sight of. But they retained something else of a far more valuable character—the cardinal's private papers, which it is not easy to believe were kept through mere inadvertence. These opened up many state secrets, which no doubt could be turned to account by Arnaud or his patron, William III. The loss to the cardinal was very serious : it is said that the publication of some matters found in these papers prevented him from being raised to the popedom ; and he soon afterwards died, lamenting with his latest breath the loss of his papers. It was at this part of their journey, when they were in a manner in sight of home, that the wanderers were subject to the greatest dangers and hardships. In these high regions, snow-storms often occur, even in the month of August. These are an object of the deepest solicitude to the traveller, for they not only overwhelm him in the fearful whirl of icy particles driven before the wind, but immediately obliterate his path, covering everything—rocks, glaciers, and morasses—with one uniform deep veil of white. The expedition does not appear to have actually encountered one of these hurricanes or *tourmentes*, as they are termed, but they found the ground covered with the fresh snow which had been left by a storm just over ; and either from design or inability to find the path so obscured, their guide led them astray. A portion of the band, overcome with fatigue, fell back, and spent a fearful night among the woods which border the ascent. The rest arrived in the valley, and were able to recruit themselves by the side of some camp-fires.

They had now travelled for eight days, and, without firing a shot, or meeting with serious resistance, almost reached their destination. Their hardships from the ruggedness and difficulty of the country might be said to be over, while those from the enemy had yet to begin. They took the direction of Chaumont, above Jura, and learning that the peasants, aided by a French force, were trying to make the narrow valley of the Jaillon impassable, by rolling stones down the bank, the vanguard was ordered to advance. They sent forward one of their captains, accompanied by two of their priest-hostages, to negotiate. Here they were paid somewhat in their own coin, for the priests made their escape, and the captain was seized and bound. It was impossible to storm this pass, and the only method of gaining their end was to climb the rugged side of the hill, and outflank the enemy. They accomplished this difficult operation under the cover of their marksmen ; but the fatigue was so dreadful to the hostages, who were compelled to scramble on, that some of them prayed to be put to death. When the main band halted, after this affair, and made a muster, they found their number greatly weakened, from losses by death and capture.

As they approached the Touliers, an offshoot where they had an ascent to make, they found 200 men drawn up, as if to dispute the passage. Their commandant, however, said, that if the Waldenses would take a route higher up the hill, and would not insist on forcing a passage through his post, he would not go out of his way to molest them. They observed, however, on adopting this arrangement, that the troops crept after them, and from various hints which they received, suspected that they were to be attacked in front and rear. The place chosen for an attempt effectually and conclusively to defeat their enterprise, was the bridge over the Dora, in the valley of Salabertrand. When they had come within a mile and a half of this point, they counted thirty-six camp-fires, and saw that now they must prepare to meet a formidable force. In fact, if we may believe the Waldensian statement, there were placed to defend the bridge 2500 picked French troops, well intrenched; while they themselves, reduced to some 600 or 700 men, were exhausted with fatigue and privation. They were received by a general fusilade, which passed almost harmless, from Arnaud ordering his men to fall on their faces. It is impossible to obtain a more distinct impression of what followed, than that the Waldenses, rushing on, gained an immediate advantage over the enemy, and after two hours of hard fighting, obtained a complete victory, with the loss of only thirteen men. There was a fearful slaughter, not only during the contest, but afterwards. When they were tired with killing, and it appeared that the enemy were either slain or fled, a discovery was made that some of them had mixed themselves up with the victors. Those who did so must have been peasants, not French soldiers, otherwise their uniform would have betrayed them. It was determined to give these refugees no quarter. The password of the day was 'Angrogna,' but the strangers had not picked it up correctly, and generally to the *Qui vive?* they answered something like 'Grogne.' The effect of any imperfection in the pronunciation was always fatal, and in this manner 200 were killed. One would have thought that the policy of this small body, surrounded by a host of enemies, who must, in the end, be able to overwhelm them, would have been one of mercy and generosity to the vanquished, as founding a claim of reasonable treatment for themselves. But their victory at Salabertrand was but the commencement of a career of remorseless cruelty. They saw in it the direct interposition of Providence, and believed themselves, like the Jews of old, in the special hands of the Almighty, who was sending them with the sword to lay on and spare not—to smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. It is a sad thing to remark how often this ferocious spirit appears to have overtaken men who professed to be struggling for Christian liberty. The apologists of the Waldenses have said, that they had no means of keeping prisoners, and that it was necessary to put every enemy they met to death, to prevent the news of their approach from being carried forward. But if such a necessity were any justification of these savage slaughters, it had no foundation in fact. Though they slew all who fell into their power, they could not kill all who saw them, and the news of their march must have spread all the more rapidly and alarmingly from the cruelties with which it was accompanied.

This battle produced to the victors an immense booty, the most valuable part of which was a supply of arms and ammunition far beyond their requirements. Thirteen chests were broken up; and the hardy mountaineers, whose wardrobes were, it may well be believed, attenuated enough, now paraded in French military finery. But they were not to be tempted, according to the general practice of peasant victors, to submit themselves to easy luxury, and enjoy their spoil. Their commander appears to have allowed them no rest. That night, they left the battle-field, and climbed the hill of Sci, which hangs over it, by moonlight. Many of them dropped down in the way from fatigue; but when the sun rose next morning, which was Sunday, the main body from the top of the hill looked almost down into the valleys which they had been so ardently struggling to regain. The time and place well suiting, a great thanksgiving was held, and the little army performed its religious services, as it fought and marched, under the leadership of the warlike pastor. When they descended into the valleys beyond, they found themselves in a mixed population, partly Roman Catholic, and partly their own Protestant brethren. The priests of the former fled, and hid themselves—a prudent resolution; for the Waldenses, flushed with victory, were not to be safely encountered. They complained that their brethren received them with much more caution and less cordial hospitality than they had expected; but they were only in what had been originally a thin outskirt of the Protestant population, which had, owing to late events, relapsed in a great measure into Catholicism. Next day, they had but a short evening-journey, having rested during the greater part of the forenoon. When they reached the foot of the Col du Pis, they found it occupied by a body of Savoyard troops, who, on their approach, took to flight, for they had now established for themselves a reputation of terror. Eight of the Savoyard guard afterwards approached too close to the adventurers, and were seized. They were told to pray before being shot; and the historian of the enterprise remarks that they did not seem to know how to do so—probably they were overcome with confusion at their stern and sudden doom. Next day, forty-six soldiers were seized, and shot on the bridge of the Balsille. The adventurers now found it necessary, however, to be cautious and discriminating in their executions, lest they should kill any of their own people. They allowed some to escape, whose faith was dubious, to avoid this risk; but they seem always to have put Roman Catholics to death, having a special enmity against those of them who had renounced their own faith. They did not admit the claims of sex to mercy, and near the convent of Angrogna, shot two peasant women. On Wednesday, the 28th of August, the twelfth day of their strange march, they entered one of their own valleys at Pralis. Here they found a Catholic church, which had been built since their expulsion, and burned it; but they had the satisfaction of finding their old parish church still standing. They removed the altar and other furniture of the Roman Catholic service, and sung the 74th Psalm. Arnaud raised for himself at the door a pulpit, from which he could be heard both from within and from without, and preached to his enthusiastic army from the 129th Psalm: 'Many a time have they fought against me from my youth up.'

Thus, by a succession of events, which appeared in their own eyes miraculous, the little band had fought their way to what they counted their own possessions in the very heart of a hostile country. The whole continent of Europe, indeed, with the exception of the Swiss cantons and distant Holland, might be counted their enemies. Seeming to deem themselves totally irresponsible to man, they had shewn no compunction or conciliation, but had acted like a force of overwhelming strength when its passions are let loose on a powerless enemy. With such a hoard of vengeance laid up in store against them, it was hopeless to attempt to escape. In no history have we any account of men who seem in the position of being more certainly doomed to destruction, than the handful who had thus forced themselves into the midst of their enemies. Nor, even if they should succeed for a while in defending themselves in rugged, inaccessible places from the vast forces which France and Savoy would pour upon them, could they be the nearer a solution of their difficulty. Their project was, to live in peace again in their valleys with their wives and children, enjoying their own religion. Nothing could seem more hopeless than the accomplishment of this end through the methods adopted by them. We hear nothing of the existing position of the widows and children—they must have been left behind, living on the bounty of those Swiss who had so hospitably entertained their husbands and fathers. Men, and these of the hardiest and most fearless nature, could alone march in the expedition. But if they had expected any better fate than that of leaving their blood in their beloved valleys, they must have looked forward to the necessity of bringing their families after them; and to accomplish this, they must have fought so successfully as to be in the condition of demanding an honourable peace. What was the actual event, we shall presently see; but on their coming to the successful termination of their frightful march, nothing could seem more hopeless than their position. They seemed, however, never to view it in this common-sense light. They had a predestinarian light of their own, through which they saw their fate, and they fought on like men actually expecting to conquer with the edge of the sword a quiet settlement in the heart of their enemies. On the thirteenth day of their campaign, they saw a body of Savoyard soldiers posted advantageously on the Col du Julier. The advanced posts called out to the Waldenses: 'Come on, limbs of the devil! We are three thousand strong!' This was probably a great exaggeration; but it was all one to these children of destiny how many the enemy were. On they rushed—the soldiers abandoned their posts, and retreated. There was the usual slaughter of prisoners, and again a rich booty fell into the hands of the victors. They lost in this affair just one man, commemorated by name as Joshua Mundon of Lucerna. The retreating enemy took refuge partly in the convent of Villar, partly in the town of Bobi. The latter post was seized by assault; the soldiers who did not escape were put to death; and the inhabitants, wisely dreading such masters, left their property behind them, and fled. At the commencement of their career, the Waldenses had been very moderate and just in their treatment of property; but now a total change had come over them, and they pillaged the town with the expertness and avidity of practised soldiers. Though the shooting of the prisoners was always deemed a good act, and was done by regulation, the pillage was not thus sanctioned. Arnaud and his immediate staff, however devoted they may have been to the religious opinions of their brethren, knew that correct discipline was a paramount necessity in such a force. Like all remarkable commanders, he shewed his capacity for meeting the enemy by his ability to overcome the lawless propensities of his own followers. He saw in the sack of Bobi that they were becoming licentious from success and abundance of booty, and he appointed a new rule of discipline, which was sanctioned by an oath. The Waldenses took this oath with all the stern enthusiasm of their character. It required that none of them, who might be worsted in straggling parties, should treat with their enemies of the French or Piedmontese government without the concurrence of the rest; all should act together, and none were to buy safety, or any other advantage, at the cost or risk of their brethren. In this oath, they swore to be entirely obedient to their officers, putting at their disposal all prisoners and plunder. They agreed, under heavy penalties, to abstain from rifling or searching the dead, wounded, or prisoners, whether during battle or afterwards, leaving the task to selected and accountable officers. The officers had two different duties characteristically imposed on them: the one, to see that all the men under them were well appointed in arms and ammunition; the other, to suppress every symptom of blasphemy or profanity. One is reminded in this of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, with their correct discipline and equally systematic devotion; and it is worth remembering, that it was through the vigorous and commanding counsels of Cromwell that this little body of Waldenses was allowed to retain its existence. They seem to have adhered to the traditions of their mighty friend. The oath concluded with a solemn engagement to rescue the brethren from the cruel Babylon, and re-establish the Saviour's kingdom—striving for that end unto death.

The journal of their proceedings still goes on with the same regularity, but it does not possess the same interest as when they advanced day by day nearer to their destination. It is for some time a chronicle of skirmishes and commonplace military incidents, with little variety. The very success of the Waldensian band becomes irksome. They never meet an enemy but to be victorious; and yet, until the singular climax of their history arrives, they never seem nearer to the secure rest they are in search of. In this somewhat monotonous routine, however, some incidents are characteristic and amusing. The propensity for taking hostages still remained. On one occasion, however, it was adapted to a very serviceable purpose. Two of their number, who had some medical skill, having been lost at an early period of the expedition, they felt extremely the want of medical assistance for their sick and wounded, and set about remedying the deficiency in their usual abrupt and practical manner. In fact, they stole a surgeon from the enemy! The poor man, knowing well the fate of so many who had fallen into the hands of these fighting zealots, was naturally in great alarm; but they soon put him at his ease, and made him feel that he was far too valuable a person to be hastily destroyed.

Another incident in their desultory operations at this period is curious. In a slight skirmish, where a detachment had to meet on a road a superior number of the enemy, they kept themselves under cover by rolling casks before them. In a wine-country, these of course were abundant; and it is not difficult to suppose that, in a petty skirmish, where there was no cannon, they might form a sort of movable fortification.

A kind of exceptional incident in this war was the siege of Villar, the convent to which a portion of the Savoyard troops had retreated. It was strong, and not to be easily stormed. The garrison, however, was known to be short of provisions; and the Waldenses, whose feats in general were accomplished by headlong valour, varied their system by trying a blockade. And thus, in the midst of an enemy's country, and with the finest troops in the world at no great distance, and likely every moment to sweep them away as with a whirlwind, they set deliberately about that operation which is only conducted by great armies, conscious of security in their own overwhelming strength, and patient accordingly. Two or three efforts were made to raise the siege—always baffled by the vigilant and fortunate Waldenses. When attempts were made to throw provisions into the monastery, they were of course seized; and very welcome they were, for the besiegers were subject to privations worse even than those of the besieged; we hear of their feeding on bruised chestnuts and on apples, in extremely small quantities. Yet they seem never to have lost heart or confidence; and the escape of the garrison of the monastery, who had seemed to be delivered into their hands, was a worse mortification to them than their privations. In their extremities of need, however, the most unaccountable accidents supplied their wants. At one time, they stumble on a mule laden with provisions; at another, a cask of wine is found on the road, abandoned by its guardians, terrified by their approach. Such were their capricious supplies, appearing to their eyes as if laid down for their use, like manna, by the direct interposition of Providence. They still, however, were sadly attenuated, from the want of regular provisions; and if they had had the slightest fear that the arm of flesh could injure them, they must have been startled by the fact, that there they were, about 600 men, with the armies of France and Savoy closing round them. They reconnoitred a strong fort at Perrier, with a garrison of 150 men, and took credit for their abstinent prudence in not attempting to storm it. It was on the 7th of September, or the twenty-second day of their campaign, that they abandoned this enterprise; two days later, they achieved a most gratifying and profitable capture: it consisted of 180 sheep; and they ate their mutton with the greater relish that it belonged to two rich inhabitants of their valleys who had deserted their faith. The sheep were obtained by special marauding expeditions, which seem to have really had at heart the punishment of the apostates, as much as the supply of food for the famishing troops.

From this time until the latter end of October, when the few who survived occupied the fortress of the Balsille—of the siege of which we shall presently have to give an account—the little scattered force seemed each day and hour on the verge of annihilation, yet alternating this state with extraordinary victories and successes of all kinds. On the day when a fair was held in the town of Perosa, the assembled peasants were startled by a party of the Waldenses rushing into the midst of them with a group of prisoners whom they had just captured in one of their skirmishes. Finding that two of these were renegades of the deepest dye—having indeed served as guides to their enemy, the Marquis de Parelle—they resolved to make them the victims of a remarkable tragedy for the benefit of the surrounding rustics. A gibbet being erected, one of these prisoners was compelled to hang the other, and was then himself shot. It is not surprising that, as the narrative states, the market-people got alarmed, and scampered home to their cottages.

The three principal valleys or straths of the Waldenses were San Martino, Lucerna, and Perosa, territories extremely fertile and valuable. Until repossessed of them, the exiles had not accomplished the object of their campaign; but how was it possible that this could be accomplished? Although it might be possible to hold the fastnesses of the mountains against the French and Savoyard armies—which now, according to the Waldensian accounts, amounted to 22,000 men—was it to be dreamed of that they could occupy an indefensible and fruitful country in the face of such a force? Events, however, tended again, in the midst of their dangers and calamities, to make them believe themselves a chosen people destined for success. The Marquis de Parelle having, towards the end of autumn, thought fit to concentrate his forces in the valley of Perosa, left that of San Martino so open, that the Waldenses, scanty as were their numbers, took possession of it. They now drafted off a portion of their force to act as flying detachments among the surrounding rocks; and these hardy marksmen had become so expert in guerrilla warfare, that they rendered the valley for weeks inaccessible to the occasional bodies of the enemy's troops sent against them, and gained many signal victories. Thus a portion of them were kept in literally peaceful possession of this fruitful valley for a whole month. Of course, the value of such a brief possession depended very much on the particular month to which it extended. In winter, or in seed-time, it would have been of small advantage; but it was the choice month of the year—the harvest month. The peaceful detachment occupied themselves with untiring energy in reaping the harvest of corn, grapes, apples, and nuts with which the valley was rich, and the produce was removed to the recesses of the mountains with corresponding celerity. When they had finished their labours, there appeared on the heights above the village of Rodoret, a French force, with which it was vain to contend, and the occupants of the fruitful valley were again wanderers. They retreated silently by night, however, and managed to leave behind them considerable field-works, and a general appearance as if the place was occupied, and likely to be fiercely defended; a state of circumstances well calculated to make all who had had experience of their obstinacy halt before attacking them. The Marquis de Parelle was so deliberate in his operations, that they were far away, and beyond all immediate traces, ere he detected their absence. When he approached, gradually and cautiously, the formidable camp, he found there abundance of provisions, and the vestiges of luxurious living: it looked just as if the feasters had left it, but they were far away in storm and darkness.

The long nights had now set in, and the cold of winter was advancing into those lofty regions, bringing to the adventurers new perils and hardships. Their escape from the valley of San Martino was one of the most wonderful in their career. They had to pass in utter darkness through a wild country of precipice, torrent, and snow. Their guides wore a sort of cape of pure white linen, that their motions might be distinguishable in the darkness; and for a considerable distance, on more than one occasion, all had to creep on their hands and knees.

It was clear that the guerrilla warfare among the rocks and forests could not be carried out in winter, and that the occupation of any of the valleys was hopeless. How, then, were the diminished troops—

they now amounted to only four hundred—to find quarters? At an early period of the campaign, their vigilant leader had directed his attention to a post which seems to have been traditionally known as a natural fortification. It was a conical rocky mountain called the Balsille, standing near the modern fortress of Fenestrelle, which guards the approach to Piedmont, and is thus near the road to Pignerol by the Col de Sestrières, sometimes used by travellers, between France and Italy. By an admirable feat of generalship, Arnaud concentrated his poor scattered forces on this spot; and through the carelessness of the multitudinous enemy, this operation, now of vital necessity to the indomitable remnant, was accomplished with hardly any casualties.

Here they fortified themselves systematically and very ingeniously, making such arrangements as shewed it to be evidently their design to hold out to the last, and die, if needful, at their posts. To make for their winter accommodation dwelling-places proof against cannon and musket shot, they cut them like caverns into the side of the mountain. They dug trenches, and made corresponding embankments, seventeen in all, to be defended one after the other, so that the enemy would have to gain them in succession before being masters of the rock. This was the kind of fortification adopted by the early European nations, as we may distinctly see from the many hill-forts still remaining. They were generally erected on conical, regular-shaped hills, where there were few inequalities to enable an enemy to approach under cover; and the Balsille was of the same character, although vastly more lofty and precipitous than the eminences on which such remains are generally found. They had store-rooms for provisions, and an outwork to protect them in ravaging the country. There was an old mill within their line of defences, but the under-stone had been removed. One of them, however, remembered where it was hidden some years before, and they were thus enabled conveniently to grind their grain. The two armies, French and Piedmontese, seem to have early resigned the idea of attacking this fortalice until the ensuing spring; and after an inspection and attack on the outposts, they drew off, telling the garrison to expect them at Easter. The commanders, however, were much provoked at finding themselves unable to protect their friends from the marauding excursions of the holders of the Balsille. These were carried on very systematically, and were the means of effectually victualling the garrison. They made their arrangements so judiciously and cautiously, that they always alighted where they were least expected; and, like the Highland reivers of old, had the grain or the animals removed to their stronghold before the enemy could collect their forces to intercept them. They attributed it to a providential intervention that an early winter had overtaken the grain still in some upland fields; so that when the snow thawed in spring, they found it not utterly destroyed, and more accessible than if it had been stored away. Besides their arrangements for procuring provision, they seem also to have preserved a well-organised correspondence with their friends. They received many letters, the tendency of which generally was an attempt to convince them of the hopelessness of their struggle; but they had a trust in their destiny, and would not yield, though in some of these communications they were promised quarter.

On the 17th of April, terms of surrender were proposed to them directly by the Marquis de Parelle, and a council of war was held to deliberate on them. Their answer was respectful, yet firm. They thanked the marquis for his considerate humanity and evident desire to spare them. They stated, that as subjects of the Duke of Savoy, they had been in possession of their estates in the valleys from time immemorial, having inherited them from remote ancestors. They had been punctual in paying all the feudal rents and taxes; they had never been turbulent, but, on the contrary, had assisted the government in the preservation of order. In other respects, they had been obedient to the laws, and free from crime. In these circumstances, they judged it grossly unjust and cruel that, at the desire of foreigners, they should be driven from their inheritance. That they should take arms to recover what they had lost, was but natural; and they said the only way to avoid bloodshed was to allow them to return to their own in peace. The document was not at all in the tone of hopeless rebels suing for mercy; it seemed, indeed, to evince a full reliance on their ability to make good their point; and their opponents had not time to recover from the surprise occasioned by its manner, when a sally was made by a body of the Balsille garrison, who pushed as far as San Germano, sweeping all before them, and returning with a valuable booty, after having killed upwards of a hundred of the enemy. The garrison was beginning to suffer from a short allowance; and many of them were reduced to extreme debility, when this timely raid provided them with abundance of beef and nourishing soup, and enabled them to recruit their strength. But such an act of course tended to revive the indignation of the enemy. On the last day of April, the acuteness of the Waldensian commanders enabled them to see that there was some movement going on among the latter. In fact, they were creeping slowly round the Balsille, and so cautiously, that although they were obliged to sleep on the snow, they lit no fires, lest their movement should be discovered.

There was one point from which the Balsille was supposed to be particularly liable to attack: it was a ravine entering deep in its side, and capable of affording cover to an enemy. There Arnaud had raised his most formidable works, consisting in a great measure of barriers made of felled trees, with large stones above them, while on either side there were heaps of stones piled on the edge of the ravine, to be hurled on an attacking enemy. Suddenly, but not without the vigilant garrison being prepared, 500 dismounted dragoons seemed, as it were, to rise from the earth, and make for the barriers. They reached only the extremity of the first, and in vain attempted to pull it down. They were thus at one extremity of the trees, laid lengthwise, while the garrison were at the other. These, almost completely protected, opened a murderous fire on the assailants ; and when they were thus thrown into confusion, made a desperate sally, and swept them away. Of the 500, they assert that not twenty returned, and that they themselves did not lose a man. Two were made prisoners; and they were shot in attempting their escape. They, however, seized another and more important prisoner, Monsieur de Parat, the leader of the attack, whom they had the rare good sense not to put to death. He was severely wounded, however, and required the attendance of a surgeon. Now, it happened that the garrison also wanted such a person, for they had just lost the one they had formerly kidnapped; and they gave every assistance to De Parat's efforts. The plan of communication was by a letter stuck in a cleft stick in a convenient place between the two forces. The surgeon came, and was taken possession of like his predecessor. The Waldenses in this affair obtained possession of papers of importance, which explained the nature of the operations to be conducted against them, and put them on their guard. But the French troops, astounded by their reception, retired for some time within their own lines, to devise a more effective system of attack. They were meanwhile disheartened by a wild storm of snow which overtook them in the mountains, subjecting them to all the horrors already mentioned as incident to these Alpine hurricanes.

On the 10th of May, however, the wary garrison argued, from faint but sure symptoms, that the enemy were returning to the attack. This time it was not to be an assault, but a regular siege. Five different camps were formed round the Balsille, while great field-works were raised with turf and woolsacks, and planted with heavy cannon. All the accessible ground was covered with marksmen ; and it was remarked that one of the garrison could not shew his hat above their own works but it was immediately hit. The works were brought so near that the besiegers could address the besieged with a speaking-trumpet. Knowing how desperate they were, and that an officer of importance was in their hands, the French now offered them terms, which, in appearance at least, were extremely liberal. They were to receive passports, and each one a gratuity of 500 louis. But whether fearing treachery, or still trusting to their destiny, they refused the terms. Nor were they so completely beset but that they were able to accomplish some of their characteristic feats : they marked the manner in which provisions were sent to the besiegers ; and one day making a rush on the convoy, they cut it to pieces, and secured the provisions. Still, however, it was clear, to all human appearance, that the devoted garrison were coming daily nearer to their doom. Cannon had been planted so as to command the ravine where the abortive attempt had been made, and the 14th of May was fixed for a general and conclusive attack.

On that day, the battery was opened on the defences, and the mounds so industriously raised speedily powdered down under the effect of a cannonade. The Waldenses had to abandon the lower, and pass to the higher defences. In this passage, their enemies expected that the hot fire playing on the Balsille would exterminate them. But here took place one of those events, which made the refugees deem themselves the selected objects of Divine intervention: they were shielded in their retreat by a fog, which hid them from the enemy. It prompts a smile to find that they give up their claim to sagacity in seizing the moment of the fog for accomplishing their retreat, and would rather have it thought that the fog was specially sent to aid it. They were now hard pressed, and they shewed that fatalist ferocity which overtakes men of their kind in such circumstances, by putting their wounded prisoner, De Parat, to death. Thus did they seem, in what might be counted their last act of power, to give a precedent for their own fate.

Looking from the height to which they had now ascended over the preparations of the enemy, they saw a chain of watchfires that seemed to surround their fortified mountain, and make a daylight all round its base. One of the captains of the Waldenses, however, whose name was Paulat, intimately acquainted with the ground, said there was still a cleft of the rock left unguarded, except by its own precipitous and dangerous nature, through which he declared he could pass undetected, along with any good cragsmen who would run the risk. The project was at once adopted by the whole garrison, for the night had come on in a gloom suitable for its fulfilment, and the whole period from the beginning of darkness to the dawn was before them. They took off their shoes, and were silently guided by Paulat, sometimes having to climb and descend walls of rock, at other times sliding down steep smooth banks. They passed so near the enemy's pickets that the slightest blunder would have sacrificed them. A petty incident indeed shewed them in a formidable shape the extremity of their danger. One of them had in his possession a kettle ; why he should have been so burdened, it is difficult to imagine. Falling from his grasp, as he scrambled on hands and knees, it fell over the edge of a precipice into the gulf below with a clattering sound, which kettles are wont to make. A sentinel, put instantly on the alert, gave his *Qui vive?* to which the kettle made no answer. Endeavours to hear or see anything in the quarter whence the sound came, gave him no indication of human presence there, and indeed the incident seems to have diverted attention from the higher spot where the refugees stood.

Next morning, a successful attack was made on the fortifications of the Balsille, all broken as they were by cannon; but the birds had flown, and the nest was found deserted and cold. Looking from the height they had gained, some far-sighted soldier of the French force pointed out the string of dark figures, several miles off, cutting steps for themselves on the frozen snow of the Guignevert. Though they had weathered the winter in their fortress, and spring had revisited them, yet it was impossible that this handful of men could resist the fate of extermination from the large Piedmontese and still larger French force. A pursuit was immediately commenced; but they had gained some distance, and were rapid in their motions. On the 17th, their track was found; they were overtaken in the direction of Angrogna by a small detachment, which attacked them somewhat rashly, and was defeated with slaughter. This, however, was only a provocation to more signal vengeance. The occurrence took place on a Saturday. Next day, they might perhaps expect to be let alone; but on Monday their doom was sealed. So at least would bystanders have deemed; but there was at hand a deliverance for them of the most strange and unexpected character.

On Sunday, the outposts of the Waldenses found approaching their camp, in peaceful security, two Piedmontese gentlemen named Parander and Bertin. They announced the astounding intelligence, that the Duke of Savoy was now the enemy of France, having joined the allies, and that he desired the aid of the faithful and valorous Waldenses in his armies. They were now on their own ground, under the command of their own monarch; and the French force was an invading army, which they were to assist in driving forth. It has been thought, indeed, that the reason why Louis XIV. sent so many troops against this handful of Waldenses was, that doubting the faith of the Duke of Savoy, he desired to have a considerable force in that prince's territories; and perhaps, if this was his object, he might not be so eager to accomplish the avowed project which formed an excuse for their being there—the suppression of the Waldenses—as their historian may have supposed.

After some little delay and anxiety, everything was arranged. Arnaud received instructions to garrison, with his faithful followers, Bobi and Villar, and the captives taken from them and confined in the Piedmontese prisons were restored. In the contest which ensued, the Waldensian troops bore a gallant part; and once when, in the reverses of war, the duke had to flee before an advancing enemy, he found refuge among those faithful inhabitants of the valleys whom he had so sternly pursued.

The writer of a romance would stop where his heroes are brought to the good fortune they so well merit; but historical truth must add another fact, shewing that the behests of Providence had not shaped for the wanderers the romantic conclusion to their adventures which they themselves believed to be their destiny. Year after year, from the warlike services they performed, and the deference paid to them by the king of Britain and other Protestant powers, the position of the Waldenses was becoming consolidated, and their privileges enlarged. Numbers of their body, who had long been dispersed in distant regions, found their way back to the homes of their ancestors; nay, further, French Protestants intermarried with them, and became citizens of their Protestant communities, so that they were ever becoming more numerous and powerful.

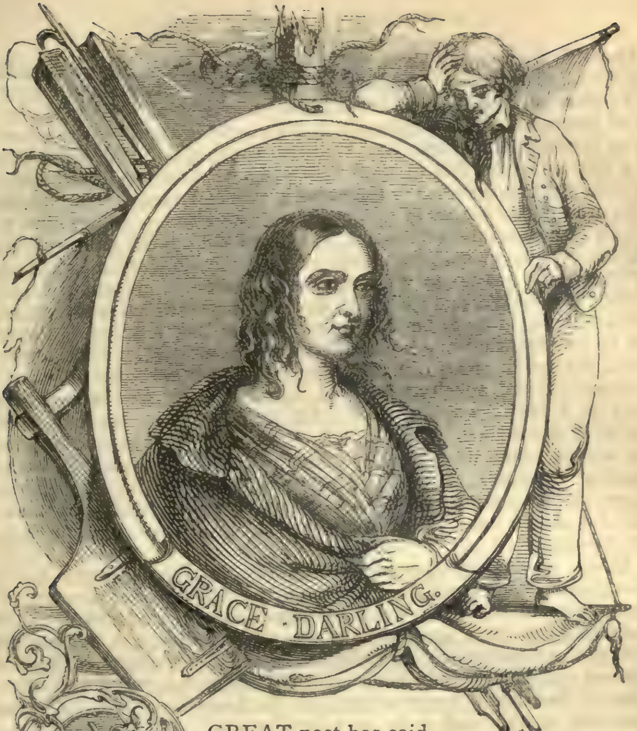
But this apparent consolidation of strength was but a preparation for subsequent misfortunes. In July 1696, the Duke of Savoy detached himself from his allies, and rejoined France. This was the immediate commencement of operations, professedly for keeping the Waldenses from propagating their principles throughout the French dominions. In the treaty, there was a provision to this effect: 'His Royal Highness [the Duke of Savoy] shall prohibit, under pain of corporal punishment, the inhabitants of the valley of Lucerna, known under the name of Vaudois, from having any religious communication with the subjects of his most Christian majesty; nor shall his Royal Highness permit, henceforth, the subjects of the king of France to establish themselves in any manner in the said valleys; nor allow any preacher subject to him to set foot on the French territory; nor permit the worship calling itself Reformed, in the territories which have been ceded to him.' These territories, spoken of as ceded, embraced indeed part of the country inhabited by the Waldenses; so that, while they had to dismiss all their lately enrolled brethren who had come from France, and to avoid all communication with that country, they were compelled to narrow the limits of their territory. An edict was issued on the 1st of July 1698, for carrying out the treaty. It required all French Protestants to quit the Piedmontese dominions in two months, under pain of death. It shews how extensively these communities had been supplied by immigrants from France, that of their thirteen pastors in 1698, seven required, under this edict, to remove from the country.

About 2000 persons found themselves more or less affected by these restrictions, and made up their minds to emigrate. They set off in seven bands, under their pastors. The Duke of Savoy professed to pay their travelling expenses; but it appears that the sum awarded by him fell far short of what was necessary, and again the wanderers were thrown on the untiring kindness of their friends in Geneva and the Protestant cantons, among whom they sojourned during the winter of 1698. In the meantime, Arnaud, with some other delegates, went to arrange for their reception in Würtemberg. They did not now go forth, as before, hopeless, unknown exiles; they had made, by their valour, a diplomatic position among European nations. Arnaud spoke in the powerful name of the courts of England and Holland, from which he had obtained for his people considerable pecuniary assistance. They were received at last into the principality, having assigned to them certain waste lands in the bailiwicks of Maulbronn and Leonberg, with special privileges and immunities. Within four years afterwards, a large body again moved off from Piedmont to join their friends. These consisted chiefly of those descendants of the old Waldenses who most tenaciously adhered to their native country, and were only driven from it by feeling the insuperable character of the pressure brought against them. They were received in the district of Heilbronn, near that occupied by the previous colony, but more Italian in its character, being more clear of forest, and affording better growth to the vine and mulberry. This second colony named their new valleys after those they had left; and their Italian character, far more distinct than in the mixed colony which preceded them, is said to be noticeable at the present day.

The great difficulty in properly settling these immigrants appears to have arisen from a notion that their religion was exceptional from that of the great Protestant communions; and much pains appear to have been taken to satisfy the authorities that they were virtually Calvinists. Among the special privileges conceded to them, however, there was one which sounds strange, as a condition demanded by Protestants: it was, that their pastors and deacons should be exempt from disclosing in courts of justice secrets committed to them under the seal of confession, unless when involving high treason.

But the reader asks: What has become of the priestly general of the Glorious Return? His subsequent history is a brief one. Arnaud had tempting offers of military command made to him by King William, and from several other quarters; but he preferred the service of that Master whose kingdom is not of this world, and went with his flock. He officiated for them as pastor in a small rude church in the town of Schömberg, in Würtemberg, where he died in 1721. There the fane in which he served, and a monument to his memory, are still piously preserved by the descendants of his people.

Those of the Waldenses who remained in Piedmont, although no longer persecuted, continued to be subjected to numerous disabilities; and the exercise of their worship was confined to the original valleys. At last, in 1848, they were put on a footing of equality with Roman Catholics in the kingdom of Sardinia; and since the union of Italy, they enjoy the same status throughout the peninsula, except in Rome. Since this emancipation, they have organised congregations in various cities of the kingdom, and have a theological seminary in Florence.


GRACE · DARLING.

A GREAT poet has said—

> ‘Honour and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part—there all the honour lies.’

How much truth there is in this saying, is strikingly shewn in the history of Grace Darling; for, being in what is called a humble station in life, she, acting well her part in it, and having on one occasion manifested some of the highest qualities which belong to human nature, became, for these reasons, an object of respect and admiration to persons of every rank and condition, and acquired a celebrity which may be said to have spread over the greater part of the civilised world. Nobles of the highest rank, and even royalty itself, felt the demands which the singular worth of this young woman made upon them, and vied with individuals of her own class in doing her the honour she deserved.

Grace Darling was one of a numerous family born to William

Darling, light-house keeper. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, originally a cooper at Dunse, in Berwickshire, removed to Belford, in Northumberland, and finally settled as keeper of the coal-light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne Islands, on the coast of the last-mentioned county. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 was transferred to the light-house on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands. The qualities required in the keeper of a light-house are of no common kind: he must be a generally intelligent, as well as steady and judicious man. Moreover, in so solitary a situation as the Longstone light-house, where weeks may pass without any communication with the mainland, he would need to be of that character which has resources within itself, so as to be in a great measure independent of the rest of society for what may make life pass agreeably. In such a situation, the mind of an ordinary man is apt to suffer from the want of excitement and novelty; while a superior mind only takes advantage of it for improving itself. Of this superior character seems to be William Darling, the father of our heroine. He was described as uncommonly steady and intelligent, and of extremely quiet and modest manners. It speaks great things for him, that his children have all been educated in a comparatively respectable manner—his daughter Grace, for example, writing in a hand equal to that of most ladies.

Grace was born, November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. Of the events of her early years, whether she was educated on the mainland, or lived constantly in the solitary abode of her parents, first at the Brownsman, and afterwards on the Longstone island, we are not particularly informed. During her girlish years, and till the time of her death, her residence in the Longstone light-house was constant, or only broken by occasional visits to the coast. She and her mother managed the little household at Longstone. She is described as having been at that time, as indeed during her whole life, remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In person she was about the middle size—of fair complexion and a comely countenance—with nothing masculine in her appearance; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realisation of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. 'You see,' says he, 'that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion—a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration—puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself.'

There is something, unquestionably, in the scene of Grace's early years, which was calculated to nurse an unobtrusively-enthusiastic spirit. The Farne Islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in some instances surrounded by precipices, they are the residence of little besides sea-fowl. On the principal one (Farne), in an early age, there was a small monastery, celebrated as the retreat of St Cuthbert, who died there in the year 686. 'Farne,' says Mr Raine, in his history of Durham, 'certainly afforded an excellent place for retirement and meditation. Here the prayer or the repose of the hermit could only be interrupted by the scream of the water-fowl, or the roaring of the winds and waves; not unfrequently, perhaps, would be heard the thrilling cry of distress from a ship breaking to pieces on the iron shore of the island; but this would still more effectually win the recluse from the world, by teaching him a practical lesson of the vanity of man and his operations, when compared with the mighty works of the Being who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

Through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force; and many a shipwreck of which there is no record must have happened here in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Rather more than a century ago, a Dutch forty-gun frigate, with all the crew, was lost among the islands. In the year 1782, a large merchant-brig, on her return-voyage from America, was dashed to pieces amongst them, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. During the dreadful gale which continued from January 31 to February 8, 1823, three brigs and a sloop were wrecked in their vicinity, but all the crews were saved except one boy. Another brig was dashed to pieces on Sunderland Point, when all on board perished; and a large brig and a sloop were wrecked on the Harker. Mr Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says: 'It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with seaweeds, like great round ropes and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly.'

Living on that lonely spot in the midst of the ocean—with the horrors of the tempest familiarised to her mind, her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep, her only prospect that of the wide-spreading sea, with the distant sail on the horizon—Grace Darling was shut out, as it were, from the active scenes of life, and debarred from those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must have been dear to her, unaccustomed though she was to their indulgence.

She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

The *Forfarshire* steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Mr John Humble, formerly master of the *Neptune*, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday the 5th of September 1838, about half-past six o'clock, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained—Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards; in all, sixty-three persons.

The *Forfarshire* was only two years old; but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up; but when off Flamborough Head, the leakage reappeared, and continued for about six hours; not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. In the subsequent examinations, the engineman, Allan Stewart, stated his opinion, that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represented the leakage as considerable, so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished; but they were relighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was of course retarded, and three steam-vessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the *Forfarshire*, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers; and Mrs Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indications on board, that 'all was not right,' that if her husband had come down to the packet in time, she would have returned with him on shore.

In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the 'Fairway,' between the Farne Islands and the land, about six o'clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick Bay about eight o'clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree, that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o'clock she bore up off St Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engineman reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense, that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastrophe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock, she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which met the *Forfarshire's* timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.

At this juncture a part of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, lowered the larboard-quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst them was Mr Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, in Perthshire, who had been roused from bed, and had only time to put on his trousers, when, rushing upon deck, he saw and took advantage of this opportunity of escape by flinging himself into the boat. His uncle and aunt, attempting to follow his example, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. Several females were uttering cries of anguish and despair, and amongst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which it was not in his power to give. Very soon after the first shock, a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces; and the after-part, containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the fore-part remained on the rock. The captain and his wife seem to have been amongst those who perished in the hinder part of the vessel.

At the moment when the boat parted, about eight or nine of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass in the fore-part of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here also a few sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. In the fore-cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the waves, was Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, with two children. When relief came, life was found trembling in the bosom of this poor woman, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

The sufferers, nine in number (five of the crew and four passengers), remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak—exposed to the buffeting of the waves amidst darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island; and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the light-house there were only Mr and Mrs Darling and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, at a later period in the day, a reward of £5 offered by Mr Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

To have braved the perils of that terrible passage then, would have done the highest honour to the well-tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm? Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succouring them? Mr Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At *her* solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother, and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, others of the family being always at hand.

In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb-tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the light-house island; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck until the tide again ebbed.

It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock: and when there, a danger—greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it—arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever-restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter, was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female!

The sufferers were conveyed at once to the light-house, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time; and owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. A boat's crew that came off to their relief from North Sunderland were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons at the light-house, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared-for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs Dawson, whose sufferings, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table. The other sufferers were accommodated with the best substitutes for beds which could be provided, and the boat's crew slept on the floor around the fire.*

The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name over all Europe. Immediately on the circumstances being made known through the newspapers, that lonely light-house became the centre of attraction to curious and sympathising thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in most instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks: the president presented her with a handsome silver teapot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. With the view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity, a public subscription was raised, which is said to have amounted to about £700. Her name was echoed with applause amongst all ranks; portraits of her were eagerly sought for; and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach, that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat, for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily refused. It is, indeed, gratifying to state, that, amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her, never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone light-house with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea-girt islet, a more honourable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland; and thus affording, by her conduct, the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.*

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* The names of the individuals saved from the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, by Darling and his daughter, were—John Kidd, fireman, of Dundee; Jonathan Ticket, cook, of Hull; John Macqueen, coal-trimmer, Dundee; John Tulloch, carpenter, Dundee; and John Nicholson, fireman, Dundee, of the crew: D. Donovan, fireman and free passenger, of Dundee; James Keeley, weaver, Dundee; Thomas Buchanan, baker, Dundee; and Mrs Dawson, bound to Dundee, passengers. The party in the boat, also nine in number, were picked up next morning by a Montrose sloop, and carried into Shields. The entire number saved was therefore eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder, including the captain and his wife; Mr Bell, factor to the Earl of Kinnoul; the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld; and some ladies of a respectable rank in society, perished.

It is a melancholy reflection, that one so deserving should have been struck down almost ere yet the plaudits excited by her noble deed had died away; that the grasp of death should have been fastened on her almost before enjoyment could have taught her to appreciate the estimate formed of her conduct. 'Whom the gods love, die young,' 'twas said of old, and unquestionably the fatality which often attends deserving youth (and of which her fate presents so striking an instance) originated the idea. Consumption was the disease to which she fell a victim. Having shewn symptoms of delicate health, she was, towards the latter end of 1841, removed from the Longstone light-house, on the recommendation of her medical attendant, to Bamborough, where she remained for a short time under the care of Mr Fender, surgeon.

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* William Howitt gives the following account of his interview with Grace Darling: 'When I went she was not visible, and I was afraid I should not have got to see her, as her father said she very much disliked meeting strangers that she thought came to stare at her; but when the old man and I had had a little conversation, he went up to her room, and soon came down with a smile, saying she would be with us soon. So, when we had been up to the top light-house, and had seen its machinery—had taken a good look-out at the distant shore—and Darling had pointed out the spot of the wreck, and the way they took to bring the people off, we went down, and found Grace sitting at her sewing, very neatly but very simply dressed, in a plain sort of striped printed gown, with her watch-seal just seen at her side, and her hair neatly braided—just, in fact, as such girls are dressed, only not quite so smart as they often are.

'She rose very modestly, and with a pleasant smile said: "How do you do, sir?" Her figure is by no means striking; quite the contrary; but her face is full of sense, modesty, and genuine goodness; and that is just the character she bears. Her prudence delights one. We are charmed that she should so well have supported the brilliancy of her humane deed. It is confirmative of the notion, that such actions must spring from genuine heart and mind.

Finding herself no better, she desired to be removed to Wooler for change of air. Her wish was complied with; but she found no relief; and at the request of her father she met him at Alnwick, with a view to proceed to Newcastle for further medical advice. The Duchess of Northumberland, having heard of the arrival of the heroine of the Longstone at Alnwick, immediately procured for her a comfortable lodging in an airy part of the town, supplied her with everything requisite, and sent her own physician to give her the benefit of his medical advice. All, however, was of no avail. Her father anxiously desiring that she should return amongst her family, she was accordingly removed once more to her sister's house at Bamborough, where she arrived only ten days before her decease. On the day of her removal from Alnwick, the Duchess of Northumberland, without a single attendant, and attired in the most homely manner, repaired to Grace Darling's lodgings, for the purpose of taking her last farewell, which she did with the most unaffected kindness. For some time previous to her death, she was perfectly aware that her latter end was approaching; but this gave her no uneasiness. She was never heard to utter a complaint during her illness, but exhibited the utmost Christian resignation throughout.

Shortly before her death, she expressed a wish to see as many of her relations as the peculiar nature of their employments would admit of, and with surprising fortitude and self-command she delivered to each of them some token of remembrance. This done, she calmly awaited the approach of death; and finally, on the 20th of October 1842, resigned her spirit without a murmur. The funeral took place at Bamborough on the following Monday, and was very numerously attended. The pall was borne by William Barnfather, Esq., from Alnwick Castle; Robert Smeddle, Esq., of Bamborough Castle; the Rev. Mr Mitford Taylor, of North Sunderland; and Mr Fender, surgeon, Bamborough. Ten of the immediate relatives of the deceased, including her father, and brother William, as mourners, followed by Mr Evans, officer of customs, Bamborough, and a young man from Durham, who is said to have cherished an ardent affection for the deceased, formed the funeral procession, which was accompanied by an immense concourse of persons of all ages and grades in society, many of whom seemed deeply affected.

It may be here mentioned, as illustrative of Grace Darling's character, that she received numerous offers of marriage, many of which might have been considered advantageous, but all of which she declined, usually alleging her desire never to change her condition whilst her parents were alive. It is said that, on the occasion of her being introduced to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, his Grace told her that he hoped she would be careful in such matters, as there would be sure to be designs upon her money; and she told him she would not marry without his approbation.*

We may here properly take occasion to advert to a disposition which strangers have observed to prevail amongst the inhabitants of the fishing villages adjacent to the scene of the wreck, to depreciate the greatness of Miss Darling's deed, by speaking lightly of the danger to which it subjected her. We do not ascribe this altogether to a spirit of envy or detraction, but rather conceive it to be in a great measure the natural effect of those people's habitual situation, relatively to the scene of the wreck, and the circumstances with which it was attended. They are persons who have husbands, and fathers, and brothers, almost daily exposed, in following their pursuits as fishermen, to the dangers which Darling and his daughter voluntarily encountered from an impulse of humanity. However paradoxical may seem the assertion, it in reality was not amongst people thus familiarised—all of them in idea, and most of them in reality—with scenes of tempest and danger, that the warmest appreciation of such conduct was to be expected. Striking as was the case, there was nothing in it which was sufficiently contrasted with the incidents of their daily life to stir their feelings on behalf of the heroine. It was to

'The gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,'

and the ladies, nursed in the lap of luxury, whose cheeks 'the winds of heaven are not permitted to visit too roughly,' and who had never known aught of a scene of tempest and shipwreck beyond what the boards of a theatre or the pages of a romance might have taught them—it was to them that the idea of a girl, under a humane impulse, voluntarily taking a boat's oar to drift through wind and tide amongst those jagged rocks, came home with electrifying effect; and it would have been strange had it been otherwise.†

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* The proceeds of the public subscription (about £700) were funded for Miss Darling's use under the trusteeship of the Duke of Northumberland and Mr Archdeacon Thorp. This sum is understood to have been inherited by her father. Some other sums which had been directly sent to her as tributes to her worth, were divided by the amiable young woman amongst her brothers and sisters.

† This account of the latter years of Grace Darling, as well as the narrative of the rescue, is extracted, with permission, from a memoir of the young heroine which appeared in the *Berwick and Kelso Warder*, February 4, 1843.

VOLNEY BECKNER.

HEROISM in a humble station in life was not more remarkably exemplified in the case of Grace Darling than in the instance of Volney Beckner, an Irish sailor-boy.

Volney was born at Londonderry in 1748; his father having been a fisherman of that place, and so poor, that he did not possess the means of giving his son a regular school education. What young Volney lost in this respect was in some measure compensated by his father's instructions at home. These instructions chiefly referred to a seafaring life, in which generosity of disposition, courage in encountering difficulties, and a readiness of resource on all occasions, are the well-known characteristics. While yet a mere baby, his father taught him to move and guide himself in the middle of the waves, even when they were most agitated. He used to throw him from the stern of his boat into the sea, and encourage him to sustain himself by swimming, and only when he appeared to be sinking did he plunge in to his aid. In this way young Volney Beckner, from his very cradle, was taught to brave the dangers of the sea, in which, in time, he moved with the greatest ease and confidence. At four years of age he was able to swim a distance of three or four miles after his father's vessel, which he would not enter till completely fatigued; he would then catch a rope which was thrown to him, and, clinging to it, mount safely to the deck.

When Volney was about nine years of age, he was placed apprentice in a merchant-ship, in which his father appears to have sometimes sailed, and in this situation he rendered himself exceedingly useful. In tempestuous weather, when the wind blew with violence, tore the sails, and made the timbers creak, and while the rain fell in torrents, he was not the last in manœuvring. The squirrel does not clamber with more agility over the loftiest trees than did Volney along the stays and sail-yards. When he was at the top of the highest mast, even in the fiercest storm, he appeared as little agitated as a passenger stretched on a hammock. The little fellow also was regardless of ordinary toils and privations. To be fed with biscuit broken with a hatchet, sparingly moistened with muddy water full of worms, to be half covered with a garment of coarse cloth, to take some hours of repose stretched on a plank, and to be suddenly wakened at the moment when his sleep was the soundest, such was the life of Volney, and yet he enjoyed a robust constitution. He never caught cold, he never knew fears, or any of the diseases springing from pampered appetites or idleness.

Such was the cleverness, the good temper, and the trustworthiness of Volney Beckner, that, at his twelfth year, he was judged worthy of promotion in the vessel, and of receiving double his former pay. The captain of the ship on board which he served, cited him as a model to the other boys. He did not even fear to say once, in the presence of his whole crew: 'If this little man continues to conduct himself with so much valour and prudence, I have no doubt of his obtaining a place much above that which I occupy.' Little Volney was very sensible to the praises that he so well deserved. Although deprived of the advantages of a liberal education, the general instructions he had received, and his own experience, had opened his mind, and he aspired, by his conduct, to win the esteem and affection of those about him. He was always ready and willing to assist his fellow-sailors, and by his extraordinary activity saved them in many dangerous emergencies. An occasion at length arrived, in which the young sailor had an opportunity of performing one of the most gallant actions on record.

The vessel to which Volney belonged was bound to Port-au-Prince, in San Domingo, and during this voyage his father was on board. Among the passengers was a little girl, daughter of a rich American merchant; she had slipped away from her nurse, who was ill, and taking some repose in the cabin, and ran upon deck. There, while she gazed on the wide world of waters around, a sudden heaving of the ship caused her to become dizzy, and she fell over the side of the vessel, into the sea. The father of Volney, perceiving the accident, darted after her, and in five or six strokes he caught her by the frock. Whilst he swam with one hand to regain the vessel, and with the other held the child close to his breast, Beckner perceived, at a distance, a shark advancing directly towards him. He called out for assistance. The danger was pressing. Every one ran on deck, but no one dared to go farther; they contented themselves with firing off several muskets with little effect; and the animal, lashing the sea with his tail, and opening his frightful jaws, was just about to seize his prey. In this terrible extremity, what strong men would not venture to attempt, filial piety excited a child to execute. Little Volney armed himself with a broad and pointed sabre; he threw himself into the sea; then diving with the velocity of a fish, he slipped under the animal, and stabbed his sword in his body up to the hilt. Thus suddenly assailed, and deeply wounded, the shark quitted the track of his prey, and turned against his assailant, who attacked him with repeated lounges of his weapon. It was a heart-rending spectacle. On one side, the American trembling for his little girl, who seemed devoted to destruction; on the other, a generous mariner exposing his life for a child not his own; and here the whole crew full of breathless anxiety as to the result of an encounter in which their young shipmate exposed himself to almost inevitable death to direct it from his father!

The combat was too unequal, and no refuge remained but in a speedy retreat. A number of ropes were quickly thrown out to the father and the son, and they each succeeded in seizing one. Already they were several feet above the surface of the water. Already cries of joy were heard: 'Here they are, here they are—they are saved!' Alas! no—they were not saved! at least one victim was to be sacrificed to the rest. Enraged at seeing his prey about to escape him, the shark plunged to make a vigorous spring; then issuing from the sea with impetuosity, and darting forward like lightning, with the sharp teeth of his capacious mouth he tore asunder the body of the intrepid and unfortunate boy while suspended in the air. A part of poor little Volney's palpitating and lifeless body was drawn up to the ship, while his father and the fainting child in his arms were saved.

Thus perished, at the age of twelve years and some months, this hopeful young sailor, who so well deserved a better fate. When we reflect on the generous action which he performed, in saving the life of his father, and of a girl who was a stranger to him, at the expense of his own, we are surely entitled to place his name in the very first rank of heroes. But the deed was not alone glorious from its immediate consequences. As an example, it survives to the most distant ages. The present relation of it cannot but animate youth to the commission of generous and praiseworthy actions. When pressed by emergencies, let them cast aside all selfish considerations, and think on the heroism of the Irish sailor-boy—Volney Beckner.

JAMES MAXWELL.

THE preceding instances of heroism in humble life, have a fine parallel in that of the late James Maxwell, whose sacrifice of self to duty and humanity has rarely been surpassed. James was of a family of brave men, natives of Stirlingshire. Having a number of years ago wished to emigrate to Canada, the family removed westward, intending to sail from the Clyde; which, however, they were prevented from doing. The person intrusted with the money raised for the expenses of the voyage and subsequent settlement, acted unfairly, and absconded; so that they were compelled, for want of funds, to remain in Port-Glasgow, where three or four of the lads became sailors. They were all first-rate men, and employed as masters or pilots of different steam-vessels, either at home or abroad. James was appointed to act as pilot on board a fine steam-vessel called the *Clydesdale*, of which the master was a worthy young man named Turner.

About the year 1827, the vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland; and one evening, after setting out on the voyage across the Channel, with between seventy and eighty passengers, Maxwell became sensible at intervals of the smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavouring to discover whence it originated. On communicating with the master, he found that he too had perceived it; but neither of them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger also observed this alarming vapour, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of its being a reality. About eleven o'clock at night this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Maxwell was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more impregnated with the odour of burning timber. At last he sprung upon deck, exclaiming, 'Maxwell, the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!' James calmly inquired, 'Then shall I put about?' Turner's order was to proceed. Maxwell struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other above his head, and with uplifted eyes uttered: 'O God Almighty, enable me to do my duty! and, O God, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child!'

Whether it was the thoughts of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it is with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, we cannot tell; but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in this hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and, keeping the engine in violent action, the vessel, at the time one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter-gallery, where the self-devoted pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Everything possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became every moment more difficult and more hopeless; for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still, still the hero never flinched! At intervals, the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch!

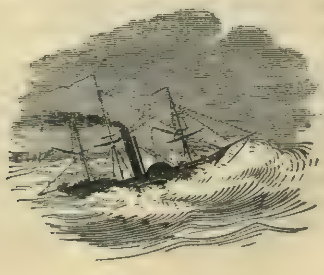
The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they had assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The signals were not misunderstood by Maxwell, whose feet were already roasted on the deck! The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action, impelling the vessel onward; but this could not have lasted above another minute; and during the interval he ran her into the open space, and alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every creature got safe on shore—all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom all owed their lives! Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. What would not any or all of them have given, when driving over the wide sea in their flaming prison, to the man who would have promised them safety! But when this heroic man had accomplished the desperate undertaking, did the gratitude of this multitude continue beyond the minute of deliverance? We believe it *did not!* One man exclaimed: 'There is my trunk—I am ruined without it: five pounds to whoever will save it!' Maxwell could not hesitate in relieving any species of distress. He snatched the burning handle of the trunk, and swung it on shore, but left the skin of his hand and fingers sticking upon it—a memorial which might have roused the gratitude of the most torpid savage! But he who offered the reward forgot to pay it to one who could not and would not ask of any one on earth.

As might have been expected, Maxwell's constitution, though very powerful, never recovered the effects of that dreadful burning. Indeed it required all the skill and enthusiasm of an eminent physician under whose care he placed himself, to save his life. Though the flames had not actually closed round him as he stood on his awful watch, yet such was the heat under him and around him, that not only, as we have said, were his feet severely burnt, but his hair, a large hair-cap, and huge dreadnought watch-coat, which he wore, were all in such a state from the intense heat, that they crumbled into powder on the least touch. His handsome athletic form was reduced to the extremest emaciation; his young face became ten years older during that appalling night; and his hair changed to gray.

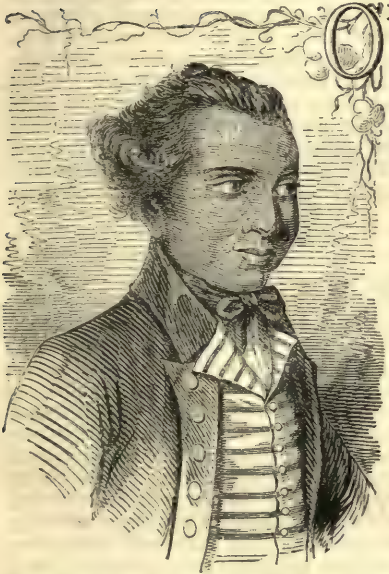
A subscription for the unfortunate pilot was set on foot among the gentlemen of Glasgow some time after the burning. On this occasion the sum of a hundred pounds was raised, of which sixty pounds were divided between the master and pilot, and the remainder given to the sailors. Notwithstanding his disabilities, James was fortunately able, after an interval, to pursue his occupation as a pilot; but owing to a weakness in his feet, caused by the injuries they had received, he fell, and endured a severe fracture of the ribs. The value, however, in which he was held by his employers, on account of his steady and upright character, caused them, on this occasion, to continue his ordinary pay during the period of his recovery. After this event, James entered the service of another company (Messrs Thomson and M'Connel), conducting a steam-shipping communication between Glasgow and Liverpool; by whom, notwithstanding the enfeebled state of his body and broken health, he was (as how could such a man be otherwise?) esteemed as a valuable servant.

In the year 1835 the case of this hero in humble life was noticed in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and roused a very general sympathy in his favour. The subscriptions in his behalf were, at this time, of material service in enabling him to support his family; but misfortunes, arising out of his enfeebled condition, afterwards pressed upon him, and another subscription was made for his relief in 1840. James did not live to reap the full benefit of this fresh act of public benevolence and respect; and shortly after his decease, his wife also died. We are glad to know that enough was realised to aid in rearing and educating the younger children of an excellent man, who deserved so well of his country.

The preceding instances of personal intrepidity may perhaps serve to convey correct ideas on the nature of heroism. A hero, as we have seen, is one who boldly faces danger in a good cause; as, for instance, to save a fellow-creature from hurt or death—to protect the property of others from violence—and to defend our native country from the attacks of enemies; in each case with some risk to our own person and life. Bravery is a different thing. A robber may be brave; one nation attacking another for the mere purpose of injuring it may be very brave; but bravery in these cases is not heroism. Military commanders have often been called heroes, without deserving the name. They may have been successful in their wars; but if they have not fought for good ends, they are not truly heroes, and are not entitled to such fame as that bestowed on the heroic GRACE DARLING, VOLNEY BECKNER, and JAMES MAXWELL.



PRINCE LEE BOO.



ON the 9th of August 1783, the *Antelope*, a packet of three hundred tons burden, in the service of the East India Company, and under the command of Captain Henry Wilson, suffered shipwreck on the Pelew Islands, one of the numerous groups which stud the Pacific, and the nearest of any importance to the East India Islands. At that time the Polynesians had had but little intercourse with white men, and were of course ignorant of many of those virtues and vices which have since so materially altered their character. Our countrymen, however, met with the most kindly treatment, and in turn presented the natives with articles and implements calculated to assist them in the operations of their primitive mode of life. During their stay, which continued till the 12th of November, the crew were busy in constructing a small schooner for the purpose of conveying them to Macao, in China; an effort which was ultimately crowned with success.

One of the most interesting and important personages met with by Captain Wilson during his stay was Abba Thulle, king of Cooroorаа and of several of the adjoining islets. Uniformly humane, and attentive to the wants of the unfortunate crew, this individual, in his intercourse with them, soon perceived their superiority in warlike preparation, in mechanical skill, in their power of turning almost every object to use, and, above all, in the obedience, regularity, and order with which each attended to his respective duties. He used to say that, though his subjects looked up to him with respect, and regarded him as not only superior in rank, but in knowledge, yet that, after being with the English, and contemplating their ingenuity, he had often felt his own insignificance, in seeing the lowest of them exercise talents that he had ever been a stranger to. Impressed with this conviction, he resolved to intrust one of his sons to Captain Wilson's care, that the youth might have the advantage of improving himself by accompanying the English, and of learning many things that might at his return greatly benefit his own country. This announcement was too important not to be cordially welcomed by Captain Wilson; and the result was, that the king's second son, Prince Lee Boo, then in his nineteenth year, was, on the departure of the schooner, handed over with due ceremony, 'to be instructed in all things that he ought to know, and to be made an *English* man.' To the brief history of this amiable and promising youth we devote the following pages, premising that our account is chiefly abridged from Keate's *Pelew Islands*, a volume compiled from the journals and communications of Captain Wilson and his brother-officers.

VOYAGE FROM PELEW TO CHINA.

After an affectionate parting, the crew and their new charge left Pelew on the 12th of November 1783. Lee Boo, the first night he slept on board, ordered Boyam, his servant (a Malay, who acted also as his interpreter), to bring his mat upon deck—apparently annoyed by the restraint and confinement of a cabin. He was the next morning much surprised at not seeing land. Captain Wilson now clothed him in a shirt, waistcoat, and a pair of trousers: he appeared to feel himself uneasy in wearing the first two articles, and soon took them off and folded them up, using them only as a pillow; but, being impressed with an idea of the indelicacy of having no clothing, he never appeared without his trousers. As the vessel, proceeding northward, advanced into a climate gradually growing colder, he in a little time felt less inconvenience in putting on again his jacket and shirt; and when he had been a little time accustomed to them, his new-taught sense of propriety was so great, that he would never change his dress, or any part of it, in the presence of another person, always retiring for that purpose to some dark corner where no one could see him.

As they approached the Chinese coast, Lee Boo appeared quite delighted at the sight of land and the number of boats on the water. Before Captain Wilson went on shore, the prince, on seeing the large Portuguese ships at anchor in the Typa, appeared to be greatly astonished, exclaiming, as he looked at them: 'Clow, clow, muc clow!' that is, 'Large, large, very large!' Here he gave our people an early opportunity of seeing the natural benevolence of his mind. Some of the Chinese boats that are rowed by poor Tartar women, with their little children tied to their backs, and who live in families on the water, surrounded the vessel, to petition for fragments of victuals; and the young prince, on noticing their supplications, gave them oranges and such other things as he had, being particularly attentive to offer them those edibles which he liked best himself.

On landing at Macao, Lee Boo was introduced to the former acquaintances of Captain Wilson—among others to a Mr M'Intyre, and to a Portuguese gentleman of some distinction, to whose residence he was first taken. This being the first house our young traveller had ever seen, he was apparently lost in silent admiration. What most struck his imagination at first were the upright walls and the flat ceilings; he seemed as if puzzling himself to comprehend how they could be formed; and the decorations of the rooms were also no small subject of astonishment. When he was introduced to the ladies of the family, his deportment was so easy and polite, that it was exceeded only by his abundant good-nature. So far from being embarrassed, he permitted the company to examine his hands, which were tattooed, and appeared pleased with the attention shewn him. When he retired with Captain Wilson, his behaviour left on the mind of every one present the impression, that however great the surprise might be which the scenes of a new world had awakened in him, it could hardly be exceeded by that which his own amiable manners and native polish would excite in others.

Mr M'Intyre next conducted them to his own house, where they were introduced into a hall lighted up, with a table in the middle covered for supper, and a sideboard handsomely decorated. Here a new scene burst at once on Lee Boo's mind: he was all eye, all admiration. The vessels of glass appeared to be the objects which most riveted his attention. Mr M'Intyre shewed him whatever he conceived would amuse him; but everything that surrounded him was attracting; his eye was like his mind, lost and bewildered. It was in truth to him a scene of magic, a fairy tale. Amongst the things that solicited his notice was a large mirror at the upper end of the hall, which reflected almost his whole person. Here Lee Boo stood in perfect amazement at seeing himself: he laughed, he drew back, and returned to look again, quite absorbed in wonder. He made an effort to look behind, as if conceiving somebody was there, but found the glass fixed close to the wall. Mr M'Intyre, observing the idea that had crossed him, ordered a small glass to be brought into the room, wherein having viewed his face, he looked behind, to discover the person who looked at him, totally unable to make out how all this was produced.

After passing an evening which had been rendered pleasant and cheerful from the hospitality of their host and the simplicity of Lee Boo, our people retired for the night. Whether the prince passed it in sleep or in reflecting on the occurrences of the day, is uncertain; but it is more than probable they were the next morning recollected by him in that confused manner in which we recall the traces of a dream.

Soon after the crew came on shore, some of them went to purchase such things as they were in want of, in doing which they did not forget Lee Boo, who was a favourite with them all. They bought him some little trinkets, which they thought would, from their novelty, please him. Amongst them was a string of large glass beads, the first sight of which almost threw him into an ecstasy: he hugged them with a transport that could not be exceeded by the interested possessor of a string of pearls of equal magnitude. His imagination told him he had in his hands all the wealth the world could afford him. He ran with eagerness to Captain Wilson, to shew him his riches, and, enraptured with the idea that his family should share them with him, he, in the utmost agitation, entreated Captain Wilson would immediately get him a Chinese vessel, to carry his treasures to Pelew, and deliver them to the king, that he might distribute them as he thought best, and thereby see what a country the English had conveyed him to; adding, that the people who carried them should tell the king that Lee Boo would soon send him other presents. He also told Captain Wilson that if the people faithfully executed their charge, he would (independent of what Abba Thulle would give them) present them at their return with one or two beads, as a reward for their fidelity.

Whilst Lee Boo remained at Macao, he had frequent opportunities of seeing people of different nations; and also was shewn three Englishwomen, who, having lost their husbands in India, had been sent from Madras thither, and were waiting there to return to Europe, to whom the 'new man,' as he was called, gave the preference to any other of the fair sex he had seen.

Having no quadrupeds at Pelew, the two dogs left there were the only kind he had seen; on which account the sheep, goats, and other cattle which he met with whilst at Macao were viewed with wonder. The Newfoundland dog which had been given to his uncle in Pelew being called Sailor, he applied the word sailor to every animal that had four legs. Seeing some horses in a stable, he called them 'clow sailor'—that is, 'large sailor;' but the next day, observing a man pass the house on horseback, he was himself so wonderfully astonished, that he wanted every one to go and see the strange sight. He went afterwards to the stables where the horses were; he felt, he stroked them, and was inquisitive to know what their food was, having found, by offering them some oranges he had in his pocket, that they would not eat them. He was easily persuaded to get on one of their backs; and when he was informed what a noble, docile, and useful animal it was, he with much earnestness besought the captain to get one sent to his uncle, to whom he said he was sure it would be of great service.

Anxious to obtain a vessel bound for England, Captain Wilson left Macao for Canton, taking his wondering charge along with him. At Canton, the number of houses, the variety of shops, and the multitude of artificers, greatly astonished him. Being at the Company's table at the factory, the vessels of glass, of various shapes and sizes, particularly the glass chandeliers, attracted his notice. When, on looking round, he surveyed the number of attendants standing behind the gentlemen's chairs, he observed to Captain Wilson that the king, his father, lived in a manner very different, having only a little fish, a yam, or a cocoa-nut, which he ate from off a leaf, and drank out of the shell of the nut; and when his meal was finished, wiped his mouth and his fingers with a bit of cocoa-nut husk; whereas the company present ate a bit of one thing and then a bit of another, the servants always supplying them with a different plate, and different sorts of vessels to drink out of. He seemed from the first to relish tea; coffee he disliked the smell of, and therefore refused it, at the same time telling Captain Wilson he would drink it if he ordered him. On their arrival at Macao, one of the seamen being much intoxicated, Lee Boo expressed great concern, thinking him very ill, and applied to Mr Sharp, the surgeon, to go and see him. Being told nothing material ailed him—that it was only the effect of a liquor that common people were apt to indulge in, and that he would soon be well—he appeared satisfied; but would never after even taste spirits, if any were offered him, saying 'it was not drink fit for gentlemen.' As to his eating and drinking, he was in both temperate to a degree.

Whilst at Canton, several gentlemen, who had been at Madagascar and other places where the throwing of the spear is practised, and who themselves were in some degree skilled in the art, having expressed a wish to see the prince perform this exercise, they assembled at the hall of the factory for that purpose. Lee Boo did not at first point his spear to any particular object, but only shook and poised it, as is usually done before the weapon is thrown from the hand: this they were also able to do; but proposing to aim at some particular point, they fixed this point to be a gauze cage which hung up in the hall, and which had a bird painted in the middle. Lee Boo took up his spear with great apparent indifference, and, levelling at the little bird, struck it through the head, astonishing all his competitors, who, at the great distance from whence they flung, with much difficulty even hit the cage.

He was greatly pleased with the stone buildings and spacious rooms in the houses at Canton; but the flat ceilings still continued to excite his wonder: he often compared them with the sloping thatched roofs at Pelew, and said, by the time he went back he should have learned how it was done, and would then tell the people there in what manner they ought to build. The benefiting his country by whatever he saw, seemed to be the point to which all his observations were directed.

Being at the house of Mr Freeman, one of the supercargoes, amongst the things brought in for tea was a sugar-dish of blue glass, which much struck Lee Boo's fancy. The joy with which he viewed it, induced that gentleman, after tea, to carry him into another room, where there were two barrels of the same kind of blue glass (which held about two quarts each) placed on brackets: his eye was again caught by the same alluring colour; he looked at them eagerly, then went away, and returned to them with new delight. The gentleman observing the pleasure they gave him, told him he would make him a present of them, and that he should carry them to Pelew. This threw him into such a transport of joy he could hardly contain himself. He declared them to be a great treasure; and that, when he returned, his father, Abba Thulle, should have them. He wished his relations at Pelew could but see them, as he was sure they would be lost in astonishment.

A passage to England having been obtained in the *Morse*, East Indiaman, Captain Wilson and Lee Boo bade adieu to their hospitable friends at Canton about the end of December 1783.

VOYAGE FROM CANTON TO ENGLAND.

The homeward voyage of the *Morse* was prosperous and pleasant, and Lee Boo received every kindness and attention from the commander, Captain Elliot. On the other hand, he was so courteous and amiable, that every one was ready to render him any service in his power; and thus the tedium of their long voyage was greatly alleviated. Lee Boo was extremely desirous of knowing the name and country of every ship he met at sea, and would repeat what he was told over and over, till he had fixed it well in his memory; and as each inquiry was gratified, he made a knot on his line; but these knots now having greatly multiplied, he was obliged to repeat them over every day, to refresh his memory, and often to recur to Captain Wilson or others when he had forgot what any particular knot referred to. The officers in the *Morse*, with whom only he associated, when they saw him thus busied with his line, used to say he was reading his journal. He frequently asked after all the people of the *Oroolong*, who had gone aboard different ships at China, particularly after the captain's son and Mr Sharp.

He had not been long on the voyage before he solicited Captain Wilson to get him a book, and point out to him the letters, that he might, when he knew them, be instructed in reading. All convenient opportunities were allotted to gratify this wish of his young pupil, who discovered great readiness in comprehending every information given him.

On arriving at St Helena, he was much struck with the soldiers and cannon on the fortifications; and the coming in soon after of four English men-of-war afforded him a sight highly delighting, particularly those which had two tiers of guns. It was explained to him that these ships were intended only for fighting, and that the other vessels which he then saw in the bay were destined for commerce, to transport and exchange from one country to another its produce and manufactures. Captain Buller, the commander of his majesty's ship *Chaser*, had the goodness to take him on board his own and another ship, to let him see the men exercised at the great guns and small-arms, which exceedingly impressed his imagination.

On being carried to see a school, he expressed a wish that he could learn as the boys did, feeling his own deficiency in knowledge.

He desired to ride on horseback into the country, which he was permitted to do: he sat well, and galloped, shewed no fear of falling, and appeared highly pleased both with the novelty and pleasure of the exercise.

Visiting the Company's garden, he noticed some shady walks formed with bamboos arching overhead on lattice-work. He was struck with the refreshing coolness they afforded, and observed that his own countrymen were ignorant of the advantages they might enjoy, saying that on this island they had but little wood, yet applied it to a good purpose; that at Pelew they had great abundance, and knew not how to use it; adding, that when he went back he would speak to the king, tell him how defective they were, and have men employed to make such bowers as he had seen. Such were the dawnings of a mind that felt its own darkness, and had the good sense to catch at every ray of light that might lead it forward to information and improvement!

Before the *Morse* quitted St Helena, the *Lascelles* arrived, by which occurrence Lee Boo had an interview with his first friend, Mr Sharp. He had a sight of him from a window, and ran out with the utmost impatience to take him by the hand; happy, after so long a separation, to meet him again, and evincing by his ardour the grateful sentiments he retained of the attention that gentleman had shewn him.

As he drew near the British Channel, the number of vessels that he observed pursuing their different courses increasing so much, he was obliged to give up the keeping of his journal; but was still very inquisitive to know whither they were sailing. When the *Morse* got to the Isle of Wight, Captain Wilson, his brother, the prince, with several other passengers, quitted her, and coming in a boat between the Needles, arrived safely at Portsmouth on the 14th of July 1784. On landing, the number and size of the men-of-war in harbour, the variety of houses, and the ramparts, were all objects of attraction: he seemed so totally absorbed in silent surprise that he had no leisure to ask any questions. The officer of the *Morse* charged with the dispatches setting off immediately for London, Captain Wilson, impatient to see his family, accompanied him, leaving his young traveller under the care of his brother, to follow him by a coach which was to set off in the evening. As soon as he reached town, he was conveyed to the captain's house at Rotherhithe, where he was not a little happy to rejoin his adopted father, and in being introduced to his family.

Though part of his journey had been passed during the night, yet, with returning day, his eyes had full employment on every side; and when he had got to what was now to be for some time his destined home, he arrived in all the natural glow of his youthful spirits. Whatever he had observed in silence was now eagerly disclosed. He described all the circumstances of his journey; said it was very pleasant; that he had been put into a little house, which was run away with by horses; that he slept, but still was going on; and whilst he went one way, the fields, houses, and trees all went another—everything, from the quickness of travelling, appearing to him to be in motion.

At the hour of rest, he was shewn by Mr M. Wilson up to his chamber, where for the first time he saw a four-post bed. He could scarcely conceive what it meant. He jumped in, and jumped out again; felt and pulled aside the curtains; got into bed, and then got out a second time to admire its exterior form. At length, having become acquainted with its use and convenience, he laid himself down to sleep, saying that in England there was a house for everything.

HIS CONDUCT IN ENGLAND.

'It was not, I believe, more than a week after his arrival,' continues the narrative of Mr Keate, 'when I was invited by my late valued friend, Robert Rashleigh, Esq., to dinner, where Captain Wilson and his young charge were expected. Lee Boo then possessed but very little English, yet, between words and action, made himself tolerably understood, and seemed to comprehend the greater part of what was said to him, especially having the captain by him to explain whatever he did not clearly comprehend. He was dressed as an Englishman, excepting that he wore his hair in the fashion of his own country; appeared to be between nineteen and twenty years of age; was of middle stature; and had a countenance so strongly marked with sensibility and good-humour, that it instantly prejudiced every one in his favour; and this countenance was enlivened by eyes so quick and intelligent, that they might really be said to announce his thoughts and conceptions without the aid of language.

'Though the accounts I had previously received of this "new man," as he was called at Macao, had greatly raised my expectations, yet, when I had been a little time in his company, I was perfectly astonished at the ease and gentleness of his manners: he was lively and pleasant, and had a politeness without form or restraint, which appeared to be the result of natural good-breeding. As I chanced to sit near him at table, I paid him a great deal of attention, which he seemed to be very sensible of. Many questions were of course put to Captain Wilson by the company concerning this personage, and the country he had brought him from, which no European had ever visited before. He obligingly entered on many particular circumstances which were highly interesting, spoke of the battles in which his people had assisted the king of Pelew, and of the peculiar manner the natives had of tying up their hair when going to war. Lee Boo, who fully understood what his friend was explaining, very obligingly, and unasked, untied his own, and threw it into the form Captain Wilson had been describing. I might tire the reader were I to enumerate the trivial occurrences of a few hours, rendered only of consequence from the singularity of this young man's situation; suffice it to say, there was in all his deportment such affability and propriety of behaviour, that when he took leave of the company, there was hardly any one present who did not feel a satisfaction in having had an interview with him.

'I went to Rotherhithe a few days after to see Captain Wilson; Lee Boo was reading at a window; he recollected me instantly, and flew with eagerness to the door to meet me, looked on me as a friend, and ever after attached himself to me, appearing to be happy whenever we met together. In this visit I had a good deal of conversation with him, and we mutually managed to be pretty well understood by each other. He seemed to be pleased with everything about him; said: "All fine country, fine street, fine coach, and house upon house up to sky," putting alternately one hand above another, by which I found (the habitations in Pelew being all on the ground) that every separate story of our buildings he at that time considered as a distinct house.

'He was introduced to several of the directors of the India Company, taken to visit many of the captain's friends, and gradually shewn most of the public buildings in the different quarters of the town; but his prudent conductor had the caution to avoid taking him to any places of public entertainment, lest he might accidentally, in those heated resorts, catch the small-pox—a disease which he purposed to inoculate the young prince with as soon as he had acquired enough of our language to be reasoned into the necessity of submitting to the operation; judging, and surely not without good reason, that, by giving him so offensive and troublesome a distemper, without first explaining its nature, and preparing his mind to yield to it, it might weaken that unbounded confidence which this youth placed in his adopted father.

'After he had been a while settled, and a little habituated to the manners of this country, he was sent every day to an academy at Rotherhithe, to be instructed in reading and writing, which he was himself eager to attain, and most assiduous in learning. His whole deportment, whilst there, was so engaging, that it not only gained him the esteem of the gentleman under whose tuition he was placed, but also the affection of his young companions. In the hours of recess, when he returned to the captain's house, he amused the whole family by his vivacity, noticing every particularity he saw in any of his schoolfellows, with great good-humour mimicking their different manners, sometimes saying he would have a school of his own when he returned to Pelew, and should be thought very wise when he taught the great people their letters.

'He always addressed Mr Wilson by the appellation of captain; but never would call Mrs Wilson (to whom he behaved with the warmest affection) by any other name than that of mother, looking on that as a mark of the greatest respect. Being often told he should say Mrs Wilson, his constant reply was: "No, no—mother, mother."

'Captain Wilson, when invited to dine with his particular friends, was generally accompanied by Lee Boo; on which occasions there was as much ease and politeness in his behaviour as if he had been always habituated to good company. He adapted himself very readily to whatever he saw were the customs of the country, and fully confirmed me in an opinion which I have ever entertained, that good manners is the natural result of natural good sense.

'Wherever this young man went, nothing escaped his observation: he had an ardent desire of information, and thankfully received it, always expressing a wish to know by what means effects which he noticed were produced. I was one day in company with him where a young lady sat down to the harpsichord to see how he was affected with music. He appeared greatly surprised that the instrument could throw out so much sound. It was opened, to let him see its interior construction; he pored over it with great attention, watching how the jacks were moved, and seemed far more disposed to puzzle out the means which produced the sounds, than to attend to the music that was playing. He was afterwards requested to give us a Pelew song: he did not wait for those repeated entreaties which singers usually require, but obligingly began one as soon as asked: the tones, however, were so harsh and discordant, and his breast seemed to labour with so much exertion, that his whole countenance was changed by it, and every one's ears stunned with the horrid notes. From this sample of Pelew singing, it is not to be wondered that a chorus of such performers had the effect of making our countrymen at Oroolong fly to their arms; it might, in truth, have alarmed a whole garrison; though, when he had been some time here, he readily learned two or three English songs, in which his voice appeared by no means inharmonious.

'Lee Boo's temper was very mild and compassionate, discovering, in various instances, that he had brought from his father's territories that spirit of philanthropy which was found to reign there; yet he at all times governed it by discretion and judgment. If he saw the young asking relief, he would rebuke them with what little English he was master of, telling them it was a shame to beg when they were able to work; but the entreaties of old age he could never withstand, saying: "Must give poor old man—old man no able to work."

'I am perfectly convinced that Captain Wilson, from the confidence which the king had reposed in him, would have held himself inviolably bound to protect and serve this young creature to the utmost extent of his abilities; but, independent of what he felt was due to the noble character of Abba Thulle, there was so much gentleness and so much gratitude lodged in Lee Boo's heart, that not only the captain, but every member of his family viewed him with the warmest sentiments of disinterested affection. Mr H. Wilson, the captain's son, being a youth of a very amiable character, and a few years younger than Lee Boo, they had, during their voyage to and stay in China, become mutually attached to each other; and meeting again under the father's roof, their friendship was still more cemented. The young prince looked on him as a brother, and, in his leisure hours from the academy, was happy to find in him a companion to converse with, to exercise the throwing of the spear, or to partake in any innocent recreation.

'Boyam, the Malay whom the king had sent to attend on his son, proving an unprincipled, dishonest fellow, Lee Boo was so disgusted with his conduct, that he entreated Captain Wilson to send him back to Sumatra, which he had learned was the Malay's own country; and Tom Rose, a man of tried fidelity, and who had picked up a great deal of the Pelew language, being at this time in England, was engaged to supply his place; an exchange which gave great satisfaction to all parties.

'Captain Wilson being now and then incommoded with severe headaches, which were sometimes relieved by lying down on the bed, on these occasions the feelings of Lee Boo were ever alarmed. He appeared always unhappy, would creep up softly to his protector's chamber, and sit silently by his bedside for a long time together without moving, peeping gently from time to time between the curtains to see if he slept or lay easy.

'As the anecdotes of this singular youth are but scanty, being all unfortunately limited to a very short period, I would unwillingly, in this place, withhold one where his own heart described itself. The captain having been all the morning in London, after dinner asked his son if he had been at some place he had, before he went to town, directed him to call at with a particular message. The fact was, the two young friends had been amusing themselves with throwing the spear, and the business had been totally forgotten. Captain Wilson was hurt at the neglect, and told his son it was very idle and careless; this being spoken in an impatient tone of voice, which Lee Boo conceiving was a mark of anger in the father, slipped unobserved out of the parlour. The matter was instantly forgotten, and something else talked of; when, Lee Boo being missed, Harry Wilson was sent to look after him, who, finding him in a back room quite dejected, desired him to return to the family. Lee Boo took his young friend by the hand, and on entering the parlour went up to the father, and laying hold of his hand, joined it with that of his son, and pressing them together, dropped over both those tears of sensibility which his affectionate heart could not on the occasion suppress.

'Captain Wilson and the young prince dining with me early after his arrival, I was asking how he was affected by painting. On mentioning the subject, Dr Carmichael Smyth, whom I had requested to meet this stranger, wished me to bring a miniature of myself, that we might all thereby observe if it struck him: he took it in his hand, and instantly darting his eyes towards me, called out: "Misser Keate—very nice, very good." The captain then asking him if he understood what it signified, he replied: "Lee Boo understand well; that Misser Keate die, this Misser Keate live." A treatise on the utility and intent of portrait-painting could not have better defined the art than this little sentence. Mrs Wilson desiring Lee Boo, who was on the opposite side of the table, to send her some cherries, perceiving that he was going to take them up with his fingers, jocosely noticed it to him; he instantly resorted to a spoon; but, sensible that he had discovered a little unpoliteness, his countenance was in a moment suffused with a blush that visibly forced itself through his dark complexion. A lady who was of the party being incommoded by the violent heat of the day, was nearly fainting, and obliged to leave the room. This amiable youth seemed much distressed at the accident, and seeing her appear again when we were summoned to tea, his inquiries and particular attention to her as strongly marked his tenderness as it did his good breeding.

'He was fond of riding in a coach beyond any other conveyance, because, he said, people could be carried where they wanted to go, and at the same time sit and converse together. He seemed particularly pleased at going to church, and though he could not comprehend the service, yet he perfectly understood the intent of it, and always behaved there with remarkable propriety and attention.

'Captain Wilson kept him from going abroad, except to visit friends, for the reason already assigned, as also from another prudential consideration, that his mind might be tranquil, nor too much drawn off from the great object in view, the attaining the language, which would enable him to comprehend fully every purposed information, and to enjoy better whatever he should then be shewn. The river, the shipping, and the bridges, he was forcibly struck with; and he was several times taken to see the Guards exercised and marched in St James's Park; a sight which gratified him much—everything that was military greatly engaging his attention. To a young creature situated as he was, and whose eye and mind were ever in quest of information, circumstances perpetually occurred that at the time interested those who were about him, but which at present would be trespassing too much on the reader to mention.

'I went to see him the morning after Lunardi's first ascent in the balloon, not doubting but that I should have found him to the greatest degree astonished at an exhibition which had excited so much curiosity even amongst ourselves; but, to my great surprise, it did not appear to have engaged him in the least. He said he thought it a very foolish thing to ride in the air like a bird, when a man could travel so much more pleasantly on horseback or in a coach. He was either not aware of the difficulty or hazard of the enterprise, or it is not improbable that a man flying up through the clouds, suspended at a balloon, might have been ranked by him as a common occurrence in a country which was perpetually spreading before him so many subjects of surprise.

'Whenever he had opportunities of seeing gardens, he was an attentive observer of the plants and fruit-trees, would ask many questions about them, and say, when he returned home, he would take seeds of such as would live and flourish in Pelew; talked frequently of the things he should then persuade the king to alter or adopt; and appeared, in viewing most objects, to consider how far they might be rendered useful to his own country.

'He was now proceeding with hasty strides in gaining the English language, and advancing so rapidly with his pen, that he would probably in a short time have written a very fine hand, when he was overtaken with that very disease which with so much caution had been guarded against. On the 16th of December he felt himself much indisposed, and in a day or two after, an eruption appeared all over him. Captain Wilson called to inform me of his uneasiness, and was then going to Dr Carmichael Smyth, to request he would see him, apprehending that it might be the small-pox.'

HIS DEATH.

'Dr Smyth, with whose professional abilities were united every accomplishment of the scholar and the gentleman, and whose friendship I feel a pride in acknowledging myself long possessed of, desired me to go with him to Rotherhithe. When he descended from Lee Boo's chamber (where he rather wished me not to go), he told the family that there was not a doubt with respect to the disease, and was sorry to add (what he thought it right to prepare them for) that the appearances were such as almost totally precluded the hope of a favourable termination, but that he had ordered whatever the present moment required. Captain Wilson earnestly solicited the continuance, if possible, of his visits, and was assured that, however inconvenient the distance, he would daily attend the issue of the distemper.

'When I went the second day, I found Mr Sharp there—a gentleman often mentioned in the foregoing narrative—who, hearing of his young friend's illness, had come to assist Captain Wilson, nor ever stirred from the house till poor Lee Boo had yielded to his fate.

'The captain having never had the small-pox himself, was now precluded going into Lee Boo's room, who, informed of the cause, acquiesced in being deprived of seeing him, still continuing to be full of inquiries after his health, fearing he might catch the disease; but though Captain Wilson complied with the request of his family in not going into the chamber, yet he never absented himself from the house; and Mr Sharp constantly took care that every direction was duly attended to, and from him I received the account of our unfortunate young stranger during his illness, which he bore with great firmness of mind, never refusing to take anything that was ordered for him, when told that Dr Smyth (to whose opinion he paid the greatest deference) desired it. Mrs Wilson happening to have some indisposition at this time, which confined her to her bed, Lee Boo, on hearing of it, became impatient, saying: "What! mother ill? Lee Boo get up to see her;" which he did, and would go to her apartment, to be satisfied how she really was.

'On the Thursday before his death, walking across the room, he looked at himself in the glass (his face being then much swelled and disfigured); he shook his head, and turned away, as if disgusted at his own appearance, and told Mr Sharp that "his father and mother much grieve, for they knew he was very sick." This he repeated several times. At night, growing worse, he appeared to think himself in danger; he took Mr Sharp by the hand, and, fixing his eyes steadfastly on him, with earnestness said: "Good friend, when you go to Pelew, tell Abba Thulle that Lee Boo take much drink to make small-pox go away, but he die; that the captain and mother" (meaning Mrs Wilson) "very kind—all English very good men; was much sorry he could not speak to the king the number of fine things the English had got." Then he reckoned what had been given him as presents, which he wished Mr Sharp would distribute, when he went back, among the chiefs; and requested that very particular care might be taken of the blue glass barrels on pedestals, which he directed should be given to the king.

'Poor Tom Rose, who stood at the foot of his young master's bed, was shedding tears at hearing all this, which Lee Boo observing, rebuked him for his weakness, asking: "Why should he be crying so because Lee Boo die?"

'Whatever he felt, his spirit was above complaining; and Mrs Wilson's chamber being adjoining to his own, he often called out to inquire if she were better, always adding, lest she might suffer any disquietude on his account, "Lee Boo do well, mother." The small-pox, which had been out eight or nine days, not rising, he began to feel himself sink, and told Mr Sharp he was going away. His mind, however, remained perfectly clear and calm to the last, though what he suffered in the latter part of his existence was severe indeed. The strength of his constitution struggled long and hard against the venom of his distemper, till exhausted nature yielded in the contest.

'Captain Wilson noticed to the India House the unfortunate death of this young man, and received orders to conduct everything with proper decency respecting his funeral. He was interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, the captain and his brother attending. All the young people of the academy joined in this testimony of regard; and the concourse of people at the church was so great, that it appeared as if the whole parish had assembled to join in seeing the last ceremonies paid to one who was so much beloved by all who had known him.

'The India Company soon after ordered a tomb to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription, which I have transcribed from it:

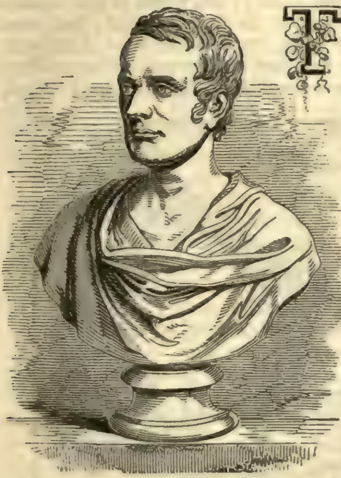
"To the Memory of PRINCE LEE BOO, a native of the Pelew or Palos Islands, and son to Abba Thulle, rupack or king of the island Coorooraa, who departed this life on the 27th of December 1784, aged 20 years: this stone is inscribed by the Honourable United East India Company as a testimony of esteem for the humane and kind treatment afforded by his father to the crew of their ship, the *Antelope*, Captain Wilson, which was wrecked off that island in the night of the 9th of August 1783.

Stop, reader, stop! let nature claim a tear—
A prince of mine, Lee Boo, lies buried here."

'Among the little property which he left behind, beside what he had particularly requested Mr Sharp to convey to his father and friends, there were found, after his death, the stones or seeds of most of the fruits he had tasted in England, carefully and separately put up. And when one considers that his stay with us was but five months and twelve days, we find that in the midst of the wide field of novelty that encompassed him, he had not been neglectful of that which, before his departure from Pelew, had been probably pointed out to him as a principal matter of attention.' Indeed, in all his movements and acquirements, one idea seemed to be predominant—namely, that of conveying to his native islands not only the manners and customs, the arts and manufactures of the English, but specimens of the natural produce and peculiarities of their country. It is true that many things which at first appeared to him important and valuable, would, as he became better informed, present themselves in their true light; but this does not render the less worthy of our admiration his early zeal and industry.

From these few anecdotes of this amiable youth, cut off in the moment that his character began to blossom, what hopes might not have been entertained of the fruit such a plant would have produced! He had both ardour and talents for improvement, and every gentle quality of the heart to make himself beloved; so that, as far as the dim sight of mortals is permitted to penetrate, he might, had his days been lengthened, have carried back to his own country, not the vices of a new world, but those solid advantages which his own good sense would have suggested as likely to become most useful to it.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES AND THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

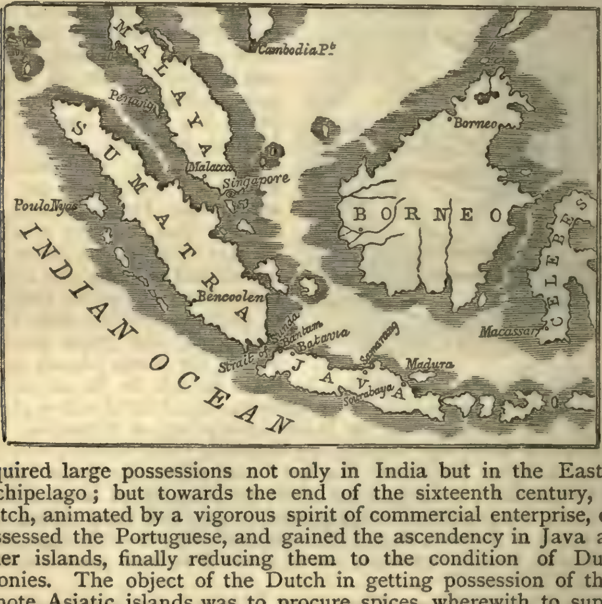


THE continent of Asia, as may be observed on looking at a map, terminates on the south in three peninsulas projected into the Indian Ocean—one being Arabia, the second Hindustan or India, and the third Siam; this last being longer and narrower than the others, and ending in a projection called the Malay Peninsula or Malaya, near the extremity of which is the settlement of Malacca. Carrying our eye across the Indian Ocean, we observe that off the southern point of Malaya there are numerous islands of larger and smaller dimensions; the sea for hundreds of miles is studded with them, and group after group stretches across the ocean almost to the northern shores of Australia. As these islands lie in an easterly direction from India, they are sometimes styled the *Eastern Archipelago*, and at other times the Malay Archipelago or Malaysia. The principal of these fine islands are Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Timor, and the Moluccas—the last being called the Spice Islands by geographers, because their chief produce, or at least articles of export, are pepper, cloves, nutmegs, ginger, and other spices. To the north of Borneo, in the Chinese Sea, lies an additional group of islands, the Philippines; but of these it is here unnecessary to speak.

Travellers who have visited these islands describe some of them as a kind of earthly paradise. Lying under the equinoctial line, their climate is excessively hot, but they are daily fanned by sea-breezes, which temper their heated atmosphere; from their mountains flow streams of pure water; their valleys are green and picturesque; and the luxuriance of their vegetation is beyond anything that the natives of Northern Europe can imagine. In their thick groves swarm birds of the gayest plumage; monkeys of various species are seen skipping from rock to rock, or darting in and out among the bushes; and wild beasts and snakes live in their thickets and jungles.

The native inhabitants, whose wants are easily supplied, spend the greater part of their time in the open air, cultivating their fields, or reclining under awnings, or beneath the more delicious shade of the nutmeg trees.

Inhabited chiefly by an aboriginal Malay race, some of the islands are still under the government of native chiefs or sultans; but most of them have been, in whole or part, appropriated by European powers. The Portuguese, being the first navigators who reached this part of the world by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, acquired large possessions not only in India but in the Eastern Archipelago; but towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Dutch, animated by a vigorous spirit of commercial enterprise, dispossessed the Portuguese, and gained the ascendency in Java and other islands, finally reducing them to the condition of Dutch colonies. The object of the Dutch in getting possession of these remote Asiatic islands was to procure spices, wherewith to supply the general market of Europe; and as this was long an exceedingly profitable trade, no pains were spared to keep the Spice Islands as a kind of preserve for the special benefit of Holland.


MALAYA
Cambodia Pt.
Penang
Borneo
SUMATRA
Malacca
Singapore
Poulo Nyas
BORNEO
CELEBES
INDIAN OCEAN
Bencoolen
Strait of Sunda
Bantam
Batavia
Samarang
Macassar
Madura
JAVA
Sourabaya

We have two reasons for introducing these islands and their history to our readers—the first is, to shew how selfishness in trade, like selfishness in everything else, is weakness and loss, and how benevolence is power and gain; the second is, to point out, by way of example, how much may be done to remedy the greatest grievances, and produce national happiness, by the efforts of one enlightened and generously disposed mind. In the performance of this task, we shall have occasion to notice biographically one of the few great statesmen whom England has within the last half century had the good fortune to produce—Thomas Stamford Raffles.

JAVA.

For convenience, we begin with an account of Java, one of the largest and finest islands of the Archipelago. Java is separated from Borneo on the north by a channel called the Java Sea, and on the north-west from Sumatra by the Strait of Sunda. The island is upwards of 650 miles long, and from 60 to 130 miles broad; its whole area being about equal to that of England. Its surface is beautifully diversified with hill and valley; its soil is of the richest possible nature, and yields in abundance coffee, sugar, rice, ginger, indigo, tea, &c.

Java appears to have been peopled by a branch of the Malay race about the commencement of the Christian era. From that period to the fifteenth century, the Javanese increased in consequence and opulence, and acquired a civilisation scarcely inferior to that of the Hindus or the Chinese; evidences of which exist in the traditions of the natives, in their literature, and in numerous architectural remains scattered over the island. Mohammedanism latterly found its way into Java, and became mingled with the doctrines and ceremonies of Buddhism and Hinduism, which had hitherto been the religions of the people. The Portuguese settled in the island in 1511; the English also established themselves in it in 1602; but ultimately the Dutch dispossessed both, and became the only European power. They continued to enjoy this sway undisturbed till the year 1811, a period of two hundred years.

Any one who visited the island in 1811, would have found it generally in a more barbarous condition than it was five hundred years before. It was divided into three sections: 1. The Dutch possessions, properly so called, meaning that part in which the Dutch power was absolute; 2. The kingdom of the Susuhúnan, or hereditary Javanese emperor; and, 3. The territories of the Sultan, another native prince. The last two sections, however, were not really independent—they were subordinate or tributary to the Dutch. At this period the entire population amounted to about five millions, consisting of Dutch, Javanese, foreigners, and slaves.

The Dutch inhabited principally the provinces of Jacatra and Bantam in the west, and the northern line of coast as far as the small island of Madura. Here they had built numerous towns and villages, the largest two being the city of Batavia, the population of which at one time exceeded 160,000, and the city of Surabaya, with a population of about 80,000. Firmly fixed in their possessions, and supported by a military and naval force, the Dutch seem to have had but one object in view, and that was to monopolise the whole trade, internal and external, of Java and that of the adjacent islands owning their authority. In Europe, no people had struggled so heroically for civil and religious liberty as the Dutch; in India, no people acted with greater selfishness and tyranny. Their whole policy was a violation of justice and decency. Determined to monopolise the whole East India trade, they were guilty of an immense amount of bloodshed in their efforts to eradicate every semblance of a colony in their neighbourhood belonging to any other nation, and likely, therefore, to deprive them of a share of the spice-trade. Not only so, but in order to derive a greater profit from the sale of the nutmegs and cloves which they exported from the Moluccas, they hired the natives to extirpate the plants in all the islands of the group except Banda and Amboyna, the two of whose permanent possession they were most secure. The same miserable and blighting spirit of monopoly presided over their government of Java. In a part of the Dutch section of the island, the province of Jacatra, in which the city of Batavia is situated, the Dutch authorities governed the population directly and immediately; in the rest of the section, namely, the province of Bantam and the line of territory along the northern coast to the Strait of Madura, they employed native Javanese chiefs as their subordinate governors, with various titles. In both, the system of government was nearly alike. In the Dutch portion, the people were compelled to sell the whole produce of their lands to government at a fixed price; in the other, the native regents of the various districts, besides paying a large tribute on their own account, were obliged to collect the whole produce of their districts, and hand it over as before to the authorities at a fixed price. Thus, over all the Dutch possessions in Java, the government had a monopoly of the produce, including the food of the population. Receiving the grain, the coffee, and the pepper from the growers at very low prices, they stored them up, and then sold them back again to the people themselves at an exceedingly high charge, reserving the surplus quantity for exportation. Thus, a person was obliged to sell to the government the pepper which he had produced at twopence a pound, and then to purchase back part of it for his own use at a shilling a pound. These arrangements were felt as a sore grievance by the poor cultivators of the soil, especially in those portions of the island which were nominally under a native regent; for there, in addition to the demands of the Dutch government, they had to submit to the exactions of a subordinate. The king of Bantam, for example, handed over every year to the Dutch government the produce of his province, amounting to nearly six millions of pounds of pepper, at twopence a pound; but instead of paying his subjects so much as twopence a pound for it, he paid them say only three-halfpence a pound, reserving the additional halfpenny to pay the cost of collection, and to constitute a revenue for himself. A system of finance more confused, wasteful, and unenlightened, cannot be conceived; and a similar spirit of tyranny and monopoly characterised all the other branches of government procedure.

The native Javanese were spread all over the island, part of them, as has been said, inhabiting the Dutch territory, and living under the Dutch government, the rest inhabiting the comparatively independent territories ruled over by the two native sovereigns, the susuhúnan or emperor, and the sultan. These two sovereigns were not, like the king of Bantam, or the regents of other districts in the Dutch possessions, mere revenue-officers of the Dutch; on the contrary, they enjoyed a despotic dignity within their own kingdoms, and the only formal token of their connection with the Dutch was their consenting annually to sell to them a certain quantity of their produce at a fixed price. This distinction, however, did not produce any great difference in habits or character between the Javanese of the interior and the Javanese of the Dutch provinces, so that the same description will suit both. The Javanese are described as a people generally shorter in stature than the Europeans, but robust and well made, with a round face, high forehead, small dark eyes like those of the Tartars, prominent cheek-bones, scarcely any beard, and lank black hair. The general expression of the countenance is placid and thoughtful; the complexion is rather of a yellow than of a copper hue, the standard of beauty in this respect being a gold colour. The Javanese are sagacious and docile, generally listless in their appearance, but susceptible of all kinds of impressions, and capable of being roused to the wildest displays of passion. They possess a literature consisting principally of native songs and romances, and translations from the Sanscrit and Arabic. The language is exceedingly simple in its structure, and remarkably rich in synonymous words; and the Javanese written character is said to be one of the most beautiful known. The natives have also a rude kind of drama; and they delight in games of chance. The only kind of manufacture for which the people are celebrated is working in gold. They shew, however, considerable skill in ship-building; and in agriculture they are eminently proficient, every Javanese regarding the soil as the grand source of prosperity and wealth, not only to the province as a whole, but to himself individually.

Of foreign settlers in the island, there were, and continue to be, about 200,000, consisting of Hindus, Arabs, and Chinese. The Chinese, forming the larger proportion, are an active money-making class, carrying on various profitable branches of trade, and often contriving to enrich themselves by renting and sub-letting land at greatly increased rates. They, however, do not settle permanently; after a residence of a few years, they return to their own country with the small fortunes they have acquired.

The remaining class of the population of Java, at the time we speak of,* was that of slaves, of whom there were about 30,000, the importation of these unfortunate beings having been at the rate of a few thousands annually. These slaves were brought from various islands in the great East Indian Archipelago, the greater number, however, from the small island of Poulo Nyas, on the coast of Sumatra, and the large island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo. The slaves consisted partly of debtors and criminals, surrendered by the laws of their respective islands, but in a far greater degree of persons who were kidnapped and carried away. The Nyas slaves were highly valued throughout the East; and as many as 1500 used to be exported from that small island every year, a large proportion of whom were carried to Batavia. In this short voyage, it was calculated that one-fourth generally died; and in such dread did the natives of Nyas hold slavery, that instances were known in which, when a party of kidnappers had surrounded a house, the father, rather than surrender, killed himself and his children. The most ingenious and industrious of the slaves in Java, however, were those from the island of Celebes, known by the name of Bugghese or Macassars. These Macassars are a brave and civilised race, the wreck of a people once nearly as powerful in the Archipelago as the Javanese. They have a literature of their own, and one of the amusements of the Batavian ladies was to hear their Macassar slaves recite their native ballads and romances. One of the occupations in which the Chinese employed their Macassar slaves was in the collection of those Chinese dainties, the edible birds' nests, which are more abundant in Java than anywhere else.

We have thus presented a general sketch of Java and its condition previous to the year 1811, much, however, being applicable to the island in the present day: a new turn took place in its affairs in the above year; but before describing the changes which were effected, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting the person by whom they were suggested and carried into execution.

Thomas Stamford Raffles was born at sea, off the coast of Jamaica, on the 5th of July 1781. His father was a captain in the West India trade. Returning with his mother to England, he was placed in a boarding-school at Hammersmith, where he remained till he was fourteen years of age; and this was all the formal education he ever received. At the age of fourteen, this comparatively friendless youth entered the East India House in the capacity of an extra clerk; and shortly afterwards, by his zeal and good behaviour, obtained a permanent situation in this great establishment, so celebrated for having reared and employed in its service a vast number of men eminent for their abilities. While employed in the India House, Mr Raffles zealously devoted himself to the acquisition of various kinds of knowledge, which he afterwards turned to good account: in particular, it was at this time that he first gave proofs of the facility with which he could learn different languages. In 1805, the Court of Directors resolved to found a new settlement at Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, off the coast of Malacca, conceiving that it would be an advantageous trading-post; and at this time Mr Raffles's qualifications were so well known, that he was appointed assistant-secretary to the establishment. During the voyage out, he acquired the Malay language so perfectly as to be able to enter at once on the important duties of his office; and the chief secretary, Mr Pearson, falling ill, the entire labour of arranging the forms of the new government, as well as of compiling all public documents, devolved on him. Such an accumulation of work was too severe for his constitution; and in 1808 he was obliged to pay a visit to the Malacca mainland, for the purpose of recruiting his shattered health. It was during this visit to Malacca that Mr Raffles first enjoyed the opportunity of observing and joining with the varied population congregated from all parts of the Archipelago, and from the distant countries of Asia; from Java, Amboyna, Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, Papua, Cochin China, China Proper, &c. With many he conversed personally, with others through the medium of interpreters. To this early habit, which he always retained, of associating with the natives, and admitting them to intimate and social intercourse, may be attributed the extraordinary influence which he obtained over them, and the respect with which they always received his advice and opinions. It was at this period also that Mr Raffles formed an acquaintanceship with Mr Marsden and the enthusiastic and lamented Leyden; and in company with these two Orientalists, commenced his elaborate researches into the history, the laws, and the literature of the Hindu and Malay races. We find him also displaying that zeal for the advancement of the natural sciences, especially zoology, for which he was all his life distinguished, and which has earned him a high rank among naturalists, as well as among statesmen and Oriental scholars.

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* Slavery was abolished by the Dutch in 1859.

Lord Minto, at the time governor-general of India, had conceived so favourable an opinion of Mr Raffles, that he became anxious to discover a field worthy of his abilities. On the occasion of a visit he made to Calcutta in 1809, his lordship spoke of the advantages to be derived from taking possession of the Moluccas, or smaller Spice Islands, whereupon Mr Raffles at once drew his attention to Java, as more preferable. The idea was instantly caught at by his lordship, and plans for its capture were forthwith devised.

The scheme hinted at by Mr Raffles marked the comprehensiveness of his character: it was to capture Java, and render it a British possession. Nor was such a project considered any violation of justice. In 1806 the French had overrun Holland, and in 1810 added it, as well as its chief foreign possessions, to the empire of France. Java, therefore, was now no longer a Dutch but a French colony. As England was at war with France, it was considered by

Lord Minto and Mr Raffles that there could not be a more splendid achievement than to wrest so fine an island from Napoleon, and add it to the British crown. Indeed, the conquest of Java seemed a matter of necessity ; for its possession would give the French almost the sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, and enable them materially to affect the prosperity of our eastern trade, and the stability of our eastern possessions. In short, the invasion of Java was resolved upon. But the enterprise was one not to be attempted rashly ; in the meantime, therefore, the design was kept a profound secret, and Mr Raffles was despatched to prepare the way for the expedition, taking up his residence at Malacca with the title of 'Agent to the Governor-general, with the Malay states.'

Having, after much careful investigation, learned which would form the safest and most practicable route to Java, Mr Raffles communicated all proper information to Lord Minto, who immediately proceeded with a powerful naval force on the expedition. The fleet, consisting of upwards of ninety sail, left Malacca on the 18th of June 1811, and after a voyage of six weeks, anchored off Batavia. In the course of a month, the British troops effected the conquest of the island ; and on the 16th September Lord Minto issued a proclamation announcing the general features of its future government as a British territory. In his letter to the government in England, Lord Minto announced the capture of Java in the following terms : 'An empire which for two centuries has contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur of one of the principal and most respected states in Europe, has been thus wrested from the short occupation of the French government, added to the dominion of the British crown, and converted from a seat of hostile machination and commercial competition, into an augmentation of British power and prosperity.'

In thus annexing Java to our East Indian possessions, Lord Minto took a bolder step than the Court of Directors of the East India Company was disposed altogether to sanction at first. When he had announced to them his intention to attack Java, the scheme met their decided approbation ; but instead of agreeing with Lord Minto in his desire to convert Java into a British possession, all that they meditated was the expulsion of the Dutch from the island, and its restoration to the native Javanese. This they thought would be sufficient ; and to one not acquainted with the condition of the various islands in the Archipelago, their intention may appear very reasonable and philanthropic. But Lord Minto saw that the mere expulsion of the Dutch from the island would be unavailing unless some strong and benevolent power were to come after them, and take charge of a country which they had so wretchedly misgoverned. To leave the Javanese to govern themselves, would be to throw back the island into hopeless war and confusion. Possessed of all those qualities which would constitute them good and obedient subjects, it was not to be expected that the Javanese, after submitting to Dutch rule for 200 years, could have preserved any notions of their own ancient government, much less that they could set up a new one. Accordingly, Lord Minto determined to annex the island to the British territory, and give it some experience of rational government. In so doing, he was incurring the responsibility of exceeding his instructions; but as Lady Raffles, in the biography of her husband, nobly says: 'No man is fit for high station anywhere who is not prepared to risk even more than fame or fortune at the call of judgment and conscience.'

Lord Minto immediately appointed Mr Raffles lieutenant-governor of Java and its dependencies; and after a stay of six weeks in the island, returned to Bengal, leaving the new governor to commence his arduous duties. The only event that could cast a shade of sorrow over the important occasion was the death of Dr Leyden, who had accompanied the expedition to Java, and who soon fell a victim to his thirst for knowledge.

'It would be endless,' says Lady Raffles, 'to notice the difficulties and obstacles which occurred in the establishment of a pure and upright administration in Java. Not only was the whole system previously pursued by the Dutch to be subverted, but an entire new one substituted, as pure and liberal as the old one was vicious and contracted; and this was to be accomplished and carried into effect by the very persons who had so long fattened on the vices of the former policy.' Nor were the difficulties of Mr Raffles such only as resulted from the state of the island, the government of which he had undertaken. There was a disheartening circumstance, apart from the condition of the island itself, under which most men would have either refrained from doing anything, or at least acted listlessly and carelessly—the prospect of the British possession of Java being only of short continuance. Nevertheless, Mr Raffles determined that in the meanwhile nothing should prevent him from doing his duty, and he did it nobly.

Mr Raffles's first step was to cause to be prepared a complete body of statistics relating to all the affairs of the island; and obtaining this, he commenced his scheme of reform. His proposed alterations were of two kinds: first, a reform of the general spirit of the government; and, second, a reform of the actual institutions of the country, wherever it appeared necessary.

The general spirit of the Dutch government, as has been shewn, was that of utter selfishness. Java was retained for the single purpose of yielding a revenue, without the slightest regard to the comfort or prosperity of the people. The guiding principle of the government introduced by Mr Raffles was diametrically opposite—it was *the general good of the whole population.* In conformity with the proclamation of Lord Minto before his departure from the island, he exhorted the people 'to consider their new connection with

England as founded on the principles of mutual advantage, and to be conducted in a spirit of kindness and affection.' He studied the feelings and the prejudices of all classes of society, entering into the most cordial and familiar intercourse with persons of intelligence and influence, whether they were Dutch or native Javanese, and in every possible way tried to produce a feeling that he had no other object in view as governor than the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. He permitted the poorest Javanese to have free access to his presence; and whatever measure he adopted, or regulation he found it necessary to pass, he took care to have it widely published, and even to have the reasons on which it was founded made known, thus addressing as much as possible the natural good sense of the natives. One resolution which he adopted at his first entrance into office delighted and gratified the Javanese as much as it surprised the Dutch. In travelling through the island, which it was necessary for him to do frequently, and to great distances, he would not carry arms, nor suffer himself to be attended by any escort, and he enjoined his staff to do the same. At first, such had been the false reports spread by the Dutch relative to the character and habits of the Javanese, that this resolution of the governor was considered foolhardy and Quixotic; but at length the wisdom of such a policy became evident. Not a single act of violence occurred in consequence of this display of confidence; on the contrary, the natives regarded it as a compliment, and anticipated the highest things from a governor who put such trust in their quietness and honesty. 'Whilst driving along,' says a visitor to Java at this time, 'in an open carriage at the rate of nine miles an hour through the gorgeous forests of that delicious climate, we could scarcely believe that we were quite at the mercy of the Malays and other tribes, falsely proverbial for treachery and ferocity.' Mr Raffles always entertained a high opinion of the character of the natives of Java, and believed that, if properly treated, there was not a more docile or more easily governed people on the face of the earth.

To detail all the changes which Mr Raffles introduced into the administration of Java during the five years of his residence in the island, would be a needless task. It will be sufficient to notice the three principal alterations—his reform of the revenue system, his establishment of a better system of police and public justice, and his abolition of the slave-trade.

Our readers are already aware of the nature of the system of internal management which the Dutch pursued. Almost the whole territory was farmed out to native regents or officers, who, besides paying a small rent or recognition money to the Dutch authorities, handed over to them annually the whole produce of their respective districts at a fixed government price. By disposing of this produce, either by exporting it or by selling it back again to the Javanese themselves, the Dutch raised a revenue; and in this monopoly, therefore, consisted the sole advantage derived by them from the possession of Java. The Dutch themselves had begun to be ashamed of this system of colonial government, and had made some attempts to introduce a better; but none of these attempts succeeded, and it was reserved for Mr Raffles to confer on Java the boon of a well-devised government. The following is his own brief and distinct account of the reform which he effected. 'The whole system of native management has been exploded, and the mass of the population are now no longer dependent on a regent or other chieftain, but look up direct to the European power which protects them. In the first place, the lands are let, generally speaking, to the heads of villages, as this description of people appear to me to be the resident superintending farmers of the estate. In so extensive a population, there will naturally require to be some deviations in different districts, but the plan of village rents will generally prevail. After the experience of one year, leases for three years will be granted; and at the conclusion of that period, the leases may either be made for seven or for ten years, or the land granted to the actual possessors in perpetuity. You will thus see that I have had the happiness to release several millions of my fellow-creatures from a state of bondage and arbitrary oppression. The revenue of government, instead of being wrung by the grasping hand of an unfeeling farmer from the savings of industry, will now come into the treasuries of government direct, and be proportioned to the actual capability of the country.'

It is necessary to explain this system adopted by Mr Raffles a little more fully. In the first place, the regents or native officers who had been intermediate between the government and the mass of the native population, and who had shamefully ground down the latter, in order to make large profits from their situations, were completely laid aside, receiving an allotment of lands, or a sum of money, as a suitable compensation for the loss of their lucrative office. The lands thus placed at the disposal of the government were let at a fair rent to a number of small proprietors, who were generally the heads of villages. To give an idea of who these heads of villages were, we may quote Mr Raffles's own description of a Javanese village. 'The cottages of the Javanese are never insulated, but formed into villages whose population extends from 50 to 200 or 300 inhabitants; each has its garden; and this spot of ground surrounding his simple habitation the cottager regards as his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care. He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees which may at once yield him their fruit and their shade. The cottages, or the assemblage of huts that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grave, or a clump of evergreens. Every village forms a community in itself, each having its officers, its priest, and its temple.' It was generally, then, to the native heads of such villages, distinguished by the various titles of Petingi, Bakal, or Surah, that the lands were let out by government according to the system introduced by Mr Raffles. In some cases, however, and particularly in those districts where the Chinese had planted themselves most thickly, it was necessary to depart from this regulation, and let the land to others. The land was let on short leases. It was indeed proposed to sell the lands entirely, so as to constitute the heads of villages into permanent landlords instead of government tenants; but Lord Minto seems to have disapproved of this plan of permanent sale, and therefore that of short leases alone was practised. The amount of rent was fixed as equitably as possible by a reference to the circumstances of each particular case, two-fifths of the average annual rice produce of the soil being about the usual rate. This rent being duly paid, the heads of villages or other government tenants were at liberty to dispose of the produce of their respective farms to the best advantage, and at any price they could obtain in the market, the government laying no claim to any exclusive right of purchase. In order, however, to encourage the growth of coffee, which Mr Raffles anticipated might become an important article of export in the course of a few years, government engaged to receive any surplus quantity of that commodity from the growers at a reasonable and fixed rate, when a higher price could not be obtained for it in the market; thus at least securing the coffee-growers against loss. Under the old system, besides claiming a monopoly of the produce, the government had a right of vassalage or feudal service over the native regents, and, through them, over the mass of the people; that is, the government had a right to make the natives labour, without wages, on roads and other public works. This feudal exaction, one of the most intolerable that can be imagined, and one under which France groaned before the Revolution, Mr Raffles at once abolished. If the heads of villages paid their rent regularly, they were considered as having discharged all their obligations to government; and whatever labour government might require, it was to pay for at the ordinary market rate of wages.

A change like this could not fail at once to create a hearty spirit of contentment and industry. 'All is altered now,' we may imagine one of these heads of villages or government tenants saying: 'I have no longer to sell all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper, to a greedy government for a wretched pittance, hardly enough to remunerate me for my toil. All that I have to do is to pay my rent to government; and then I have all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper to do as I please with. All that I raise above what pays my rent and other expenses, is clear profit.' In order to provide further against the practice of any extortion by these government tenants upon their inferiors or sub-tenants (which, however, was not likely to happen, the greater part of the government tenants, namely, the heads of villages, having a natural bond connecting them in feeling and interest with their inferiors), a superintendence was exercised by government over the mode in which the lands were sub-let to the minor tenants. Thus, down to the lowest ranks of society the beneficial influence of the change of system extended; and every man began to feel that the fruits of his industry and energy would not, as formerly, be swallowed up by the insatiable maw of government, but would be really and truly his own.

It was necessary, however, not merely to allow the natives to be the sole and exclusive proprietors of the produce of their industry, but also to open up the channels of commerce, so that they might bring that produce to a profitable market. It would have been of no use for government to have given up its claim to a monopoly of the produce, and at the same time to have kept up those restrictions which would have prevented the growers from finding any other market for it, so that they would have been obliged to come to government and say: 'Rather than have our rice rot on our hands, we will give you it at your own price,' thus actually restoring the monopoly. Accordingly, as a part of the system of Mr Raffles, all the tolls and internal imposts of the island, which operated as checks to internal traffic, were abolished; all the ports of the island, without exception, were thrown open; almost all the export duties were abrogated; the import duties were reduced to the lowest possible point; and no description of goods was excluded from the island. Free trade, in short, in a sense almost as wide as it is possible to understand it, was realised; the only cost incurred in the transmission of goods from one part of the island to another, or from the island itself to other parts of the Malayan Archipelago, being the cost of carriage. This change must have been agreeable to all classes of the community, except perhaps to the Chinese, who had been the great farmers of taxes under the old system, and who were of course obliged now to betake themselves to some other course of industry.

Mr Raffles effected as important a change in the department of justice as he had in the department of revenue. Under the Dutch government, the natives had been subject to laws utterly averse to their natural feelings and superstitions, and with which also they were totally unacquainted. The Dutch laws were doubtless good, but, as applied without modification to the native Javanese, they gave rise to the most tyrannical and unjust decisions, especially as the juries consisted exclusively of Europeans. Mr Raffles reversed all this. 'By means of the numberless inquiries he had instituted all over the island,' says a writer who speaks from local knowledge, 'and particularly by his own personal investigations, he discovered that the Javanese possessed, from time immemorial, amongst themselves, a system of police as well as of jurisprudence, which, if not precisely squaring in all points with our notions of such things, it was fair to infer were more or less suited to the peculiar circumstances of the island. Strangely enough, the Dutch were ignorant of the existence of many of these native institutions, though some of them were never entirely extinguished during the two centuries of their administration. Mr Raffles, however, at once saw how important it would be to enlist the prejudices and established habits of the natives in his cause, and by giving the sanction of his authority to local usages which the natives were already in possession of, to attach, as it were, as many ready-made wheels to the machinery of his government.' While, however, he introduced into his administration as many of the native Javanese forms as possible, he did not do so indiscriminately; but wherever he found any native custom or regulation which was inconsistent with his own notions of justice, he changed or modified it so as to make it suit. The deposed Javanese rajahs or regents he turned to good account, by availing himself of their services in the department of police; and the dignity which he thus assigned to them, together with the lands and money which they received in lieu of their regencies, was considered by most of them as more than a compensation for what they had lost. By a very simple expedient, Mr Raffles provided for the prompt administration of justice in the island. 'One member of each of the courts of justice was appointed a judge of circuit, to be present in each of the residencies at least once in every three months, and as much oftener as was found necessary. The formalities of the Roman law employed by the Dutch were avoided. A native jury, consisting of an intelligent foreman and four others, decided upon the facts; the law was then taken down and expounded by the native law-officers; and the sentence, with the opinion of the judge of circuit upon the application of the Dutch and colonial law in the cases, was forwarded for the modification of the lieutenant-governor.' At the same time the utmost pains were taken to acquaint the natives with the details of the system. The regulations were translated into the Malayan and all the other languages spoken in Java, and published as widely as possible.

The third great reform accomplished by Mr Raffles was the abolition of the slave-trade, and its attendant practice, piracy. Unfortunately, we have but very scanty information on this point: it would appear, indeed, that, in abolishing the iniquitous traffic in slaves, Mr Raffles did not meet with so much difficulty as might have been expected. The following notice on the subject occurs in Lady Raffles's Life of her husband: 'Mr Raffles was anxious to diffuse the blessings of freedom throughout the whole of the varied populations under his charge; and as the British parliament had at this time passed an act which declared the slave-trade to be felony, he established it as a colonial law; and it continues in force to this day, since it cannot be repealed without express authority from the mother country. The leading inhabitants possessing slaves concurred with him in his efforts to abolish this dreadful evil throughout the Dutch possessions; and the whole of the slaves in the island were registered according to the forms of the West India Islands, with the view of giving them their liberty. The Bengal authorities, however, refused their sanction, because, as they alleged, it had not been determined whether the government of Java was to be permanently administered by the king of Great Britain or by the East India Company.'

The highest testimony to the merits of the changes of which we have just given an account is the fact, that while all classes of society were contented with the administration of Mr Raffles, and the native Javanese adored his name, the revenue derived by the government itself was *eight times as large as it had been under the Dutch.* The highest revenue ever raised by the Dutch in Java was four millions of rupees, or half a million of pounds sterling in a year; whereas before Mr Raffles left Java, the revenue amounted to thirty millions of rupees, or nearly four millions of pounds sterling.

Unfortunately, this course of reform, which was renovating the island of Java, and raising it to prosperity greater than it had ever experienced before, was arrested by an event which the governor had from the first anticipated. Looking forward to the restoration of the island to the Dutch, Mr Raffles thus expressed himself in a letter to Lord Minto, dated July 2, 1814. 'If I were to believe,' says he 'that the Javanese were ever again to be ruled on the former principles of government, I should indeed quit Java with a heavy heart; but a brighter prospect is, I hope, before them. Holland is not only re-established, but, I hope, renovated: her prince has been educated in the best of all schools—adversity; and I will hope the people of Java will be as happy, if not happier, under the Dutch as under the English. Mr Muntinghe has often reminded me, that when conversing with your lordship on the judicial regulations, you observed it was not certain whether England would retain permanent possessions in Java; *but in the meantime let us do as much good as we can.* This we have done, and whatever change may take place, the recollection can never be unpleasing.'

In the beginning of 1816, Mr Raffles, after five years' residence in Java, was relieved of the government, and Mr Tindal came out to succeed him. The intelligence of his departure caused demonstrations of lively regret by the natives as well as Europeans. On the morning of his embarkation, the roads of Batavia were filled with boats, crowded with people of various nations, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect within their power to one whose services they so highly appreciated. On reaching the vessel, he found the decks filled with offerings of every description—fruit, flowers, poultry, whatever they thought would promote his comfort on the voyage. When the order was given to weigh anchor, there was a universal scene of distress; the people felt that they were losing for ever the great man who had so nobly regenerated their country, and been their common benefactor.

The new governor of Java had scarcely time to enter on his duties, for, on the fall of Napoleon, the congress of European powers, by a single stroke of the pen, restored Java to the Dutch.* Had the times been less exciting, it is probable that, before surrendering Java to its former owners, some precautions would have been adopted relative to the government and trade of the island. No such precautions were adopted. Java was unconditionally restored. In one day all the splendid reforms of Mr Raffles were laid in ruins. Delivered up to the Dutch authorities, they remorselessly went back to the old order of things—a rigorous and grasping monopoly in trade, and a tyranny which recognised no principle of humanity or justice. What were the feelings of the rapidly improving Javanese in being thus delivered up to their old oppressors, may be more easily conjectured than described. They gave a sullen submission, and 'the island,' observes a writer in 1830, 'has been nearly one scene of rebellion and bloodshed ever since it was given to the Dutch.'

SUMATRA.

After a prosperous voyage, Mr Raffles reached London on the 16th of July 1816, and one of his first acts after arrival was to address the Court of Directors of the East India Company, claiming an inquiry into his conduct during the period of his administration in Java. He was particularly anxious that this inquiry should be made, because he had reason to know that the court did not entirely approve of all that he had done; and he had hoped that now that he was present in Leadenhall Street to defend his measures, he would be able to represent them to the court in a more favourable light. The particular cause of difference between him and the Court of Directors was as follows: While in Java, he found it necessary to keep up a considerable military force, and also to discharge certain debts incurred by the old government; and for these purposes money was required. As, however, the island itself could not at first supply as much as was needed, he was obliged to make repeated drafts on the Company's treasury in Bengal. As these drafts were made at a time when the Bengal treasury was low, and required to be replenished from London, the Court of Directors began to entertain a bad opinion of Java, and to contemplate its abandonment. These, among other circumstances, had led to the recall of Mr Raffles. Now, however, he hoped to vindicate his conduct to the satisfaction of the court, and to make it clear that Java, instead of being a burden to the Company, would have been a valuable acquisition; and it was with this view that he petitioned the Court of Directors for a revision of his administration. The court, however, saw it expedient to pronounce no decision, further than to express its conviction that the measures adopted by Mr Raffles had 'sprung from motives perfectly correct and laudable.'

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* It does not appear that the French had taken possession of the smaller Spice Islands, which remained nominally under the Dutch, and retained the Dutch flag, although for a number of years there was in reality no Dutch nation. On the restoration of Java, therefore, the possession of these islands, which had been unmolested by any European power, was peacefully resumed.

In order to meet the growing demand for information about Java, Mr Raffles rapidly prepared and published a History of the island, which was published in May 1817, and which is a monument of his abilities and the extent of his knowledge. In the same year Mr Raffles married a second time, his first wife having died a short time before he left Java. About the same time also he received from the Prince-regent the honour of knighthood. It is a proof of the strong and affectionate interest he took in Java, that in this same year he paid a visit to the continent, for the express purpose of having an interview with the king of Holland respecting the future government of the island. The result of this interview is thus communicated by Sir Stamford himself in a letter to his friend Mr Marsden. 'I met with very great attention in the Netherlands, and had the honour to dine with the king last Monday: they were very communicative regarding their eastern colonies; but I regret to say, that notwithstanding the king himself and his leading minister seem to mean well, they have too great a hankering after profit, and *immediate* profit, for any liberal system to thrive under them. The king, while he admitted all the advantages likely to arise from cultivation, and assured me that the system introduced under my administration should be continued, maintained that it was essential to confine the trade, and to make such regulations as would secure it and its profits exclusively to the mother country. I had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments to him very freely, and as he took them in good part, I am in hopes they may have some weight.'

The title of Lieutenant-governor of Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, having been conferred on Sir Stamford by the Court of Directors, 'as a peculiar mark of the favourable sentiments which the court entertained of his merits and services,' he once more set sail for the East Indies, there to renew, although in a different spot, his career of active benevolence. He arrived at Bencoolen on the 22d of March 1818.

Sumatra belongs to the same group of islands as Java, from which it is separated at its south-eastern extremity by a narrow strait. Sumatra, however, is considerably the larger, being more than 1000 miles long, and varying from 140 to 210 miles in breadth, having thus an area larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together. But though larger, Sumatra is not so important an island as Java. 'From the hand of God,' says Sir Stamford Raffles in a letter written after he had formed an acquaintance with the island, 'Sumatra has received perhaps higher advantages and capabilities than Java; but no two countries form a more decided contrast in the use which has been made of them by man. While Sumatra remains in a great part covered with its primeval forests, and exhibiting but scattered traces of human industry, Java has become the granary and the garden of the East. In the former we find man inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom of the forests, while in the latter he is active and cheerful.' One-half of the large island of Sumatra is flat and level; the other is mountainous; and the products of these two parts are of course different, although the principal products of the island may be said to be rice, tobacco, hemp, coffee, sago, camphor, various spices, and innumerable kinds of fruit. From no other country are such large quantities of pepper exported.

Sumatra, like Java, is peopled by a branch of the Malay race; the inhabitants, however, receive various names, according to the districts which they occupy, and present some differences of language, manners, and physiognomy. In some parts of the island the natives exhibit considerable evidences of civilisation; but upon the whole, the Sumatrans are far inferior people to the Javanese. The political condition of Sumatra is much the same as that of Java; that is, it is subject partly to the Dutch, partly to independent native princes. Instead, however, of there being only two independent native states, as in Java, in Sumatra there are five such, namely, the kingdoms of Acheen, Siack, Indragiri, Iambie, and Battas, situated in the northern half of the island. The rest of the island, that is, the southern half, constitutes the Dutch colony, and is governed for the most part by native regents of the different districts under the Dutch authorities.

In 1818, the only part of Sumatra which was not included in the Dutch colony, or in the native territories above mentioned, was Bencoolen, a small district in the south-west of the island, extending from the coast a number of miles into the interior, and belonging to Great Britain; and it was of this district that Sir Stamford Raffles was appointed governor. The British settlement of Bencoolen, or Fort Marlborough, was founded in 1685 by the orders of the East India Company, who conceived it would be an advantageous post in the pepper-trade. It never, however, answered their expectations. Whether owing to its natural want of capabilities, or to the mismanagement of those who successively took charge of it, or to both of these causes, Bencoolen proved a very unprofitable settlement. The cost of maintaining the establishment amounted to little less than £100,000 a year, while all the return it made was a few tons of pepper. In 1801, the establishment was reduced, and an attempt made to introduce a more economical system of management under the direction of the British resident, Mr Parr; but the change was so injudiciously effected, that a great part of the population was thrown out of employment, and the natives became so infuriated as to attack the government-house, and murder Mr Parr. Severe measures of retaliation were adopted by the British, and the consequence was, that the whole district was laid waste; the trees, gardens, and houses being destroyed, and the cattle almost exterminated. 'This,' writes Sir Stamford Raffles a few days after his arrival at Bencoolen, 'is, without exception, the most wretched place I ever beheld. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the state of ruin and dilapidation which surrounds me. What with natural impediments, bad government, and the awful visitations of Providence which we have recently experienced in the shape of repeated earthquakes, we have scarcely a dwelling in which to lay our heads, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. The roads are impassable; the highways in the town overrun with rank grass; the government-house a den of ravenous dogs and polecats. The natives say that Bencoolen is now a dead land. In truth, I could never have conceived anything half so bad.' Not discouraged with this dismal prospect, the writer proceeds: 'We will try and make the place better; and if I am well supported from home, the west coast may yet be turned to account. You must, however, be prepared for the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of the country-people from the forced cultivation of pepper, the discontinuing of the gaming and cock-fighting farms, and a thousand other practices equally disgraceful and repugnant to the British character and government. A complete and thorough reform is indispensable, and reductions must be made throughout.'

Paltry as was the appointment of Sir Stamford to the governorship of Bencoolen in comparison with that of Java, his situation was not by any means unimportant, for it imposed on him the superintendence of the adjoining seas. Along with Java, the Dutch had recovered the entire sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, of which during the alienation of Java they had been deprived. There was every probability, therefore, that they would renew their old illiberal policy in that quarter of the world, using the power which they possessed over the natives of the various islands to prevent them from maintaining an intercourse with the ships of other nations; and, in particular, it was expected that they would renew their attempts to injure the trade of the British in these remote seas. The only stations which the English retained in that quarter of the world were Penang, off the western coast of Malacca, and Bencoolen, in Sumatra. Of course, then, these two settlements derived a peculiar importance from such a consideration, being, as it were, watch-towers from which the English could observe the movements of the Dutch. Bencoolen especially was regarded as a valuable station in this point of view; and among the instructions furnished to Sir Stamford Raffles by the Court of Directors, before leaving England, was one to the following effect: 'It is highly desirable that the Court of Directors should receive early and constant information of the proceedings of the Dutch and other European nations, as well as of the Americans, in the Eastern Archipelago. The court therefore desire that you will direct your attention to the object of regularly obtaining such information, and that you will transmit the same to them by every convenient opportunity, accompanied by such observations as may occur to you, whether of a political or commercial nature.'

Besides, therefore, his particular duties as governor of Bencoolen, Sir Stamford had to cast his eye over the whole Archipelago, from the Bay of Bengal as far east as New Guinea, and conceive himself charged with the superintendence of the British interests in these seas. Let us first attend to his proceedings in Bencoolen, and more generally in the island of Sumatra.

In some respects, the spirit in which Sir Stamford commenced his reforms at Bencoolen was the same as that which had presided over his administration in Java. 'He devoted,' says Lady Raffles, 'his whole time on his first arrival to the examination of the records of the settlement, the state of the country and people in its immediate neighbourhood, and endeavoured to collect the European inhabitants and the native chiefs around him, that he might become personally acquainted with their habits and manners. The same system of excluding the natives from the society of Europeans had been pursued in this settlement as in most other parts of India. Sir Stamford at once broke down this barrier, and opened his house to the higher class of natives on all occasions. During the whole period of his residence in Sumatra, he had some of them present during the hours of social intercourse. The result of this it is needless to dwell upon. The chiefs and people considered him as their best friend and adviser, yielded to his opinion upon all occasions, and harmony and good-will prevailed throughout the settlement.' Yet Sir Stamford found it necessary to pursue a policy in Sumatra in many respects totally different from that which he had pursued in Java. 'I have found in the Sumatrans,' he says, 'a very different people from the inhabitants of Java: they are, perhaps, a thousand years behind them in civilisation, and consequently require a very different kind of government. In Java, I advocated the doctrine of the liberty of the subject and the individual rights of man—here I am an advocate for despotism. The strong arm of power is necessary to bring men together, and to concentrate them in societies, and there is a certain stage in which despotic authority seems the only means of promoting civilisation. Sumatra is in a great measure peopled by innumerable petty tribes, subject to no general government, having little or no intercourse with each other, and man still remains inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom which pervades the forests by which he is surrounded. No European power seems to think it worth its while to subdue the country by conquest, which would be the shortest and best way of civilising it; and therefore all that can be done is to raise the importance of the chiefs, and to assist in promoting the advance of feudal authority. This once established, and government being once firmly introduced, let the people be enlightened, and the energies which will then be called forth in regaining a portion of their liberties will be the best pledge of their future character as a nation.' What a healthy, practical mind we see manifested in such sentiments as these. He found it necessary in Java to abolish all remains of feudal power, and accordingly he abolished them; in Sumatra, on the other hand, he found it necessary to strengthen the feudal tie, and accordingly he strengthened it. A less practical man would have persisted in applying to Sumatra the system which he had found to work well in Java, without any regard to the difference of the two countries.

One of Sir Stamford's first acts in Bencoolen was to abolish slavery. 'There were at this time in Bencoolen,' says Lady Raffles, 'upwards of two hundred African slaves, most of them born in the settlement, who were the children of slaves originally purchased by the East India Company: they were considered indispensable for the duties of the place, and it was asserted that they were happier than free men. They were employed in loading and unloading the Company's ships, and other hard work. No care having been taken of their morals, many of them were dissolute and depraved, and the children in a state of nature, vice, and wretchedness.' These two hundred negroes Sir Stamford immediately set at liberty. Assembling them all before a meeting of the native chiefs, he explained the views of the British government with regard to the abolition generally, and granted to each negro, man and woman, a certificate declaring him or her to be for ever free, and at liberty to labour for wages like other free persons. The negro children were at the same time assembled at the government-house; and as a considerable degree of prejudice existed against them, Lady Raffles selected one of them, 'a little bright-eyed girl eight years old, whom she put under the charge of a European nurse. She proved a most docile, affectionate little attendant; and Lady Raffles, on leaving Sumatra, had the pleasure of giving her a dower on her marriage.'

Another class of unfortunate persons who attracted Sir Stamford's benevolent notice were the convicts—criminals who, since the year 1797, had been transported from Bengal to Bencoolen. These amounted to about five hundred in all at the period of Sir Stamford's arrival in Bencoolen. Sir Stamford thought that something might be done for this unfortunate class of men. 'It is desirable,' he said, in communicating his designs to the Court of Directors, 'that some discrimination should be exercised in favour of those who shew the disposition to redeem their character. I would suggest the propriety of the chief authority being vested with a discretionary power of freeing such men as conduct themselves well from the obligations of service, and permitting them to settle in the place, and resume the privileges of citizenship. It rarely happens that any of those transported have any desire to leave the country: they form connections in the place, and find so many inducements to remain, that to be sent away is considered by most a severe punishment. I propose to divide them into three classes—the first class to be allowed to give evidence in court, and permitted to settle on lands secured to them and their children; but no one to be admitted to this class until he has been resident in Bencoolen three years: the second class to be employed in ordinary labour: the third class, or men of abandoned and profligate character, to be kept to the harder kinds of labour, and confined at night. In cases of particular good conduct, a prospect may be held out of emancipating deserving convicts from further obligation of services on condition of their supporting themselves, and not quitting the settlement.' These measures were afterwards carried into effect, and with great success: a large body of persons, till now degraded, soon became useful labourers and happy members of society.

These changes Sir Stamford was able to effect directly by the exercise of his own authority as lieutenant-governor. Certain other important reforms which he effected at the same time, and which concerned the native Sumatrans more particularly, he was able to accomplish only by means of the native chiefs. Having gained their confidence by his kindness, he had no difficulty in obtaining their co-operation. All former treaties between the British resident in Bencoolen and the native chiefs were annulled, and a new agreement entered into, whereby authority was given to the Company to administer the affairs of the settlement according to justice and good policy. The cultivation of pepper, which had hitherto been compulsory on the natives, was now declared optional: they were to be at liberty to cultivate either pepper or any other kind of produce which they might prefer, and which their lands might be capable of growing; Sir Stamford having too strong a faith in the principle of demand and supply, to entertain any doubt that a proper quantity of pepper would continue to be cultivated even after liberty had been given to cultivate anything else. Sir Stamford also abolished all the gambling establishments in Bencoolen, from which hitherto the government had derived a considerable revenue. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Sumatrans, as of all the other Malays, is their love of gaming; and in Bencoolen the propensity had grown so strong, as to occupy half the time of the natives, deteriorate their character, and diminish the prosperity of the settlement. The abolition by Sir Stamford Raffles of all public gaming-houses, accompanied as it judiciously was by the abolition of the compulsory cultivation of pepper, produced an immediate and sensible effect: the time which the Sumatrans formerly consumed in gaming of various kinds, they now applied to better purpose, feeling that their industry was at their own disposal. Since the murder of Mr Parr, the native inhabitants had been subjected to various marks of disgrace, such as being prohibited from wearing the *kris* and other weapons in the town of Marlborough; but all these regulations were rescinded by Sir Stamford, as having nothing but an injurious effect. At the same time he dismissed the body-guard which used to attend the person of the British resident at Bencoolen, and greatly reduced the military force. The natives were highly gratified by these tokens of confidence, and did their best to shew that the confidence was not misplaced.

After a short residence at Bencoolen, during which he was engaged in effecting the above-mentioned reforms, Sir Stamford set out on an excursion into the interior of the island, with a view to extend his acquaintance with the Sumatrans, their customs, religions, and character, as well as to gratify his enthusiasm as a naturalist. The route which he attempted was considered impracticable; but he succeeded in penetrating the island, crossing the mountains, and reaching Palembang on the opposite coast. He also penetrated northward, cultivating the acquaintance of the natives wherever he went, and acquiring an immense store of new and valuable information. The description he has given of these journeys imparts a striking idea of his adventurous spirit and love of scientific pursuit. Ascending mountains, crossing rivers, and penetrating forests, the party were often startled by the approach of elephants and other unwelcome visitors. On one occasion, in passing through a forest, they were much annoyed with leeches, which got into their boots and covered their legs with blood. The most important botanic discovery made throughout the journey was that of the *Rafflesia*, perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It measured across, from the extremity of the petals, rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep, and was estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; the weight of the whole was fifteen pounds. In alluding to this magnificent plant, Sir Stamford observes in a letter to a friend in England: 'There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation. The magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees contrasts strangely with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our fruit-trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under 100, and generally 160 to 200 feet in height.'

In most of his excursions, Sir Stamford was accompanied by Lady Raffles, who entered warmly into his pursuits, and delighted in exploring the romantic coasts of the islands. 'It is impossible,' observes this accomplished lady in one of her letters, 'to conceive an idea of the pleasure of sailing through this beautiful and unparalleled archipelago, in which every attraction of nature is combined. The smoothness of the sea, the lightness of the atmosphere, the constant succession of the most picturesque lake scenery; islands of every shape and size clustered together; mountains of the most fanciful forms crowned with verdure to their summit; rich and luxuriant vegetation extending to the very edge of the water; little native boats with only one person in them, continually darting out from the deep shade which concealed them, looking like so many cockle-shells wafted about by the wind. Altogether, it is a scene of enchantment deserving a poet's pen to describe its beauties.'

Returning from these excursions, Sir Stamford occupied his time in the improvement of Bencoolen, the consolidation of his government, and the pursuit of science; the last object being aided by a regular establishment of naturalists and draughtsmen. Most unfortunately, here, as elsewhere, he was exposed to much annoyance from the Dutch, who lost no opportunity of thwarting his policy. 'Prepared as I was,' he writes, 'for the jealousy and assumption of the Dutch commissioners in the East, I have found myself surprised by the unreserved avowal they have made of their principles, their steady determination to lower the British character in the eyes of the natives, and the measures they have already adopted towards the annihilation of our commerce, and of our intercourse with the native traders throughout the Malayan Archipelago. Not satisfied with shutting the eastern ports against our shipping, and prohibiting the natives from commercial intercourse with the English, they have despatched commissioners to every spot in the archipelago where it is probable we might attempt to form settlements, or where the independence of the native chiefs affords anything like a free port to our shipping.' In these circumstances, Sir Stamford was exceedingly anxious that some new settlement should be established in a more convenient situation than either Penang or Bencoolen, in which new settlement some accredited British authority might be at hand to afford protection to the British shipping and trade. He thought that the most advantageous situation for such an establishment would be the Strait of Sunda, if it were practicable to found one there. And it is interesting to find that, in fixing on such a situation, he is affectionately reverting to the island which of all others was dearest to his recollection—Java. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'not to foresee that unless the Dutch adopt a very different policy from that which they are now pursuing, Java must eventually either become independent of European authority, or on some future occasion of hostilities again fall under the dominion of the English.

The seeds of independence have been too generally sown, and the principles of the British administration too deeply rooted, to be eradicated by a despotic order. In such an event, calculating on the bare possibility of its occurrence in fifty or a hundred years hence, we shall feel the advantage of the measures I have now suggested.'

Full of these ideas, Sir Stamford Raffles determined to proceed to Bengal, to have a personal conference with Lord Moira, now Marquis of Hastings, governor-general of India. When he arrived at Calcutta, such was the effect of almost his first interview with the marquis, and so high had his character risen since his retirement from the government of Java, that although the marquis had previously condemned his policy, he now became his sincere friend, and acknowledged his past services in very flattering terms. Although Sir Stamford did not succeed in gaining over the governor and the council to the full extent of his views, he roused them to the necessity of doing something to resist the Dutch in the archipelago. 'All he asked,' he said, 'was permission to anchor a line-of-battle ship, and hoist the English flag, at the mouth either of the Strait of Malacca or of Sunda, and the trade of England would be secured, the monopoly of the Dutch broken.' The Strait of Sunda, we have seen, was the position he would have preferred; but as there were insurmountable objections to it, Singapore was conclusively fixed upon as the site of the projected settlement.

Sir Stamford was intrusted with the difficult and delicate duty of founding the new settlement. Attempts were made at Penang to dissuade him from undertaking so arduous a task. Determined, however, to accomplish the duty intrusted to him, he proceeded in person down the Strait of Malacca, and in ten days after leaving Penang, that is, on the 29th of February 1819, the British flag was waving in the breeze at Singapore.

SINGAPORE.

Singapore, or, as it is sometimes written, Sincapore, is an island measuring twenty-five miles in length by fourteen in breadth, situated off the extreme point of the peninsula of Siam or Malacca. Its climate is healthy, and its interior is generally laid out in plantations and gardens. The value of the island consists in its commanding the Strait of Malacca—the great channel of trade and communication between India, China, and the Archipelago. A more splendid geographical position could not have been chosen for a mercantile city and dépôt. The passage between it and China can be made by a trading-vessel in six days; and the same time, in the favourable monsoon, will suffice for the passage between it and Batavia, Borneo, or Penang. The following is Sir Stamford's opinion of it, after a residence of nearly three months. 'I am happy to inform you that everything is going on well here. It bids fair to be the next port to Calcutta. You may take my word for it, this is by far the most important station in the East; and as far as naval superiority and commercial interests are concerned, of much higher value than whole continents of territory.'

After residing for a short time at Singapore, and seeing the foundations of the colony fairly laid, Sir Stamford returned to Bencoolen, in Sumatra, to which we shall follow him. Eager in his desires for improvement, he had on his first arrival in Bencoolen, in 1818, planted a garden in a spot which was bare and desolate. On now reaching the same scene, all was magnificent vegetation, and he found his house embosomed in rich foliage. The casuarina trees had grown to the height of thirty or forty feet; and as the carriage approached the house, it drove through a shrubbery of nutmeg, clove, cocoa, and cassia trees. Of all these, the nutmeg is the most beautiful; it spreads its branches in a wide circle, bearing fruit in profusion, and the fruit itself is the loveliest in the world; the shell or outside covering is of a rich cream colour, resembling a peach; when this bursts, the dark nut appears encircled and checkered with mace of the brightest crimson, which, when contrasted with the deep emerald green of the leaves, forms a picture most grateful to the eye. But, what was of more consequence, society was improving and flourishing as well as vegetation, eleven months having been sufficient to make a change in it visible too. Sir Stamford, however, was not a man to rest satisfied with a few reforms at the outset: he was possessed with the true reforming and philanthropic spirit: he felt uneasy in the presence of whatever was wrong, and gave himself no rest till he had rectified it. Some of his further schemes and intentions are detailed in a letter to Mr Wilberforce written at this period. Convinced, however, of the necessity of having a thorough knowledge of the dispositions of any people for whose good one proposes to legislate, he had appointed a committee to inquire into the state of society in Sumatra, into the root and origin of all those strange practices which he intended to abolish. One of his schemes for the civilisation of the Sumatrans was the foundation of national schools, and in this he had so far succeeded; another, and one of gigantic importance, was the foundation of a Malayan university, a native college—1st, for the education of the higher classes of natives of the whole Malayan Archipelago; 2d, for the instruction of the Company's servants in the native languages; and 3d, for the general interests and advancement of Oriental literature. The site proper for such an institution appeared to be Singapore; and accordingly Sir Stamford drew up an elaborate minute on the subject, which he sent to the Marquis of Hastings. We wish we could quote some passages from this noble document; but we can afford room only for the concluding sentences, which breathe a spirit of true statesmanlike philanthropy.

'If commerce brings wealth to our shores, it is the spirit of literature and philanthropy which teaches us how to employ it for the noblest purposes. It is this that has made Britain go forth among the nations, strong in her native might, to dispense blessings to all around her. If the time shall come when her empire shall have passed away, these monuments of her virtue shall endure when her triumphs are but an empty name. Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in characters of light; let her not be remembered as the tempest whose course was desolation, but as the gale of spring reviving the slumbering seeds of mind, and calling them to life from the winter of ignorance and oppression. Let the sun of Britain arise on these islands, not to wither and scorch them in its fierceness, but like that of her own genial skies, whose mild and benignant influence is hailed and blessed by all who feel its beams.'

In the end of 1819, Sir Stamford paid another visit to Calcutta. His views had by this time taken shape; and his object was to suggest the consolidation of the various British settlements in the archipelago—Penang, Bencoolen, Singapore, with any others which might yet be added—into one government, subordinate to the supreme government of India. The accomplishment of such a scheme, and the appointment of Sir Stamford Raffles to be governor under the Marquis of Hastings, would in all probability have been measures of infinite advantage; but the feeling of the home authorities was adverse to the proposal. Sir Stamford therefore returned to Sumatra. No sooner, however, was his philanthropy disappointed of one object than it fastened on another. The island of Poulo Nyas has been already mentioned in the course of this tract as a place supplying slaves to Java. The island is within sight of Sumatra, and contained in 1820 a population of 230,000 souls, on a surface of 1500 square miles. Without having had any communication with civilised nations, the inhabitants of Nyas had made considerable advances in the arts of civilised life. Sir Stamford's benevolent eye had singled out this island for one of his wise experiments, and his efforts succeeded in inducing the native chiefs unreservedly to become subjects of Great Britain. Immediately directing his energies to the suppression of the slave-trade, he succeeded in convincing the chiefs of its iniquity and inexpediency, and thus in almost entirely abolishing it—a measure which, however, was labour spent in vain; for shortly afterwards, Sumatra coming entirely into the possession of the Dutch, the slave-traffic with Poulo Nyas was resumed.

Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles began now to look forward to a return to England. The health of both required it: three of their children suddenly fell victims to the climate, and they were anxious to adopt every precaution to preserve their only remaining daughter. Besides, the establishment at Singapore was now the great object of Sir Stamford's thoughts—his 'political child,' as he called it; and he thought it probable that he should be more able to promote its interest in London than at Calcutta. He determined, however, before leaving the East Indies, to spend a few months at Singapore.

Arriving there on the 10th of October 1822, he found the information he had received of its growing prosperity more than realised. 'All is life and activity,' he writes to the Duchess of Somerset; 'and it would be difficult to name a place on the face of the globe with brighter prospects or more present satisfaction. In little more than three years, it has risen from an insignificant fishing-village to a large prosperous town, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actively engaged in commercial pursuits, which afford to each and all a handsome livelihood and abundant profit. Land is rapidly rising in value; and instead of the present number of inhabitants, we have reason to expect that we shall have at least ten times as many more before many years have passed. This may be considered the simple but almost magical result of *the perfect freedom of trade* which it has been my good fortune to establish.' A few months later, he writes Mr Marsden to the same effect; and among other details, he gives the following estimate of the trade of Singapore for 1822, as compared with that of the two old ports, Penang and Malacca:

IMPORTS.

Singapore.	Penang.	Malacca.
14,885,999 dollars.	6,437,042 dollars.	1,266,090 dollars.

EXPORTS.

Singapore.	Penang.	Malacca.
13,872,010 dollars.	5,586,707 dollars.	7,918,163 dollars.

From this period the trade of Singapore has progressively increased, and the most sanguine expectations of its founder as a free port have been amply realised. A recent estimate of the population is 93,800, of whom 60,000 are Chinese; and in 1865 the square-rigged vessels (exclusive of the immense number of native craft) that entered the port amounted to 1697, with an aggregate tonnage of 780,794.

During his visit in 1822, Sir Stamford did much to promote this prosperity, which, founded in justice and humanity, may be said to be placed on an imperishable basis. Writing from Singapore in June 1823, he says: 'My time is engaged in remodelling and laying out my new city, and in establishing institutions and laws for its future constitution—a pleasant duty enough in England, where you have books, hard heads, and lawyers to refer to; but here by no means easy, where all must depend on my own judgment and foresight. Nevertheless, I hope that though Singapore may not be the first capital established in the nineteenth century, it will not disgrace the brightest period of it.' The noble feeling which influenced him in all this is thus expressed by himself. 'I should have but ill fulfilled the high trust reposed in me, if, after having congregated so large a portion of my fellow-creatures, I had left them without something like law and regulation for their security and comfort.'

It is impossible within our narrow limits to describe even briefly the constitution which Sir Stamford gave to the important city which he had founded—a constitution which was the most perfect production of his mind, the condensation, as it were, of all his past experience. The constitution breathed a spirit of liberality throughout. It was expressly provided that Singapore should now and for ever be a free port to all nations; that all races, all religions, all colours, should be equal in the eye of the law; and that such a thing as slavery should have no existence there. But Sir Stamford descended to the minutest details; the establishment, for instance, of standard weights and measures, and local as well as general matters of police. The benevolent will not peruse without feelings of delight the following extract from the 'Laws and Regulations' laid down by Sir Stamford for the administration of Singapore:

'By the constitution of England, the absolute rights of the subject are defined as follows: 1st, The right of personal security, which consists in a person's legal uninterrupted enjoyment of his life, his limbs, his body, his health, and his reputation. 2d, The right of personal liberty, which consists in the power of locomotion, of changing situation, or removing one's person to whatever place one's own inclination may direct, without imprisonment or restraint, unless by due course of law. 3d, The right of property, which consists in the use, enjoyment, and disposal of all acquisitions, without any control or diminution, save only by the laws of the land.

'There seems no reason for denying corresponding rights to all classes of people residing under the protection of the British flag at Singapore, the laws of the land being such as are or may be enacted under the provisions of Regulation No. III. of 1823, dated the 20th of January last, with such others of a more general nature as may be directed by a higher authority, or which may necessarily accrue under the provisions of the legislature, and the political circumstances of the settlement, as a dependency on Great Britain. Admitting these rights to exist, it follows that all acts by which they are invaded are wrongs; that is to say, crimes or injuries.

'In the enactment of laws for securing these rights, legal obligation must never supersede or take the place of, or be inconsistent with, or more or less onerous than, moral obligation. The English practice of teaching prisoners to plead not guilty, that they may thus have a chance of escaping from punishment, is inconsistent with this, and consequently objectionable. It is indeed right and proper that the court should inform itself of all the circumstances of a crime from witnesses, as well as from the declaration of the prisoner himself. Denial is, in fact, an aggravation of a crime, according to every idea of common sense; it disarms punishment of one of its most beneficial objects, by casting a shade of doubt over its justice.

'The sanctity of oaths should also be more upheld than in English courts. This may be done by never administering them except as a last resort. If they are not frequently administered, not only will their sanctity be more regarded, and in this way their breach be less proportionately frequent, but of necessity much more *absolutely* uncommon, and consequently much more certainly visited with due punishment. Truth, however, must be required, under pain of punishment, in all cases of evidence given before a court of justice.

'The imprisonment of an unfortunate debtor at the pleasure of his creditor, by which the services of the individual are lost to all parties, seems objectionable in this settlement; and it is considered that the rights of property may be sufficiently protected by giving to the creditor a right to the value of the debtor's services for a limited period, in no case exceeding five years, and that the debtor should only be liable to imprisonment in case of fraud, and as far as may be necessary for the security of his person, in the event of his not being able to find bail during the process of the court, and for the performance of the decree after judgment may be passed.

'It is well known that the Malay race are sensibly alive to shame, and that in many cases they would prefer death to ignominy. This is a high and honourable feeling, and ought to be cherished. Let great care be taken to avoid all punishments which are unnecessarily degrading. Both the Malays and Chinese are a reasoning people, and though each may reason in a way peculiar to itself, and different in some respects from our own way of reasoning, this germ of civilisation should not be checked. Let no man be punished without a reason assigned. Let the principles of British law be applied not only with mildness, and a patriarchal kindness and indulgent consideration for prejudices of each tribe, as far as substantial justice will allow, but also with reference to their reasoning powers, however weak, and that moral principle which, however often disregarded, still exists in the consciences of men.

'Let native institutions, as far as regards religious observances, marriage, and inheritance, be respected when the same may not be inconsistent with justice and humanity, or injurious to the peace and morals of society.

'Let all men be considered equal in the eye of the law. Let no man be banished the country without a trial by his peers, or by due course of law.

'Let no man be deprived of his liberty without a cause, and no man be detained in confinement beyond forty-eight hours, without a right to demand a hearing and trial according to due course of law.

'Let the public have a voice through the magistracy, by which their sentiments may at all times be freely expressed.'

It was not without considerable opposition that Sir Stamford succeeded in establishing Singapore on such a liberal basis. 'I have been opposed throughout,' he writes, 'in establishing the *freedom* of the port, and anything like a liberal mode of management, and not only by the Penang government, but also in Bengal. The Bengal merchants, or rather one or two of them whom I could name, would have preferred the old system, by which they might have monopolised the early resources of the place, and thus checked its progress to importance.'

Returning to Bencoolen in the middle of the year 1823, Sir Stamford set sail for England on the 2d of February 1824. On the evening after leaving the harbour, and when the ship was about fifty miles from land, the crew were roused by the cry of fire. They had just time to lower the boats and escape—Sir Stamford half-dressed, Lady Raffles and the children taken out of bed with neither shoes nor stockings, and only a blanket round them—when the ship burst out into one mass of flame. After a hard night's rowing they reached Bencoolen, and were once more in the home they had left but a few hours before. Almost the only loser by this calamity was Sir Stamford; but to him the loss was beyond all repair. The whole of his drawings, all his collections in botany and zoology, all his written descriptions and papers, every document and memorandum he possessed, fell a prey to the flames. Yet such was his perseverance, that on the morning after his loss he set about doing all he could to lessen it, recommencing an elaborate map of Sumatra, and despatching men into the forests for specimens of plants and animals.

On the 8th of April, Sir Stamford again set sail, and in a few months he landed at Plymouth. For nearly two years his time was occupied in furthering at home those objects to which he had devoted himself abroad. It was only indirectly, indeed, that he could exert any influence over the island of Sumatra; for in 1824 Bencoolen was given up to the Dutch in exchange for Malacca, so that the whole island of Sumatra, as well as Java and the smaller Spice Islands, was now in their possession. In the progress of Singapore, however, he took especial interest; and to the last, his scheme of a great educational institution for all the Malays of the archipelago was near his heart. His health, however, had suffered severely from his long and arduous services in the East, and being taken suddenly ill, he died on the 5th of July 1826, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

CONCLUSION.

Thus died at a comparatively early age one of the greatest modern statesmen, a man not more remarkable for his benevolence of disposition, than his comprehensive abilities and sound practical views. Hampered in all his magnificent designs by events over which he could exercise no control, prevented from adding a new and flourishing empire to Britain, we have yet seen how much he accomplished with the means at his disposal, what tyrannic barbarisms he quelled, what a measure of civilisation and human happiness he achieved. His successful institution of new and vigorous states of society in Java, Bencoolen, and Singapore, with the whole apparatus of enlightened laws and municipal establishments, must ever be considered one of the grandest facts in British colonial history—grand from its very contrast with the narrow-minded policy usually pursued with relation to our distant possessions and settlements—and marks alike the profoundness of his judgment, and the dauntless integrity of his character.

While lamenting that so many of the arrangements of this great man were subsequently and remorselessly overthrown, their success for a period of five years was of considerable value, in shewing how social disorders consequent on a long period of misrule may be safely and satisfactorily remedied. His uncompromising abolition of slavery in Java alone was an act of signal triumph, suggestive of what might elsewhere be effected, if undertaken with a right good will and in a right way. Unlike men pledged by their prophetic fears and declamations to prove that emancipation would be a forerunner of universal ruin, Sir Stamford Raffles approached the subject with an all-abounding faith in the power of *justice*, *kindness*, and *conciliation;* and the result—joy, peace, industry, in place of misery, discontent, and idleness—evinced the truthfulness of his calculations. With the like soundness of conception did he sweep away the barren monopolies of centuries, liberate commerce, and establish, by indisputable evidence, that freedom of trade is not only the most just and rational, but that it is also the most expedient for all parties—blessing not less the receivers than the givers. Whether, therefore, as the governor of a colony, a lawgiver, a financier, or a man of taste and science, Sir Stamford Raffles may be said to have been rarely surpassed, and as rarely equalled. How incomparably more glorious his achievements than those which the proudest warrior can boast—how much more worthily will his name be held in remembrance than that of the destroyer of nations, surrounded by all the honours that kings and courts can bestow!

POEMS BY GEORGE CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, in 1754. His parents were in a humble rank of life, and for a number of years in his youth he encountered numerous struggles in his effort to attain a respectable position in society. By the kindness of some friends who admired his poetical productions, and the amiableness of his character, he was appointed to a small living in the church; and, after several changes, he ultimately was installed in the rectory of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, where, after a faithful discharge of his duties for nineteen years, he died in 1832. His poetical productions, which are numerous, are nearly all devoted to the illustration of humble life in the English rural districts; each subject being treated more in the stern reality of truth, than in the imaginative colouring usually given by poets of greater fancy. In the present sheet we present a few of his most popular pieces, including his charming poem *The Library*, which cannot but be read with pleasure and advantage.

THE VILLAGE.

THE village life and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song—the muse can give no more.

Fled are those times when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains;
No shepherds now, in smooth alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel.
On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?
Yes, thus the muses sing of happy swains,
Because the muses never knew their pains:
They boast their peasants' pipes: but peasants now
Resign their pipes, and plod behind the plough;
And few amid the rural tribe have time
To number syllables and play with rhyme;
Save honest Duck, what son of verse could share
The poet's rapture and the peasant's care?
Or the great labours of the field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade?
From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask;
To sing of shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress, and himself a swain;
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful prayer,
But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms
For him that gazes or for him that farms;
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid-day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts;
Then, shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?
No; cast by fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither groves nor happy valleys boast;
Where other cares than those the muse relates,
And other shepherds dwell with other mates;

By such examples taught, I paint the cot,
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not:
For you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;
O'ercome by labour, and bowed down by time,
Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
By winding myrtles round your ruined shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?
  Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
  So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.
  Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen woe displayed in every face;
Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.
  Here too the lawless merchant of the main
Draws from his plough the intoxicated swain;
Want only claimed the labour of the day,
But vice now steals his nightly rest away.
  Where are the swains, who, daily labour done,
With rural games played down the setting sun;
Who struck with matchless force the bounding ball,
Or made the pond'rous quoit obliquely fall;
While some huge Ajax, terrible and strong,
Engaged some artful stripling of the throng,

And fell beneath him, foiled, while far around
Hoarse triumph rose, and rocks returned the sound?
Where now are these?—Beneath yon cliff they stand,
To shew the freighted pinnace where to land;
To load the ready steed with guilty haste,
To fly in terror o'er the pathless waste,
Or when detected, in their straggling course,
To foil their foes by cunning or by force;
Or yielding part—which equal knaves demand—
To gain a lawless passport through the land.
  Here wandering long amid these frowning fields,
I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
Rapine and wrong and fear usurped her place,
And a bold, artful, surly, savage race;
Who, only skilled to take the finny tribe,
The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
Wait on the shore, and as the waves run high,
On the tossed vessel bend their eager eye;
Which to their coast directs its venturous way,
Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey.
  As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows stand,
And wait for favouring winds to leave the land;
While still for flight the ready wing is spread:
So waited I the favouring hour, and fled;
Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
And cried: Ah, hapless they who still remain!
Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore;
Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
Sweeps the low hut and all it holds away;
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor!
  But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand
Gave a spare portion to the famished land;
Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain
Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain;
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,
Where plenty smiles—alas! she smiles for few;
And those who taste not, yet behold her store,
Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.
  Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth?
Go, then, and see them rising with the sun,
Through a long course of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the Dog-star's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;

Behold them leaning on their scythes, look o'er
The labour past, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate suns and showers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age;
Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew;
Then own that labour may as fatal be
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.
  Amid this tribe too oft a manly pride
Strives in strong toil the fainting heart to hide;
There may you see the youth of slender frame
Contend with weakness, weariness, and shame;
Yet urged along, and proudly loath to yield,
He strives to join his fellows of the field;
Till long-contending nature droops at last,
Declining health rejects his poor repast,
His cheerless spouse the coming danger sees,
And mutual murmurs urge the slow disease.
  Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;
Or will you praise that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peasants share?
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stinted meal;
Homely, not wholesome—plain, not plenteous—such
As you who praise would never deign to touch.

  Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there;
If peace be his—that drooping weary sire;
Or theirs—that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or hers—that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth the expiring brand!

  Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts—due respect and ease:
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares except its own engage;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree;
On which, a boy, he climbed the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.
  He once was chief in all the rustic trade,
His steady hand the straightest furrow made;

Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
To find the triumphs of his youth allowed;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again, and sighs:
For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain:
Alternate masters now their slave command,
Urge the weak efforts of his feeble hand;
And, when his age attempts its task in vain,
With ruthless taunts, of lazy poor complain.*
  Oft may you see him when he tends the sheep,
His winter charge, beneath the hillock weep;
Oft hear him murmur to the winds that blow
O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow;
When roused by rage, and muttering in the morn,
He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.
  'Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour free?
Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
I, like yon withered leaf, remain behind,
Nipt by the frost, and shivering in the wind:
There it abides till younger buds come on,
As I, now all my fellow-swains are gone;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.
  'These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
Are others' gain, but killing cares to me;
To me the children of my youth are lords,
Cool in their looks, but hasty in their words:
Wants of their own demand their care; and who
Feels his own want and succours others too?
A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
And men forget the wretch they would not aid.'
  Thus groan the old, till, by disease opprest,
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.
  Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;

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* A pauper who, being nearly past his labour, is employed by different masters for a length of time proportioned to their occupations.

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.
But ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which 'bold bad' men despise;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, 'passing rich with forty pounds a year?'
Ah no! a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask.
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night:
None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide;
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to play:
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?
Now once again the gloomy scene explore,
Less gloomy now; the bitter hour is o'er;
The man of many sorrows sighs no more.
Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee:
No more, O Death! thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;

No more the farmer claims his humble bow;
Thou art his lord—the best of tyrants thou!
  Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch ruled their little court;
The pliant bow he formed, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the parish poor;
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight, and magnifies the sound;
The busy priest, detained by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And, waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblessed.*

  No longer truth, though shewn in verse, disdain,
But own the village life a life of pain;
I too must yield, that oft amid these woes
Are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose,
Such as you find on yonder sportive green,
The squire's tall gate and churchway-walk between;
Where loitering stray a little tribe of friends,
On a fair Sunday when the sermon ends:
Then rural beaux their best attire put on,
To win their nymphs, as other nymphs are won;
While those long wed go plain, and by degrees,
Like other husbands quit their care to please.
Some of the sermon talk, a sober crowd,
And loudly praise, if it were preached aloud;
Some on the labours of the week look round,
Feel their own worth, and think their toil renowned;
While some, whose hopes to no renown extend,
Are only pleased to find their labours end.
  Thus, as their hours glide on with pleasure fraught,
Their careful masters brood the painful thought;
Much in their mind they murmur and lament,
That one fair day should be so idly spent;

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* Some apology is due for the insertion of a circumstance by no means common: that it has been a subject for complaint in any place, is a sufficient reason for its being reckoned among the evils which may happen to the poor, and which must happen to them exclusively. Nevertheless, it is just to remark that such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom, and in many parts is totally unknown.

And think that Heaven deals hard, to tithe their store
And tax their time for preachers and the poor.
  Yet still, ye humbler friends, enjoy your hour,
This is your portion, yet unclaimed of power;
This is Heaven's gift to weary men opprest,
And seems the type of their expected rest:
But yours, alas! are joys that soon decay;
Frail joys, begun and ended with the day;
Or yet, while day permits those joys to reign,
The village vices drive them from the plain.
  See the stout churl, in drunken fury great,
Strike the bare bosom of his teeming mate!
His naked vices, rude and unrefined,
Exert their open empire o'er the mind;
But can we less the senseless rage despise,
Because the savage acts without disguise?
  Yet here disguise, the city's vice, is seen,
And slander steals along, and taints the green.
At her approach domestic peace is gone,
Domestic broils at her approach come on;
She to the wife the husband's crime conveys;
She tells the husband when his consort strays;
Her busy tongue, through all the little state,
Diffuses doubt, suspicion, and debate,
Peace, timorous goddess! quits her old domain,
In sentiment and song content to reign.
  Here too the squire and squire-like farmer talk,
How round their regions nightly pilferers walk;
How from their ponds the fish are borne, and all
The ripening treasures from their lofty wall;
How meaner rivals in their sports delight,
Just rich enough to claim a doubtful right;
Who take a license round their fields to stray,
A mongrel race! the poachers of the day.
  And hark! the riots of the green begin,
That sprang at first from yonder noisy inn;
What time the weekly pay was vanished all,
And the slow hostess scored the threatening wall;
What time they asked, their friendly feast to close,
A final cup, and that will make them foes;
When blows ensue that break the arm of toil,
And rustic battle ends the boobies' broil.

* * *

THE LIBRARY.

WHEN the sad soul, by care and grief opprest,
Looks round the world, but looks in vain, for rest;
When every object that appears in view,
Partakes her gloom, and seems dejected too;
Where shall affliction from itself retire?
Where fade away, and placidly expire?
Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain,
Care blasts the honours of the flowery plain:
Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam,
Sighs through the grove and murmurs in the stream;
For when the soul is labouring in despair,
In vain the body breathes a purer air:
No storm-tossed sailor sighs for slumbering seas,
He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;
On the smooth mirror of the deep resides
Reflected woe, and o'er unruffled tides
The ghost of every former danger glides.
Thus in the calms of life we only see
A steadier image of our misery;
But lively gales and gently-clouded skies
Disperse the sad reflections as they rise;
And busy thoughts and little cares avail
To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail.
When the dull thought, by no designs employed,
Dwells on the past, or suffered or enjoyed,
We bleed anew in every former grief,
And joys departed furnish no relief.
  Not hope herself, with all her flattering art,
Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart;
The soul disdains each comfort she prepares,
And anxious searches for congenial cares;
Those lenient cares which, with our own combined,
By mixed sensations ease the afflicted mind,
And steal our grief away, and leave their own behind;
A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure
Without regret, nor even demand a cure.
  But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This books can do—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:

Their aid they yield to all ; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone :
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd ;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But shew to subjects what they shew to kings.
Come, child of care ! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene !
Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure in all her cares behold !
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
And mental physic the diseased in mind ;
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage ;
Here alteratives, by slow degrees control
The chronic habits of the sickly soul ;
And round the heart, and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here their sober influence shed.
Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude,
And view composed this silent multitude :
Silent they are, but though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound ;
Here all that live no more ; preserved they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.
Blest be the gracious power who taught mankind
To stamp a lasting image of the mind !
Beasts may convey and tuneful birds may sing
Their mutual feelings in the opening spring ;
But man alone has skill and power to send
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend :
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,
Ages remote and nations yet to rise.
In sweet repose, when labour's children sleep,
When joy forgets to smile and care to weep,
When passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
And fear and guilt partake the balm of rest,
Why then denies the studious man to share
Man's common good, who feels his common care ?
Because the hope is his that bids him fly
Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power defy ;
That after-ages may repeat his praise,
And fame's fair meed be his for length of days.
Delightful prospect ! when we leave behind
A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind !
Which, born and nursed through many an anxious day,
Shall all our labour, all our cares repay.

Yet all are not these births of noble kind,
Not all the children of a vigorous mind;
But where the wisest should alone preside,
The weak would rule us and the blind would guide;
Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and shew
The poor and troubled source from which they flow;
Where most he triumphs, we his wants perceive,
And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.
But though imperfect all, yet wisdom loves
This seat serene, and virtue's self approves:
Here come the grieved, a change of thought to find;
The curious here, to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose;
And here the poet meets his favouring muse.
With awe, around these silent walks I tread;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead:
'The dead!' methinks a thousand tongues reply;
'These are the tombs of such as cannot die!
Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time.'
Hail, then, immortals! ye who shine above,
Each in his sphere the literary Jove;
And ye the common people of these skies,
A humbler crowd of nameless deities;
Whether it is yours to lead the willing mind
Through history's mazes, and the turnings find;
Or whether, led by science, ye retire,
Lost and bewildered in the vast desire;
Whether the muse invites you to her bowers,
And crowns your placid brows with living flowers;
Or godlike wisdom teaches you to shew
The noblest road to happiness below;
Or men and manners prompt the easy page,
To mark the flying follies of the age:
Whatever good ye boast, that good impart;
Inform the head and rectify the heart.

Lo! all in silence, all in order stand,
And mighty folios first, a lordly band;
Then quartos their well-ordered ranks maintain,
And light octavos fill a spacious plain;
See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows,
A humbler band of duodecimos;
While undistinguished trifles swell the scene;
The last new play and frittered magazine:
Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great,
In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state:

Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread,
Are much admired, and are but little read;
The commons next, a middle rank are found;
Professions fruitful pour their offspring round;
Reasoners and wits are next their place allowed,
And last, of vulgar tribes a countless crowd.
  First let us view the form, the size, the dress;
For these the manners, nay, the mind express;
That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
Those ample clasps, of solid metal made;
The close-pressed leaves, unclosed for many an age,
The dull red edging of the well-filled page;
On the broad back the stubborn ridges rolled,
Where yet the title stands in tarnished gold:
These all a sage and laboured work proclaim,
A painful candidate for lasting fame:
No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk
In the deep bosom of that weighty work;
No playful thoughts degrade the solemn style,
Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.
    Hence, in these times, untouched the pages lie,
  And slumber out their immortality;
  They *had* their day, when, after all his toil,
  His morning study, and his midnight oil,
  At length an author's ONE great work appeared,
  By patient hope and length of days endeared;
  Expecting nations hailed it from the press,
  Poetic friends prefixed each kind address;
  Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift,
  And ladies read the work they could not lift.
Fashion, though folly's child, and guide of fools,
Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules;
From crowds and courts to wisdom's seat she goes,
And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes.
  For lo! these favourites of the ancient mode
  Lie all neglected like the *Birth-Day Ode;*
  Ah! needless now this weight of massy chain;*
  Safe in themselves, the once-loved works remain;
  No readers now invade their still retreat,
  None try to steal them from their parent seat;
  Like ancient beauties, they may now discard
  Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.
Our patient fathers trifling themes laid by,
And rolled, o'er laboured works, the attentive eye;

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* In the more ancient libraries, works of value and importance were fastened to their places by a length of chain, and might so be perused, but not taken away.

Page after page the much-enduring men
Explored, the deeps and shallows of the pen;
Till, every former note and comment known,
They marked the spacious margin with their own;
Minute corrections proved their studious care;
The little index pointing, told us where;
And many an emendation shewed the age
Looked far beyond the rubric title-page.
Our nicer palates lighter labours seek,
Cloyed with a folio number once a week;
Bibles with cuts and comments thus go down;
Even light Voltaire is numbered through the town:
Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,
From men of study and from men of straw;
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,
Pamphlets and plays, and politics and rhymes:
But though to write be now a task of ease,
The task is hard by manly arts to please;
When all our weakness is exposed to view,
And half our judges are our rivals too.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye
Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by;
When all combined, their decent pomp display,
Where shall we first our early offering pay?

To thee, DIVINITY! to thee, the light
And guide of mortals through their mental night;
By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide,
To bear with pain and to contend with pride;
When grieved, to pray; when injured, to forgive;
And with the world in charity to live.
Not truths like these inspired that numerous race,
Whose pious labours fill this ample space;
But questions nice, where doubt on doubt arose,
Awaked to war the long-contending foes.
For dubious meanings learned polemics strove,
And wars on faith prevented works of love;
The brands of discord far around were hurled,
And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world.
Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,
With wit disgusting, and despised without;
Saints in design, in execution men,
Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their pen.

Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight,
Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight;

Spirits who prompted every damning page,
With pontiff pride and still-increasing rage:
Lo! how they stretch their gloomy wings around,
And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground!
They prey, they fight, they murder, and they weep,
Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners sheep:
Too well they act the prophet's fatal part,
Denouncing evil with a zealous heart;
And each, like Jonas, is displeased if God
Repent his anger or withhold his rod.
  But here the dormant fury rests unsought,
And zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought;
Here all the rage of controversy ends,
And rival zealots rest like bosom-friends;
An Athanasian here in deep repose,
Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes;
Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
And thin partitions angry chiefs divide;
Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet.
Great authors for the church's glory fired,
Are, for the church's peace, to rest retired;
And close beside, a mystic maudlin race,
Lie 'crumbs of comfort, for the babes of grace.
  Against her foes religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends;
If learned, their pride, if weak, their zeal she dreads,
And their heart's weakness who have soundest heads;
But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men;
Who the blest gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more.
  Near to these seats behold yon slender frames,
All closely filled and marked with modern names;
Where no fair science ever shews her face,
Few sparks of genius, and no spark of grace;
There sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng,
And stretch their widening wings ten thousand strong;
Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain;
Some skirmish lightly, fly, and fight again;
Coldly profane, and impiously gay,
Their end the same, though various in their way.
  When first Religion came to bless the land,
Her friends were then a firm believing band;
To doubt was then to plunge in guilt extreme,
And all was gospel that a monk could dream;

Insulted reason fled the grovelling soul,
For fear to guide, and visions to control:
But now, when reason has assumed her throne,
She in her turn demands to reign alone;
Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,
And being judge, will be a witness too;
Insulted faith then leaves the doubtful mind,
To seek for truth, without a power to find:
Ah! when will both in friendly beams unite,
And pour on erring man resistless light?

Next to the seats well stored with works divine,
An ample space, Philosophy! is thine;
Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light
We trace the mortal bounds of wrong and right;
Our guide through nature, from the sterile clay,
To the bright orbs of yon celestial way!
'Tis thine the great, the golden chain to trace,
Which runs through all, connecting race with race;
Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain,
Which thy inferior light pursues in vain:
How vice and virtue in the soul contend;
How widely differ, yet how nearly blend!
What various passions war on either part,
And now confirm, now melt the yielding heart;
How fancy loves around the world to stray,
While judgment slowly picks his sober way;
The stores of memory and the flights sublime
Of genius, bound by neither space nor time;
All these divine Philosophy explores,
Till, lost in awe, she wonders and adores.
From these descending, to the earth she turns,
And matter in its various form discerns;
She parts the beamy light with skill profound,
Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying sound;
'Tis hers the lightning from the clouds to call,
And teach the fiery mischief where to fall.
Yet more her volumes teach—on these we look
As abstracts drawn from nature's larger book:
Here first described the torpid earth appears,
And next the vegetable robe it wears;
Where flowery tribes, in valleys, fields, and groves,
Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves;
Loves where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss, nor pain,
Warm the glad heart or vex the labouring brain;
But as the green blood moves along the blade,
The bed of Flora on the branch is made;

Where, without passion, love instinctive lives,
And gives new life, unconscious that it gives.
Advancing still in nature's maze, we trace,
In dens and burning plains, her savage race;
With those tame tribes who on their lord attend,
And find in man a master and a friend:
Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders new,
A moral world, that well demands our view.
This world is here; for, of more lofty kind,
These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind;
They paint the state of man ere yet endued
With knowledge—man, poor, ignorant, and rude;
Then, as his state improves, their pages swell,
And all its cares and all its comforts tell:
Here we behold how inexperience buys,
At little price, the wisdom of the wise;
Without the troubles of an active state,
Without the cares and dangers of the great,
Without the miseries of the poor, we know
What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow;
We see how reason calms the raging mind,
And how contending passions urge mankind:
Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire;
Some, lured by vice, indulge the low desire;
Whilst others, won by either, now pursue
The guilty chase, now keep the good in view;
For ever wretched, with themselves at strife,
They lead a puzzled, vexed, uncertain life;
For transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,
Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.

Whilst thus engaged, high views enlarge the soul,
New interests draw, new principles control;
Nor thus the soul alone resigns her grief,
But here the tortured body finds relief;
For see where yonder sage Arachne shapes
Her subtle gin, that not a fly escapes!
There Physic fills the space, and far around,
Pile above pile, her learned works abound;
Glorious their aim—to ease the labouring heart,
To war with death, and stop his flying dart;
To trace the source whence the fierce contest grew,
And life's short lease on easier terms renew;
To calm the frenzy of the burning brain,
To heal the tortures of imploring pain,
Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave,

To ease the victim no device can save,
And smooth the stormy passage to the grave.

* * *

Near these, and where the setting sun displays,
Through the dim window, his departing rays,
And gilds yon columns, there, on either side,
The huge abridgments of the Law abide;
Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand,
And spread their guardian terrors round the land;
Yet, as the best that human care can do,
Is mixed with error, oft with evil too;
Skilled in deceit, and practised to evade,
Knaves stand secure, for whom these laws were made:
And justice vainly each expedient tries,
While art eludes it, or while power defies.
'Ah! happy age,' the youthful poet sings,
'When the free nations knew not laws nor kings;
When all were blest to share a common store,
And none were proud of wealth, for none were poor;
No wars nor tumults vexed each still domain,
No thirst of empire, no desire of gain;
No proud great man, nor one who would be great,
Drove modest merit from its proper state;
Nor into distant climes would avarice roam,
To fetch delights for luxury at home.
Bound by no ties which kept the soul in awe,
They dwelt at liberty, and love was law!'
'Mistaken youth! each nation first was rude,
Each man a cheerless son of solitude,
To whom no joys of social life were known,
None felt a care that was not all his own;
Or in some languid clime his abject soul
Bowed to a little tyrant's stern control;
A slave, with slaves his monarch's throne he raised,
And in rude song his ruder idol praised;
The meaner cares of life were all he knew,
Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few:
But when by slow degrees the arts arose,
And science wakened from her long repose;
When commerce, rising from the bed of ease,
Ran round the land, and pointed to the seas;
When emulation, born with jealous eye,
And avarice, lent their spurs to industry;
Then one by one the numerous laws were made,
Those to control, and these to succour trade;
To curb the insolence of rude command,
To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand;

To awe the bold, to yield the wronged redress,
And feed the poor with luxury's excess.'
Like some vast flood, unbounded, fierce, and strong,
His nature leads ungoverned man along;
Like mighty bulwarks made to stem that tide,
The laws are formed and placed on every side;
Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,
New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed;
More and more gentle grows the dying stream,
More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem;
Till, like a miner working sure and slow,
Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below;
The basis sinks, the ample piles decay,
The stately fabric shakes and falls away;
Primeval want and ignorance come on,
But freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.

Next, History ranks—there full in front she lies,
And every nation her dread tale supplies;
Yet history has her doubts, and every age
With sceptic queries marks the passing page;
Records of old nor later date are clear,
Too distant those, and these are placed too near;
There time conceals the objects from our view,
Here our own passions and a writer's too:
Yet in these volumes see how states arose!
Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes;
Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain,
Lo! how they sunk to slavery again!
Satiate with power, of fame and wealth possessed,
A nation grows too glorious to be blessed;
Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all,
And foes join foes to triumph in her fall.
Thus speaks the page that paints ambition's race,
The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace;
The headlong course, that maddening heroes run,
How soon triumphant, and how soon undone;
How slaves, turned tyrants, offer crowns to sale,
And each fallen nation's melancholy tale.
Lo! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood;
There, such the taste of our degenerate age,
Stand the profane delusions of the stage:
Yet virtue owns the Tragic Muse a friend,
Fable her means, morality her end;
For this she rules all passions in their turns,
And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns;

Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl,
Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul;
She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
And own her sceptre while they break her laws;
For vice in others is abhorred of all,
And villains triumph when the worthless fall.
  Not thus her sister Comedy prevails,
Who shoots at Folly, for her arrow fails;
Folly, by dulness armed, eludes the wound,
And harmless sees the feathered shafts rebound;
Unhurt she stands, applauds the archer's skill,
Laughs at her malice, and is Folly still.
Yet well the muse portrays, in fancied scenes,
What pride will stoop to, what profession means;
How formal fools the farce of state applaud,
How caution watches at the lips of fraud;
The wordy variance of domestic life,
The tyrant husband, the retorting wife;
The snares for innocence, the lie of trade,
And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.
  With her the virtues too obtain a place,
Each gentle passion, each becoming grace;
The social joy in life's securer road,
Its easy pleasure, its substantial good;
The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,
And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

  But who are these? Methinks a noble mien
And awful grandeur in their form are seen,
Now in disgrace: what though by time is spread
Polluting dust o'er every reverend head?
What though beneath yon gilded tribe they lie,
And dull observers pass insulting by?
Forbid it, shame; forbid it, decent awe,
What seems so grave, should no attention draw!
Come, let us then with reverend step advance,
And greet—the ancient worthies of Romance.
  Hence, ye profane! I feel a former dread,
A thousand visions float around my head:
Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts resound,
And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round:
See! moats and bridges, walls and castles rise,
Ghosts, fairies, demons dance before our eyes;
Lo! magic verse inscribed on golden gate,
And bloody hand that beckons on to fate:
'And who art thou, thou little page, unfold?
Say, doth thy lord my Claribel withhold;

Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must resign
The captive queen : for, Claribel is mine.'
Away he flies ; and now for bloody deeds,
Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds :
The giant falls ; his recreant throat I seize,
And from his corslet take the massy keys :
Dukes, lords, and knights in long procession move,
Released from bondage with my virgin love ;
She comes ! she comes ! in all the charms of youth,
Unequalled love and unsuspected truth !
  Ah ! happy he who thus in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitched, in early rapture dreams,
Where wild enchantment waves her potent wand,
And fancy's beauties fill her fairy land ;
Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,
And fear and ignorance afford delight.
  But lost, for ever lost to me these joys,
Which reason scatters and which time destroys ;
Too dearly bought ; maturer judgment calls
My busied mind from tales and madrigals ;
My doughty giants all are slain or fled,
And all my knights, blue, green, and yellow, dead.
No more the midnight fairy tribe I view,
All in the merry moonshine tippling dew ;
Even the last lingering fiction of the brain,
The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again ;
And all these wayward wanderings of my youth
Fly reason's power, and shun the light of truth.
  With fiction then does real joy reside,
And is our reason the delusive guide ?
Is it then right to dream the sirens sing ?
Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing ?
No, 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown,
That makes the imagined paradise its own ;
Soon as reflections in the bosom rise,
Light slumbers vanish from the clouded eyes ;
The tear and smile, that once together rose,
Are then divorced ; the head and heart are foes ;
Enchantment bows to wisdom's serious plan,
And pain and prudence make and mar the man.

  While thus, of power and fancied empire vain,
With various thoughts my mind I entertain ;
While books my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,
Pleased with the pride that will not let them please ;
Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise,
And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes ;

For lo! while yet my heart admits the wound,
I see the critic army ranged around.
Foes to our race! if ever ye have known
A father's fears for offspring of your own—
If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line,
Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine,
Then paused and doubted, and then, tired of doubt,
With rage as sudden dashed the stanza out—
If, after fearing much, and pausing long,
Ye ventured on the world your laboured song,
And from the crusty critics of those days
Implored the feeble tribute of their praise;
Remember now the fears that moved you then,
And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

[From *The Parish Register.*]

TWO summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see, and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed:
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them, and her worth retained;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away:
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;

By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth: she sighed, and looked consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank, and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire, and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before:
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing, and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms;
With water burdened, then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;

Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes;
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows,
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits;
In vain—they come—she feels the inflating grief
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distressed,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repressed;
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
  Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid;
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
  But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
'And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love:'
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labours gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined;
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
  Then fly temptation, youth; resist! refrain!
  Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED FELON.

[From *The Borough.*]

YES! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, 'Not guilty,' and awakes:
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.
  Now comes the dream again: it shews each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.
  At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber where he once arrayed
His youthful person; where he knelt and prayed;
Then too the comforts he enjoyed at home;
The days of joy; the joys themselves are come;
The hours of innocence; the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took,
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

  Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind;
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue;
Nay, there 's a charm beyond what nature shews,
The bloom is softer and more sweetly glows;

Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled;
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by;
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire.
Tokens of bliss! Oh, horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises—'Save me, Edward, save!'
She cries. Alas! the watchman on his way
Calls and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

TRADES.

OFT have I smiled the happy pride to see
Of humble tradesmen, in their evening glee:
When of some pleasing, fancied good possessed,
Each grew alert, was busy, and was blessed;
Whether the call-bird yield the hour's delight,
Or, magnified in microscope, the mite;
Or whether tumblers, croppers, carriers seize
The gentle mind, they rule it and they please.

There is my friend the Weaver; strong desires
Reign in his breast; 'tis beauty he admires:
See! to the shady grove he wings his way,
And feels in hope the raptures of the day—
Eager he looks; and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower, by nature formed, arise
Bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies;
Which broke that morning from their half-year's sleep,
To fly o'er flowers where they were wont to creep.
Above the sovereign oak a sovereign skims,
The purple emperor, strong in wing and limbs:
There fair Camilla takes her flight serene,
Adonis blue, and Paphia silver-queen;
With every filmy fly from mead or bower;
And hungry Sphinx, who threads the honeyed flower;
She o'er the larkspur's bed, where sweets abound,
Views every bell, and hums the approving sound;
Poised on her busy plumes, with feeling nice
She draws from every flower, nor tries a floret twice.
He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame,
His is untaxed and undisputed game;
Nor less the place of curious plant he knows;
He both his Flora and his Fauna shews;
For him is blooming in its rich array,
The glorious flower which bore the palm away;
In vain a rival tried his utmost art,
His was the prize, and joy o'erflowed his heart.
'This, this is beauty; cast, I pray, your eyes
On this my glory! see the grace! the size!
Was ever stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
Exact in breadth, in just proportion long?
These brilliant hues are all distinct and clean,
No kindred tint, no blending streaks between;
This is no shaded, run-off, pin-eyed thing,
A king of flowers, a flower for England's king:
I own my pride, and thank the favouring star,
Which shed such beauty on my fair bizarre.'
Thus may the poor the cheap indulgence seize,
While the most wealthy pine and pray for ease;
Content not always waits upon success,
And more may he enjoy who profits less.

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